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# High Times

January '78

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# There Is Only One Best...

Skydiver was released to the public in April — and the response was tremendous. At last — a smoking bong designed by a graduate physicist — not a marketing manager. Skydiver is unique among all other bongs — unique in design, unique in action, unique in construction. Most of all, Skydiver is unique in performance. It is the current undisputed champion of stone-ing machines, the forerunner of a second generation of smoking paraphernalia.

## ADVANCED DESIGN

Skydiver's design is light years ahead of anything else currently built. Tube length, tube diameter, bend angles, and burn elevation are all critically calculated. Total air capacity is carefully matched to that of the adult human lungs. Air rush is instantaneous through a giant 1½ inch diameter carb tube with its own air tight plug. The result is a product that is inherently superior to all others, thanks to the creative application of proven laws of physics.

## UNIQUE ACTION

Skydiver is operated in a unique manner, due to its exclusive RIP-CORD ACTION. While other bongs require you to hold your finger over a tiny hole cut into the main tube, Skydiver has a separate 1½ inch diameter carb tube complete with its own sealing plug. With Skydiver there is no more groping for that tiny hole; you merely inhale in the usual manner and then pop the carb plug by jerking on the rip cord. And when you do "pull the rip cord," be ready for...

## THE MOST POTENT HIT

Skydiver's oversized carb tube and exclusive "rip cord action" combine to give you ACCELERATED AIR FLOW, and that's what cool, powerful hits are all about. Skydiver's 1½ inch diameter carb tube provides 48 TIMES the draw capacity of the ¼ inch carb hole used by everyone else. This means that Skydiver's air rush is instantaneous when you pull the rip cord. With Skydiver you will take stronger hits than you ever imagined possible. Its air rush is so fast that your lungs will be filled to capacity before you have even felt anything. Skydiver is quite simply the most awesome stone-ing machine ever released to the public.

## AND THE COOLEST HIT

The same scientific principles that enable Skydiver to deliver the most potent hits also provide the coolest hits. The degree to which a hit is considered cool is determined by the speed of the air flow. All smoke is harsh, even drawn through water, so — the faster the smoke travels down your throat, the less time it has to irritate the tender throat lining. Skydiver's ACCELERATED AIR FLOW provides the solution to this age-old problem. Recycling bongs, double-chamber bongs, etc. are the Edsels of the paraphernalia industry. Their dime-store gimmicks actually impede air flow, causing the smoke to become even harsher! Only Skydiver, with its instantaneous air rush, can give a truly cool hit.

Pictured left to right: Skydivers in Jet Black, Wild Cherry, and Midnite Blue — 30" of pure functional perfection. Pictured in foreground: 16 oz. of Columbia's finest export.

## BUILT TO LAST

Skydiver is built like no other bong. In a sea of mass-produced mediocrity, Skydiver stands apart. Each Skydiver is built by hand to the most exacting standards ever set forth in the paraphernalia industry. Skydiver is a full 30 inches tall, constructed of heavy-gauge ABS tubing, the same space-age material used to build your telephone (when was the last time you broke a telephone?). Skydiver bowls are individually machined from solid brass, and then hand-polished. The rip cord is genuine leather. All tubing is painstakingly assembled and then sprayed with 5 coats of enamel — 2 primer coats, 2 high-gloss color coats, and a transparent, ultra-gloss top coat for that mile-deep, wet look. The finished bong is available in 3 colors: Jet Black, Wild Cherry, or Midnite Blue; all with contrasting solid brass bowls, plungers, and bases. Skydiver is hands-down the most stunning bong ever built.

## EXCLUSIVE DOUBLE GUARANTEE

Skydiver has it all: advanced design, impeccable construction, superior performance, hand-crafted beauty. And if all that weren't enough, ACH, makers of Skydiver, offer the strongest warranty in the business — the ACH Double Guarantee. If you buy one of our bongs and are dissatisfied for any reason, return it within 30 days for a full refund. That's our first guarantee — you simply cannot be unhappy with Skydiver, or we buy it back. Our second guarantee is this — if Skydiver EVER breaks, cracks, or leaks — we will replace it absolutely free! There you have it. Like Skydiver itself, our guarantee is the simplest, the strongest, the best.

## A WORD ABOUT PRICE

Skydiver represents the current state-of-the-art in smoking paraphernalia. It is the ultimate product that present technology can produce. As such, it is not cheap—but neither is your stash. Stash is expensive; stash is precious — and it is becoming more so every day. For less money than one ounce of primo stash, you may own the only product available that extracts the full benefit of that stash — the ACH Skydiver bong. You have not experienced the full measure of pleasure that smoking can give until you — smoke through Skydiver. Skydiver is still available direct from ACH, but not for long. It is soon to be available retail only, and the price will definitely be higher. So buy Skydiver direct and save. Use the order form below and begin smoking the right way. Do it now — YOU OWE YOURSELF THIS EXPERIENCE!

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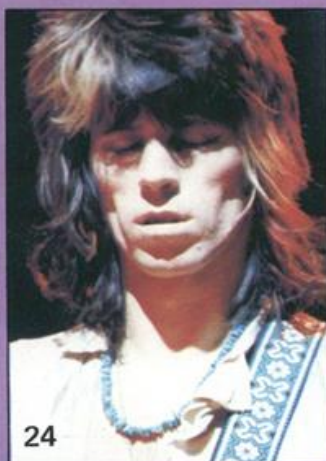
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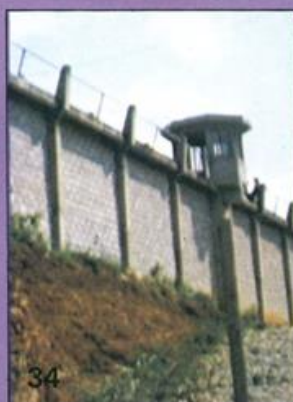
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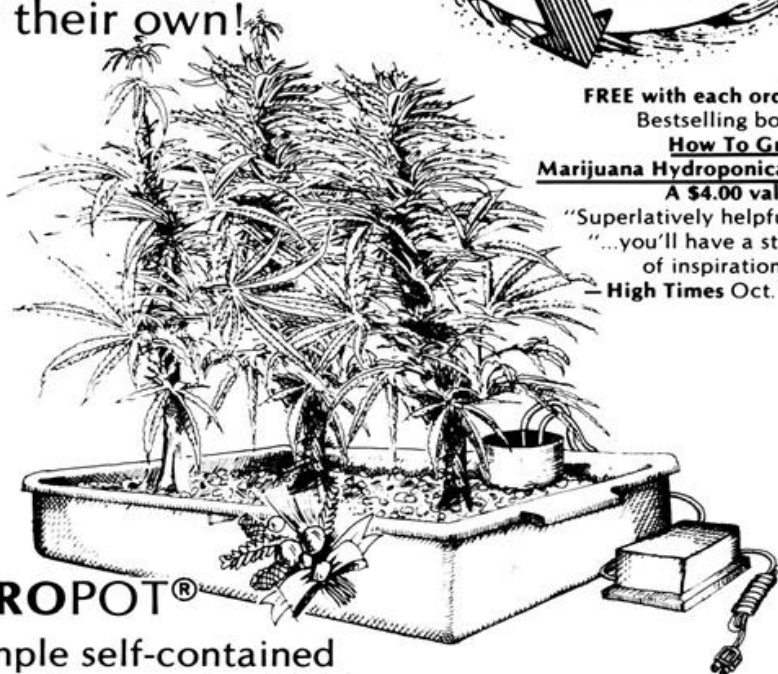


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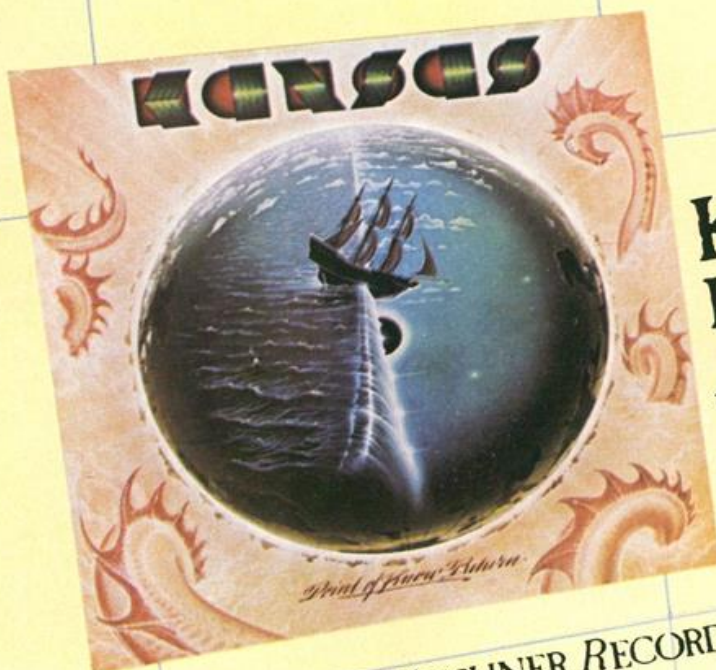




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1977		
10/21	Mem. Col.	Tuscaloosa, Ala.
10/22	Von Braun Civic Center	Huntsville, Ala.
10/23	Ellis Aud.	Memphis, Tenn.
10/28	Civic Center	Lakeland, Fla.
10/29	Sportatorium	Miami, Fla.
10/30	Coliseum	Jacksonville, Fla.
10/31	Fox Theatre	Atlanta, Ga. (Till 11/1)
11/3	Coliseum	Columbia, S.C.
11/4	Coliseum	Charlotte, N.C.
11/5	Scope	Norfolk, Va.
11/6	Coliseum	Greensboro, N.C.
11/9	Capitol Ctr.	Largo, Md.
11/10	Civic Arena	Pittsburgh, Pa.
11/11	St. John's Arena	Columbus, Ohio
11/12	Roberts Stadium	Evansville, Ind.
11/13	Riverfront Coliseum	Cincinnati, Ohio
11/22	Mun. Aud.	Nashville, Tenn.
11/23	Kiel Aud.	St. Louis, Mo. (Till 11/24)
11/25	Kemper Arena	Kansas City, Mo.
11/26	Civic Aud.	Omaha, Neb.
11/28	Arena	Milwaukee, Wisc.
11/29	International Amphitheatre	Chicago, Ill. (Till 11/30)
12/2	Richfield Col.	Cleveland, Ohio
12/3	Convention Center	Indianapolis, Ind.
12/4	Freedom Hall	Louisville, Kentucky
12/6	Coliseum	Ft. Wayne, Ind.
12/7	Wings Stadium	Kalamazoo, Mich.
12/8	Cobo Hall	Detroit, Mich.
12/10	War Memorial	Rochester, N.Y.
12/11	Civic Center	Springfield, Mass.
12/12	Cumberland County Civic Ctr.	Portland, Me.
12/13	Civic Center	Providence, R.I.
12/16	Spectrum	Philadelphia, Pa.
12/17	Palladium	New York, N.Y. (Till 12/19)
12/28	Sports Arena	San Diego, Calif.
12/29	Civic Center	Tucson, Ariz.
12/30	Aladdin Hotel	Las Vegas, Nev.
12/31	Arena	Long Beach, Calif.
1978		
1/1	Winterland	San Francisco, Calif.



## A Free Press?



If the Bill of Rights were put to a vote today, I wouldn't be surprised if the general public voted it down. Many people seem to be afraid to pay the price of freedom, which is toleration of some things they may dislike. Other people are dangerously apathetic, taking our constitutional rights for granted and assuming they will always be there. But freedom cannot survive long in such a climate. And nowadays we are seeing this fear and apathy at work in a steady erosion of individual liberties, notably those guaranteed by the First Amendment.

We don't lose a free press in one giant leap; we lose it a newspaper at a time, a book at a time, a film at a time. It's probably hard for many Americans to understand why we are still having censorship problems today. After all, haven't we been through it all before with *Ulysses*, *Fanny Hill* and *Lady Chatterley's Lover*? These epic constitutional challenges should have established a precedent guaranteeing First Amendment protection to erotic publications. That precedent might exist today, were it not for our present Supreme Court.

Many of the individual liberties that were gained during the years of the Warren Court have been jeopardized—and sometimes negated—by the Nixon-appointed Burger Court. An example of the Burger Court's undermining of the First Amendment is the 1973 ruling that granted local communities the right to determine their own obscenity standards, thereby limiting the content of national magazines to what is acceptable in, say, *Drake*, North Dakota. The thought of placing any restrictions whatsoever on the application of the First Amendment is frightening. Where would the country be today if we had not had a free press during the Nixon era?

Nixon appointed more members to the Supreme Court than any previous president, and he succeeded in stocking the bench with justices who supported—and continue to support—his narrow interpretation of individual liberties in general and freedom of the press in particular. Nixon had a personal ax to grind against the press. And I'm sure that many a politician, if given the opportunity, would like to have closed down some publication at one time or another. But leaving the decision as to what will or will not be published in the hands of one man—or, for that matter, one community—is a dangerous placement of power. Harassment of the press, especially the responsible pornographic press, is more political than anything else.

Screw publisher Al Goldstein is currently being prosecuted by the federal government in Kansas for sending allegedly obscene material—his magazine—through the mails. Goldstein's harassment by the government dates back to the days of J. Edgar Hoover. When Goldstein obtained his FBI file under the Freedom of Information Act, the first memo to appear concerned a *Screw* cartoon hinting that Hoover might be a homosexual. The FBI chief took the establishment position that a radical publication like *Screw* was not protected by the First Amendment.

I take the Constitution literally and consider our First Amendment guarantees to be absolute, that they protect not only the *New York Times* and *Newsweek*, but also less socially acceptable publications, the ones that the First Amendment was originally drafted to protect. Many of today's establishment periodicals were considered highly controversial in their early days, and if it weren't for their constitutionally guaranteed right to publish, they would probably have been closed down by the moral guardians of their particular eras.

Our First Amendment gets its vitality and meaning from an unrestricted right of free choice by each individual, and once one starts to compromise this right, the entire Constitution and the principles on which it was founded become jeopardized. As far as a free press is concerned, there can be no restrictions.

*Larry Flynt*

Larry Flynt, Publisher, Hustler Magazine





## A Moveable Feast

Sorry about the focus, but we thought you should be the first to share in one import scam the narcs didn't foil. More than 600 pounds of this top Mexican went through



our compressor and were shipped out in neat plastic-wrapped bricks. Maybe our pickup truck will be in your neighborhood soon.—Name and address withheld

## Giddy Pig

I enjoyed your story on the "Federal Dope Rolling Factory" (*High Times*, September '77) and thought you might like a whiff of what it's like to smoke government grass. In November 1972 I entered a three-month marijuana research project at UCLA. I was required to smoke at least one joint per day and thence made to do a lot of weird tests and experiments, all administered by a staff of so-called doctors.

The joints exploded quite regularly, the twigs poked out of the sides and you developed a real nice smoker's cough after a couple of weeks. They charged us a quarter for each joint beyond our "one per day at 12 noon," and I later found out they were making a dime on each one. I'm proud to have helped pay off the national debt. The only thing your article left out was the little red M stamped on each joint. I guess that's so the help won't get confused and mistake them for Luckies.

—Richard Maddox, Ben Lomond, Ca.

## Endangered Spirits

The letter and picture of the mescalito cluster in your September issue was a shocking reminder that the picking of the peyote cactus in the Southwest threatens to make it extinct. There are other psychedelics (psilocybin, for instance) that grow and reproduce in profusion. But peyote grows very slowly in an extremely hostile environment. The plant you pic-

tured is easily 50 years old. If you must collect peyote, at least cut off the tops and save the roots, or grow your own. Once you've experienced the reward that comes with raising this extraordinary plant for 10 years or so, you're certainly entitled to eat it.

—Mark Smith, Radcliff, Ky.

## Colombian Mounties

While thumbing through the 1976-'77 catalog of the Carolina Biological Supply Company (Burlington, N.C. 27215), I came across an interesting item on page 259 advertising a plastomount of *Cannabis sativa*, undoubtedly for nature lovers and narcs with bad memories. The product amounts to a glorified lamination of a fair-sized pot leaf, and the ad advises that "the leaf cannot be reclaimed for drug purposes." At \$13.75 a leaf, the warning wasn't necessary. —Plasticized in Oregon

## Visionary

I am a glaucoma patient who is quite disturbed at many of the dangerous drugs prescribed for intraocular pressure reduction and would like to see THC prescribed instead. Legal nostrums include diuretics, which can form kidney stones; phospholine iodide, which can cause retina detachment, and common anticholinesterase used in nerve gas. Could grass be any worse?

Researchers are looking for a way to detoxify pot but are instead finding that removing the high removes the power to reduce eye pressure. Puritanical eradication of the pleasure principle seems to be a Western value strongly entrenched in the medical fraternity. I'd gladly risk toxification for relief—in the noble cause of medicine, of course.

—Eric Tabb, Genesee, Idaho

## Down on the Farm

My buddy Phil the Pharmer is one crazy dude. He drug me out of bed one morning to go out and wade in cowshit just to photograph this old mushroom. He told



me, "Boy, if *High Times* had a picture like this, they'd bellow worse than a bull snorting a heifer's sugar in heat." He's just full of shit, I think. Let me know if you like it; just don't use my name.

—Name withheld, Tuscaloosa, Ala.

## Proctology Made Simple

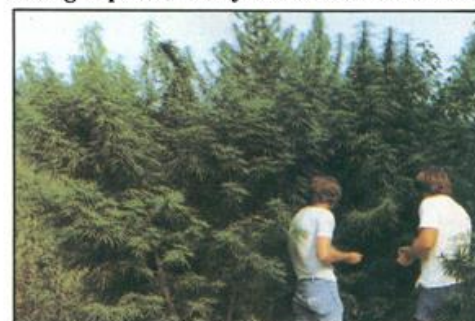
After eating some of the marijuana butter made from a dope cookbook recipe, I tried some of the miraculous substance anally. I had read that the ancient Mayans used to do magic mushroom and peyote enemas to get off, so I carved a suppository from the hardened butter and put it to its intended aperture. The result was quite delightful, with a long-lasting stone.

To anyone who would like to try this unique approach, I would recommend one thing: gas control. The butter liquefies with body heat and the results of flatus could be nearly disastrous.

—Cap'n Mazzola, Alamosa, Colo.

## Sweet Georgia Ground

The only trees in our backyard bigger than these stalks are a few winsome Georgia pines, but you can't smoke nee-



dles. If Carter's decrim plan makes it, we'll send him the first legal harvest from his home state.

—Name and address withheld

## Dope Détente

Chicago northsiders buzzed for weeks on tops like these, sent to us by our cousin Pyotr from Uzbekistan. He sent along a

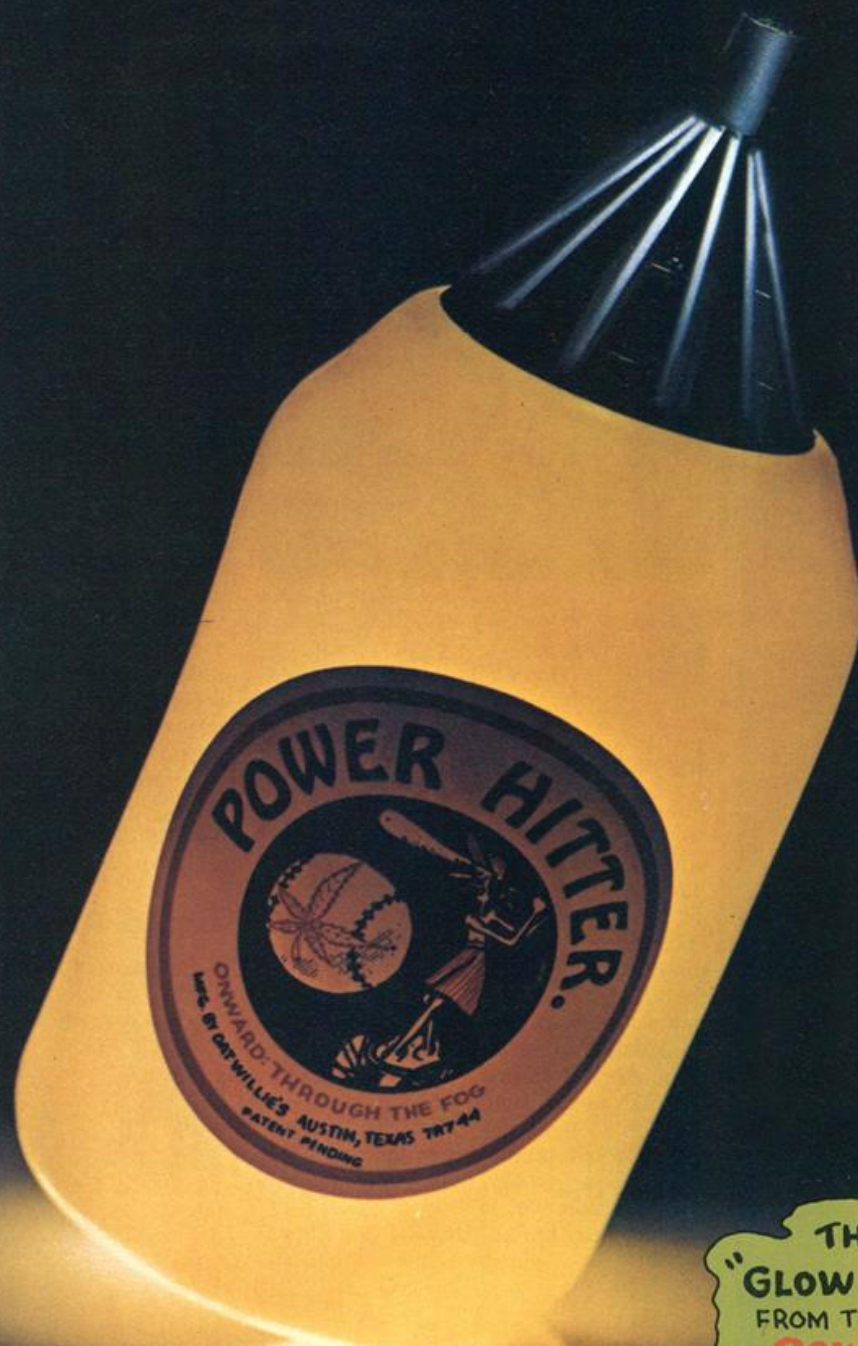


handsome portrait of himself, taken on his prime tract of grassland on the fringes of the Kyzyl Kum Desert.

—Comrades in Illinois  
(continued)



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UNIVERSE  
HAS A  
BEAT.**



## Spore Me

While hiking through the magic fields of Mexico and the Southwest, I ran across this Colorado stranger, who showed off an



international harvest. I tried striking up a conversation, but all he said was "Betcha can't eat just one."

—Don Gone, Mesa Roja, N.M.

## Ions and the FDA

Shortly after your excellent article on "Ionized Air" appeared in the July issue, I was notified by the FDA that it would no longer allow me to import ion generators. The FDA claims that in the mind of the consumer the only use for an ion generator is a medical one. Can an instrument that helps restore our right to breathe natural, normal, unpolluted air rightly be considered a medical device? Breath is more basic than the water we drink, but the FDA obviously doesn't agree. I've got the will to fight Big Brother but not the money. Are there any good attorneys among your readers that would like this kind of challenge?

—Michael Kelley, 8143 Big Bend Blvd.,  
Webster Groves, Mo. 63109

## Navy Blues

I'm writing in regard to the plight of the military marijuana smoker. I'm sure readers would be interested to know about differences between military and civilian "justice." I was busted in the navy for "possession of a controlled substance," marijuana. I was awarded 30 days restriction, a \$547 fine and a reduction in pay rate from E-4 to E-3—quite a heavy penalty for possession of residue scraped from my pockets. My case is not an outstanding one, but an everyday occurrence in the service.

—Name and ship withheld

## Pot at Bar

Although pot smoking may not have affected Robin Orahood's performance as an attorney, perhaps your reporters either have a lower tolerance or smoked a few joints too many while researching the "HighWitness News" article on him in August. The Oregon trial bar did not "drop all pursuit into the matter." Rather, the board recommended that he be suspended from the practice of law for six months.

—Shelley Dickinson, Carlisle, Pa.  
Orahood has been suspended from the Oregon bar, but not on pot charges. Before disciplinary proceedings could be resolved, he missed his dues and was suspended pending payment and reapplication. The trial board had recommended a temporary suspension, but as the learned counsel might say, the point is moot.—Ed.

## Joint Accounts

In the April '77 issue of *High Times*, you state on page eight that a ton of pot is equal to 32,000 joints. Yet in the June issue, you say a ton yields approximately one million jays. We would like to set the record straight. Here in the Midwest, an ounce of boo is usually 40 joints. Using that figure, there is no question that there are 1,280,000 joints in one ton of pot.

—K. Baird, A. Kerr, Oak Forest, Ill.  
Well, maybe the way you roll 'em —Ed.

## Santa Anna's Revenge

These cute little buttons are just a few of the 500 we collected last summer. Mescalito is everywhere near old San Antone,



and we managed to squirrel away enough to last us a long, mysterious winter. Even my uncle Davy forgot the Alamo.

—Name withheld, San Antonio, Tex.

## Rumblings

I was glad to hear no one was killed or left homeless by the late-summer earthquakes in Colombia. I just hope it doesn't mean we'll have more shake in our bags this year.

—Cherel and David Sexton,  
Cedar Rapids, Iowa



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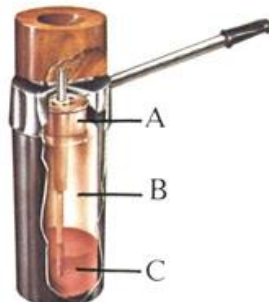
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## Peak Production

**Q:** Much of the best dope comes from mountainous areas such as Mexico and Nepal. Is this just because mountains are safer, or does altitude favor potency? Would a low-pressure chamber to simulate altitude improve my homegrown?

—Joe P., Walsingham, Mass.

**A:** Three environmental factors change with altitude: barometric pressure falls, ultraviolet radiation intensifies and humidity decreases. Barometric effects are unknown, so a low-pressure garden would be a good experiment. But ultraviolet is thought to be a key to stratospheric smoke. If so, the lack of it in most indoor growing setups explains the generally lower quality of closet reefer.

The most important variable may be humidity. Most mountain environments are arid, and dryness promotes resin flow to protect the reproductive organs, so mountain tops tend to be gooier. But don't forget the paradox of Thai weed in humid jungles or Bengali ganja sprouting from soggy river deltas.

—Robert Connell Clarke, author of *The Botany and Ecology of Cannabis*

## We Smell a Burn

**Q:** What's the story on Coca Leaf Incense? We could really use a sneaky legal cocaine, but is it safe and worth the time?

—Mary Jaspers, Beaver Falls, Pa.

**A:** It's another example of getting what you pay for. Company literature cautions against inhaling, a disclaimer with as much weight as a Nixon denial. Both toot and Coca Leaf Incense have little or no smell when burned and make poor sandalwood substitutes.

Carefully selected troglodytes from our staff tried a sniff and noted a sharp burn to the nostrils but not much action in the pleasure centers. We sent a sample to Los Angeles psychopharmacologist Dr. Ronald K. Siegel, who analyzed it as an uneven, 80-percent mixture of procaine, tetracaine and caffeine. He felt other ersatz cokes—like Cokesnuff (which contains tobacco) and Snort (sugar and menthol)—provide a “more effective stimulation. None of these, however, are as safe as the real thing.”

One more caution: The manufacturers have pledged to add some pink coloring

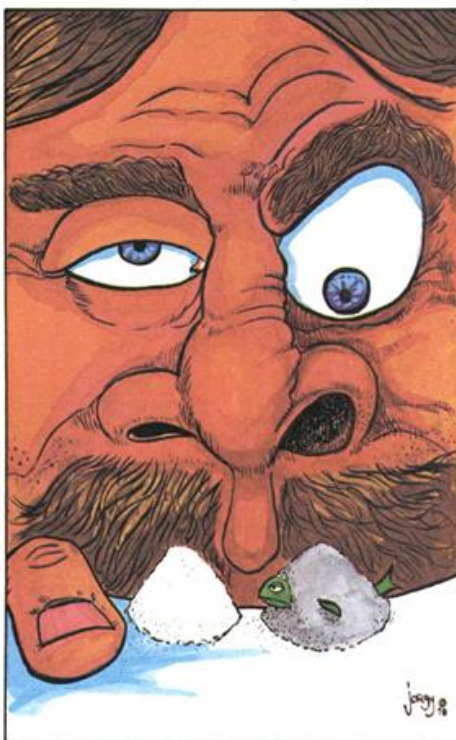
to the product, but until they do, it remains a perfect cut for unwary coke customers. Be careful it doesn't find its way up your nose at 100 times the price.

## Fish Story

**Q:** Last month I got some THC that was unlike any I've ever scored before. It made me dizzy and sick, then laid me out unconscious on the floor. Has there been a batch of poison floating around or was it just a weird reaction by my body?

—Harvey Schlamme, address withheld

**A:** There is no THC on the streets, because pure THC cannot be synthesized for less than \$10 or \$15 a dose. What you had was almost certainly bad phencyclidine



(PCP), which is all too common. While pure PCP is disorienting but fairly harmless, sloppy manufacturing can leave decomposition products or contaminants like PCC or TCP in the product. They can cause the dizziness and nausea you felt, as well as coma and death. To avoid such unhigh results, smell before you swallow. Pure stuff is white and colorless; the crap is grey and smells fishy.

## Suspended Animator

**Q:** Glenn O'Brien, in his August interview with Andy Warhol, said Walt Disney was frozen just before he died. Is this really true? If so, where is he being kept?

—K. Hamm, New Hope, Pa.

**A:** As Disney had requested, only his closest friends were present to pay their last respects after his death from cancer on December 15, 1966. Publicists for Walt Disney Productions call the story “absolutely without foundation” and say the

body was cremated at Forest Lawn cemetery in Burbank, California. Because the ceremony was private, the rumor, at least, will probably live forever. If Disney's relatives took a vow of silence by the cryogenic refrigerator, they have kept it well, but Kenneth Anger still claims the cartoon genius lies in suspended animation in the spire of Snow White's castle in Fantasyland.

## Feelin' Groovy

**Q:** I tried to solve this disc trivia question with a microscope, but I kept losing count: What's the standard number of grooves per inch on the record surface?

—Greg Stockton, Elm Grove, Va.

**A:** There is no standard number. The width of the wave pattern formed by each groove varies with the volume and base response of the sound. Record cutting lathes are made so the number of grooves per inch can vary between 150 and 350 to accommodate the loud sections and compress the quieter portions. This flexibility allows maximum fidelity on those 30-minute sides.

## Alehouse Rock

**Q:** I'd like to know if there are any American beers that compare with British bitters and ales. How do they make those fine brews?

—G. Weaver, San Antonio, Tex.

**A:** Britons make their ale without carbonation, foaming agents or other additives. Small companies and ancient recipes make suds stronger, thicker and tastier than anything west of the Atlantic. Among the best are Green King (the strongest), Newcastle brown ale and Fullers, which still delivers by horse-drawn cart. Guinness makes stout so thick it's given to pregnant women as a protein supplement. It's distributed state-side, but the only others available here are commercial brands like Whitbread, Watneys and Courage, which are gradually replacing the small breweries' premium products.

If you're ever on the green isle, try to visit the merriest of olde alehouses—the Ratcatcher's Pub in Brandiston, near Norwich. There and elsewhere, Britons have found unique ways of sipping suds, such as the lager and lime, the shandy (bitters and lemonade) and the black velvet (champagne and Guinness). There's also the trick of sticking a red-hot poker into your stout, which seems to make it even heartier.

Questions on all topics will be considered for “Forum,” including all highs, sex, health, law, science, technology, music, etc. Only those of most interest can be answered. Be specific for most accurate responses. Anonymous queries are accepted. ■



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## Fucked or Fantasized?

*The problem with reality is that it doesn't live up to my fantasies.*

—Morgan

**T**he heartbreak of poor sex. It can be a real pain in the groin. But there is relief. There's a little video set behind your eyeballs that can provide feelies directed by your own imagination and costarring the sex object(s) of your choice. It's for free and it's called fantasy. A bad fuck? Don't be a hunk of dead meat on a mattress; obey the urges of the equipment between your legs and get gratification any way you can. Fantasy can be the blessed shortcut to pleasure on those painful nights when the head you're getting or giving is doing *nada* for your sexual health. Why, with a ripe flair for the fantastic you could fuck dead meat on a mattress and get off.

Love aside, we all want to come. We need to. It might be in someone's face or at the end of a mail-order dildo; it doesn't matter because the idea is to get pleased. Alone or with a friend. Of course, romance has its place, but isn't it ironic that nowadays, when gum can come in your mouth, there will be nights when you can grunt and groan and slick yourself up with K-Y jelly, snort all the coke, drink all the tequila and drop all the 'ludes on earth, and all you can think of is how a friend told you that Elvis died from an enema? It's bound to happen just as sure as God made some of us small and slow. And if you don't have a few fantasies to trot out to get you hot, resign yourself to blue balls, a dry box or 12 years in analysis.

Remember, nobody wants a lover who won't use any imagination once in a while to at least make it look as if he or she is having the fuck of a lifetime. You gotta compensate, pal, in order to keep 'em happy.

This writer can boast of an ever-increasing repertoire of sex fantasies. In fact, I rehearse every day, recalling new glimpses of ass, thigh and breast; new heart-cracking smiles from lovely girls linger for days. You see, I believe that masturbation is absolutely necessary to prime the imagination and construct

new fantasies. It's essential to keep your eyes open for new material. Sometimes the slightest innocent glimpse into a passing car or bus can bring joy later on. As my favorite magazine vendor often sallies, you've got to crank the engine occasionally to make sure the car still runs. What's more, it has been posited by certain Soviet parapsychologists that the ecstatic state of masturbation can approach the threshold of mystical vision. How many cases of love at first sight or *déjà vu* might best be explained by this eerie phenomenon?

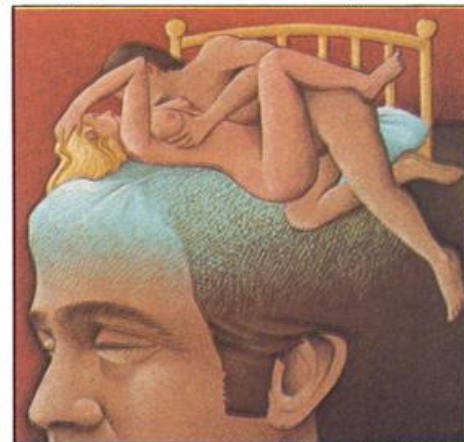
**U**nfortunately, many who claim to live their sex fantasies delight in the crude, the cruel or the scatological. For example, current punk sex fantasies are no more than puerile attempts to induce a general vomit under the guise of modern eroticism. Shades of Andrew Weil! Punks who claim that lavender pubes, pierced nipples and puke are orgasmic can come over to my room and suck on my pigeon gun until it pops in their radiation-scarred brain pans. Others—the S&M clique in particular—advocate jamming strange fists up the anus and getting trussed up like a pig for slaughter. These are the provocative tactics of the usual exhibes and sickies that congregate in the cities (which are

**It might be in someone's  
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a mail-order dildo;  
the idea is  
to get pleased.**

the creations of Cain), not clues to finding the fantastic, the delightful and the fulfilling. Most humans want only the simple and divine pleasure of coming, not a day trip into Dante's Inferno.

Modern sex therapy approves of fantasy. In fact, it often counsels that fantasizing is the best way to stir an otherwise turbid sexual relationship. Or finish off what you started in the first place. There is presently a terrible need for new fantasies, or twists upon the old ones. Unfortunately anatomy decrees that only so much can be done at one time, so the possibilities are finite. I could fill these pages with fantasies confided to me in my weeks of research into what people do to get over the hump of bad sex. I won't for the simple reason that they become sadly repetitious, like the beaver shots in the squack mags. For the most part they feature rock stars, quarts of squirting cum, cocks up the ass, dictators, young relatives, porpoises or whales, old flames, movie stars, an occasional golden retriever, porn celebs, silk nooses, satin sheets and underwear worn over the face.

I happen to be partial to a waitress in Flagstaff, shaved vaginas, a lifeguard in Valley Forge, teenage chassis, Suze Randall, women who wear gold boots, Lindsay Wagner and the sister I never had (incest really gets me off). However, my all-time favorite fantasy is not my own; it percolated in the imagination of



Ralph Meyers

Thomas Pynchon until he decided to share it with the world in *Gravity's Rainbow* (Viking Press, 1973):

She shrugs, twists as he unzips her, red taffeta slides down and off and sure enough there's one or two lavender bruises starting to show up on her bottom, which is perfectly shaped, smooth as cream. Small as she is, she's been further laced into a tiny black corset, which compresses her waist now to the diameter of a brandy bottle and pushes pre-subdeb breasts up into little white crescents. Satin straps, adorned with intricately pornographic needlework, run down each thigh to hold up stockings with tops of dark Alençon lace. The bare backs of her legs come brushing softly across Slothrop's face.... She smells like soap, flowers, sweat, cunt. Her long hair falls to the level of Slothrop's eyes, fine and black, the split ends whispering across the small of her white back in and out of invisibility, like rain... she has turned, and sinks to her knees to undo his pleated trousers. Leaning, brushing hair back behind her ears, the little girl takes the head of Slothrop's cock into her rouged mouth. Her eyes glitter through fern lashes, baby rodent hands race his body unbuttoning, caressing. Such a slender child; her throat swallowing, strummed to a moan as he grabs her hair, twists it... Raising bare arms, little Bianca lifts her long hair, tosses her little head to let the mane shiver down her back, needle-tipped fingers drifting then down slowly, making him wait, down over the satin, all the shiny hooks and laces, to her thighs. Then her face, round with baby-fat, enormous night-shadowed eyes comes swooping in as she kneels, guides his penis into her and settles slow, excruciating till he fills her, stuffs her full....

Perhaps you understand why this writer carries his personal copy tucked in his attaché case next to the tissues.

—Ed Dwyer



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## Support Your Vocal Police

What does Dr. Hunter S. Thompson have in common with L.A.P.D. Chief "Crazy Ed" Davis? They both read **Police Chief** magazine, the "Professional Voice of Law Enforcement," published by the International Association of Police Chiefs. What a terrific magazine it is, too! Lots of weapon ads, ads for drug test kits, riot control equipment and reports on esoteric new developments in police technology such as The Growler: a car mounted with a high-frequency emission device that cruises through trouble areas, deafening the populace. Thompson loves to write about this kind of thing, or just sit back and think about it, in a kind of wistful way. Crazy Ed just reaches for his checkbook. Whatever your response, there are countless hours of pleasure to be had by the arm-chair law-enforcement enthusiast in the pages of **Police Chief** and many other fine magazines published, written and edited by and for pigs.

Tonight we'll be taking a look at the kinky world of police media. Truly, the weed of crime bears littered fruit, to judge by the number of expensively produced publications with which the supposedly illiterate cop on the beat is constantly regaled. There are magazines for police chiefs, detectives, narcs, traffic cops, international cops, securities investigators and many other specialized fields within the industry. In fact, law enforcement is a major industry in America today, with its profits far exceeding those realized by robbers and looters. Reading the police press, one soon realizes that the sheer weight of law enforcement is actually the chief cause of crime and that we would all be better off to fire the fuzz and let the banditti do their worst.

Anyway, the cream of the crop is **Police Chief**, designed for the high-ranking market of literate, well-tailored storm troopers—the Kojak market. The magazine features news shorts, product reviews (what can you say about a bullet?) and fascinating advertisements for bizarre products. \$9 to **Police Chief**, 11 First Field Road, Gaithersburg, Md. 20760 brings you a year's subscription, although as with many of this month's magazines it

helps to be on the force.

The Police Chiefs Association also maintains a Police Weapons Center (PWC), which has its own bulletin, and for \$50 a year from June to June they will send (with updates) a huge catalog (in a three-ring binder) of all the police equipment on the market and whether or not they find it acceptable for use in "the field." The PWC project is only recommended for the hard-core equipment nut, but recommended nonetheless!

Another good one is **Fi-Po News**, whose slogan is "What You Believe Depends Largely Upon What You Believe In!" the alternatives being, as I understand it, America or communism. **Fi-Po** is the monthly newsletter of the Fire and Police Research Association but is completely useless to a researcher, since the **Fi-Po** editors see radicals and the ACLU behind all crime in America (or at least that is the impression their articles convey). Ask for subscription rates at 3354 Glendale Boulevard, Los Angeles, Ca. 90039.

A more cosmopolitan viewpoint informs the **International Criminal Police Review**, the official publication of Interpol and available for \$10 in French francs from Interpol's General Secretariat, 26, Rue Armengaud, 92 Saint-Cloud, Paris, France. As with many of these magazines, potential subscribers might want to set up a front organization, that is, print up some letterheads saying

**Reading the police press,  
one soon realizes that  
we'd all be better off  
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the banditti do their worst.**

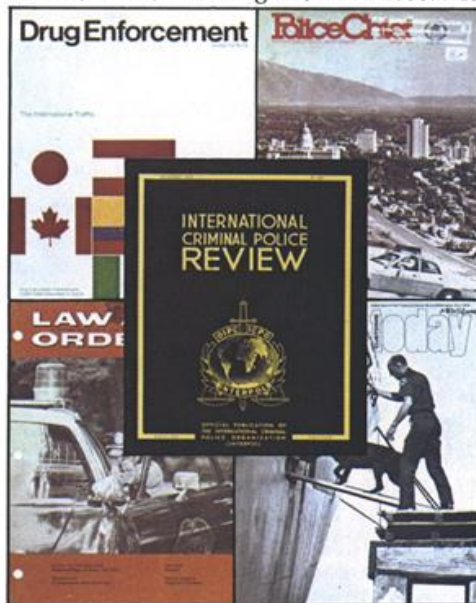
"Elite Security Organization" or something equally fascistic sounding. To receive the Interpol magazine, one practically has to swear an oath of allegiance to the international police organization, which, by the way, is not a part of the United Nations or any government; it is entirely independent, whatever that means. Their journal is full of fascinating police gossip as well as stimulating articles on "Paper Chromatographic Identification Ink Dye-Stuffs and Its Importance in Document Examination," which I know you'll enjoy.

**Police Times** is a good one. It costs \$5 a year, and for an additional \$11 you can join the American Federation of Police (AFP) and receive a membership card, car decal and other benefits such as insurance for death in the line of duty.

For some time now AFP has been carrying on a fight over certain principles with the Fraternal Order of Police for reasons I cannot comprehend. The AFP is a type of police union that almost anyone with the proper credentials ("cover") can join. The format is a 12-page newspaper

and is also highly recommended. One interesting position they have taken is for the right of citizens to legally possess firearms "to aid the police." The AFP is located at 1100 North-East 125 Street, North Miami, Fla. 33161.

**Drug Enforcement** is the thinking narc's *High Times*. D.E. is published by the Drug Enforcement Administration at 1405 Eye Street, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20537. It



lists no subscription price, and theoretically, since it is published at public expense and is not classified, should be available to anyone for nothing, but just try to get hold of it. Should you succeed, you'll find a number of fatuous and useless articles by narcs trying to increase their budgets. However, the real reason to buy it is for the pictures of dope, which are as good as the ones in *High Times*, or better, and possibly funnier as a result of the slightly surreal context. Harass your congressperson to have this one put on the newsstands or at least in libraries.

"Enforcement is a four-letter word," says **Customs Today**, the official Customs Service house organ that is currently flogging its pack of dope-sniffing dogs to congressional budget writers. Of all the federal agencies engaged in narcotics enforcement, the Customs Service has always struck this writer as the least fascistic, the most worth your tax money and the only one that serves any arguable purpose apart from the seizure of "death drugs" that we need so badly. **Customs Today** is a truly entertaining magazine, filled with lots of self-congratulatory articles about the ingenious devices smugglers use and the ingenious ways Customs finds out about them. Like **Drug Enforcement**, **Customs Today** is published at public expense and should be available to any citizen or library that wants it free of charge. Of course, it's not, but demand a copy anyway from the Public Information Division, U.S. Customs Service, Department of the Treasury, Washington, D.C.

—Gilbert Choate



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*High Times* is about black magic in the White House and gods who live in flowers. *High Times* is the magazine of Hollywood, Camelot and Atlantis. *High Times* goes backstage with the stars, under radar nets with the dope smugglers, into the underwear of the world's most beautiful people.

The *High Times* Stories: I Was JFK's Dealer; Wild Parties; Astral Projection: How to Buy a Judge; Mangoes; Vamp for Women Mini-Mag; Smoke-easies; Bigfoot Monster; White Slave Markets; Nazi Psychics; Magic Toadstools; Hollywood-Pentagon Propaganda Axis; Backgammon, Politics and God; Dope Super-lawyers; Surrealism; Piss, Leather and Western Civilization; American Indians; The Secret War Against Dope; Medieval Ergotism; Reggae.

The *High Times* Profiles: Frank Sturgis (Watergate burglar and Caribbean CIA operative); Captain Crunch (blueboxing king of pirate phone phreaks); The Dalai Lama of Tibet; Frank Costello (king of 20's bootlegging); Dr. Albert Hofmann (LSD inventor); Gil

Scott-Heron (Angry Last Poet); Gordon Wasson (No. 1 Mushroom Expert); Ken Burstine (Hell-for-leather pot pilot); Vaughn Bodé (Cartoon Guru); Harry J. Anslinger (narc chief for 30 years).

The *High Times* Writers: Terry Southern, Anthony Haden-Guest, Dr. Andrew Weil, Albert Goldman, Patti Smith, Lenny Bruce, Ron Rosenbaum, Jerry Kamstra, Tom Robbins, Aldous Huxley, Andrew St. George, Philip Nobile.

The *High Times* Scenes: Kashmir, Amsterdam, Tangier, Sumatra, Highway 101, Mombasa, Outer Space.

*High Times* has regular departments on books, records, movies, sports, sex, travel, humor, law, health, media, high society people, high styles and art. And, of course, *High Times* is still the hedonist's Bible of mind alteration, with the most accurate and latest inside knowledge. (How do we get it? Don't ask.)

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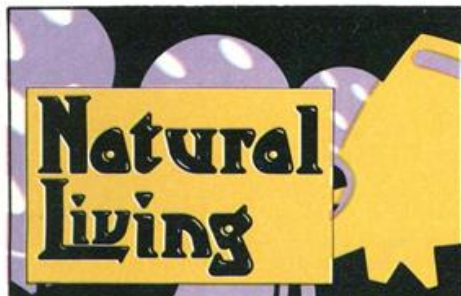
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## Beautiful Dreamers Open Storefront Utopia

**T**he problem of creating the ideal society has baffled religionists and social theorists for thousands of years. Of the many attempts that have been made, several have successfully fostered a harmonious life for their own members, isolated from the rest of humanity. But a glance at any history book or newspaper proves that none has been able to export the millennium to the rest of us struggling, wistful slobs. Many new tries are now



Fullo Pep thumbs to paradise.

being made, and one of the most promising is Kerista Village (formerly the Storefront Community) in San Francisco.

This society seeks to combine harmony, intimacy and freedom for itself with an artistic approach to utopianizing the larger culture around it. The heart of Kerista's endeavor is an idea called spiritual polyfidelity within a "superfamily" or best friend identity cluster (B-FIC). Kerista Village now contains three such groups. Totally committed to each other's welfare, members share the joys of lovemaking in any combination among themselves while maintaining sexual fidelity to the group.

But instead of just setting up this plan and inviting all comers to share it, the Keristans have developed a unique orientation process to ensure that new and old members are perfect for each other before they begin their lives together. New members live in transition houses (there are currently two) for three months to a year while preparing for the change from the outside world to group love. Temporary celibacy is practiced during this stage so no one mistakes Kerista for a swinging singles scene.

Members assume the commune will not last if it is used primarily as a place to solve psychological problems. Though growth should always continue, they feel the process of shedding hang-ups must be more or less complete *before* the initiate moves in. Hence intensive encounter workshops are central to the transition phase, as well as being used to solve problems that arise later. In most social circles (even communes), dirty laundry is aired, if at all, in the privacy of tête-à-tête, but public washings are an indispensable part of Storefront life. Ken Kesey coined the phrase "up front" to describe the idea during the Pranksters' wanderings; the Keristans call it Gestalt-o-Rama.

Members build their lives around various ideals but consider humor the one

### Kerista members share lovemaking amongst themselves, maintaining sexual fidelity to the group.

essential leaven that keeps them from getting dogmatic and divisive on specifics. They practice an eclectic religion, culling the wisdom from all the world's faiths while discarding the obsolete sexism, caste systems, superstitions and priesthoods. Artistic creation in all possible forms is the practical result they seek, and daily life is based on two guiding principles: complete self-direction and the maxim "If it ain't fun, it won't get done." "Stay high" is another credo, and, because they believe there's always a letdown unless the stimulus comes from themselves, conversation and contact highs are the only intoxicants allowed.



Geo, Pep, Jud and Eve at book fair.

Politics in the traditional sense of organizing parties or confrontations is also verboten.

**H**ighness is equated with productivity, and the five early core members (the roster has recently grown to 16) have accounted for an astonishing variety of activities. They've set up several communications networks among other West Coast idealists, including the Pacific Utopias Network, the Hospitality Exchange Network and the West Coast People's

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Commune System. They are attempting to set up rural retreats at Harbin Hot Springs and other locations. To spread their ideas they've organized a Utopian Peace Corps and a road show called the Traveling Gestalt Caravan, and they publish two newsletters, the Storefront Classroom and Utopian Eyes. They've set up a national system of nonprofit teaching franchises called Islandia Free U, with courses and workshops on such subjects as communes, restaurants, educational



Kerista

Schmoozing in the attic.

child-care communities, dancing, Schmoozology (the art of hanging loose), emergency survival and "How to Become a Wise and Beloved Guru." They organize camp-outs, stargazing parties, potluck dinners, soccer matches and volleyball games for themselves, visitors and myriad friends. They run a Utopian Newsreel, a choral society, a Minstrels and Jesters Club and a Utopian Art Theater based on Stanislavski's dream of a spiritual commune of improvisational actors. I'm sure I have left something out.

The remarkable thing is that such a successful operation has had so few antecedents. Founding members Brother Jud, Even Eve, Fullo Pep, Geo Logical and Bluejay Way were minimally influenced by earlier societies and utopian novels like Austin Wright's *Islandia*, but most of the ideas were self-generated. They got their names, by the way, from a pet ouija board to which they sometimes turn for proverbs or elucidations of the preconscious group mind. And the word Kerista, signifying a blend of science, spirituality and freedom, was the seed name of a Sixties tribe that briefly flowered in a storefront on New York's Lower East Side. It was brought west by Jud in 1971, sometime after he had an illumination in which interior voices began shouting in his ear while he was reading the Koran, proclaiming him the founder of the world's next and most beneficial religion. The Keristans themselves are unsure whether to call this a case of godly psychosis or sublime self-sorcery, but whatever the diagnosis, the rest seems to be history. Idly curious thrill seekers need not apply, but sincere visionaries may contact the folk at Kerista Village, Box 1174-U, San Francisco, Ca. 94101. Heaven on earth? They aren't exactly kidding when they say, "We're working on it."

—Gary Stimeling

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A color photograph of Keith Richards. He has dark, messy hair and is looking directly at the camera with a serious expression. He is wearing a light-colored shirt with thin dark vertical stripes, which is open at the neck. A red cloth is draped over his shoulders. He is leaning against a light-colored wooden fence. The background is a blurred field of tall grass.

**Interview**

# **KEITH RICHARD**

**Heroin, old age, rhythm and blues**

**by Victor Bockris**





Gerard Malanga

Keith Richards has been the Rolling Stones' lead guitarist for the last 15 years and one of rock's leading crusaders and criminals. His most recent brush with the law came in Toronto six months ago, when he was arrested for possession of heroin with intent to sell.

High Times reached him at his new house in Westchester County, 60 minutes outside of Manhattan. Getting the interview became complicated when the president of Rolling Stones Records, Earl McGrath, tried to persuade Keith not to talk with us because it would have an adverse effect on his court case. Keith thought that was a bit soft.

**High Times:** Do you feel that it was your destiny to be a musician?

**Richard:** Well, when I used to pose in front of the mirror at 'ome, I was hopeful. The only thing I was lacking was a bit of bread to buy an instrument. But I got the moves off first, and I got the guitar later.

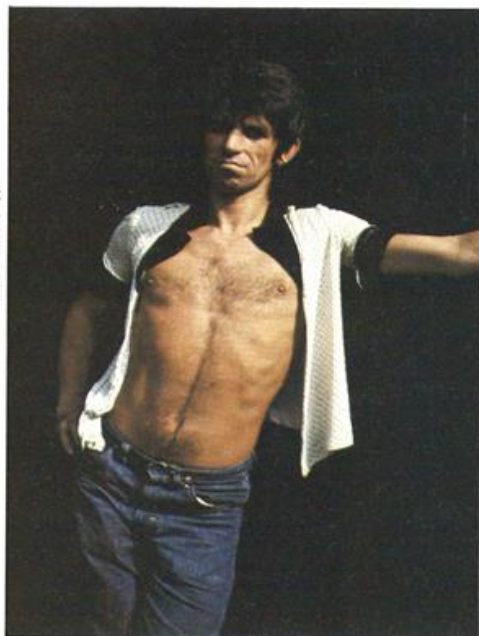
**High Times:** Is music magic to you?

**Richard:** In the way that magic is a word for something that is power that we don't fully understand and can enable things to happen. I mean, nobody really understands about the effect that certain rhythms have on people, but our bodies beat. We're only alive because the heart-beat keeps going all the time. And also certain sounds can kill. It's a speciality of the French for some reason. The French are working with huge great speakers which blow down houses and kill laboratory technicians with one solitary blast. I mean, the trumpets of Jericho and all that.

I've seen people physically throw up from feedback in the studio. It's so loud it started their stomach walls flapping. That's the most obvious aspect of it. But on another level, if you go to Africa or Jamaica, you see people living to that rhythm. They eat, talk, walk, fuck, sleep, do everything to that rhythm. It's magic in that it's an unexplored area. Why, for instance—zoom in 'ere—should rock and roll music suddenly appear in the mid-Fifties, catch hold and just get bigger and bigger and show no signs of abating?

**High Times:** Brian Jones was the leader, then Mick became the leader, but now there's a feeling that, musically, you're the leader of the Rolling Stones.

**Richard:** I guess it takes a long time.... I mean, I'm basically doing the same thing now as I always have done. I run around trying to communicate with the rest of



Gerard Malanga

**"You put a record out  
and get the feeling  
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Two years later you  
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and they're holding the  
other record up and saying  
'If only it was as  
good as this one.'"**

them, because Charlie's sitting down and Bill's over there and I'm more free, and I give them the tempo because early on I evolved a certain style of playing that is fairly basic. I know that I can give what's needed to Charlie and Bill and Ronnie to keep the thing together.

**High Times:** And to Mick?

**Richard:** I hope Mick should get the whole thing. I'm trying to keep all the separate things together so that by the time it gets to the front of the stage and out into the audience, it's jelled together.

**High Times:** Is the guitar an instrument you can get further and further into?

**Richard:** I think most guitar players feel that they're always still learning. Nobody ever feels that they've reached anywhere near covering the whole thing. It's still coming up with surprises. Although that's not the most important thing to me.

It's never been a function in our band to do one thing or another. We're all doing all of it, you know. That's what happens and that's what interests me about it, it's not who's playing virtuoso. I'm interested in what people can do in terms of an overall sound and the intensity of it that can be done on that level. I mean, five people produce one thing out of five separate



Gerard Malanga

things going on. After all, what's the point of dissecting everything and putting parts under a microscope and ignoring the rest?

**High Times:** Do you get very high off the response to your records when they're particularly effective in some way?

**Richard:** Yeah, sometimes, you try to, but it's not always that immediate. You put a record out, and then you get the feeling everybody's disappointed with it. Then two years later you bring another record out, and you suddenly realize that they're all holding this other record up and saying, "If only it was as good as this one." And I know it's not because we're ahead of our time, because that's not ever what we're trying to do.

It's not avant-garde, no, that's not it. It's just that when you've been around as long as we have, people have got their own fixed idea of what they want from the Stones, and it's never anything new. Even though they do really want it, they still compare it with this big moment in the back seat of a car 15 years ago, and it was never as good as then. There's so much nostalgia connected with it that you can't possibly fight, so you have to sometimes let the record seep into their lives, let them have a good time with it first.

A lot of the time with records it's the experiences that people have been through while that record's been playing that makes it special to them. "It's our song, darling." That sort of shit. And the longer you've been around the harder it is to fight that one, 'cos you got so much other stuff which is somebody else's song, darling. And although they're interested and they'll buy the new record, it doesn't mean as much to them as the one they heard that magical night when they screwed 15 chicks.

**High Times:** Do you think of songs as short stories?

**Richard:** Some of them. I mean, things like "Hand of Fate" particularly, we got into a story. Others are just connections, almost stream of consciousness. One line doesn't really connect to what's gone before. People say they write songs, but in a way you're more the medium. I feel like all the songs in the world are just floating around; it's just a matter of an antenna, of whatever you pick up.

So many uncanny things have happened. A whole song just appears from nowhere in five minutes, the whole structure, and you haven't worked at all. You're playing and you're bored stiff and noth-



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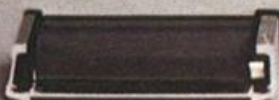
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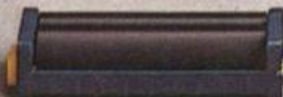
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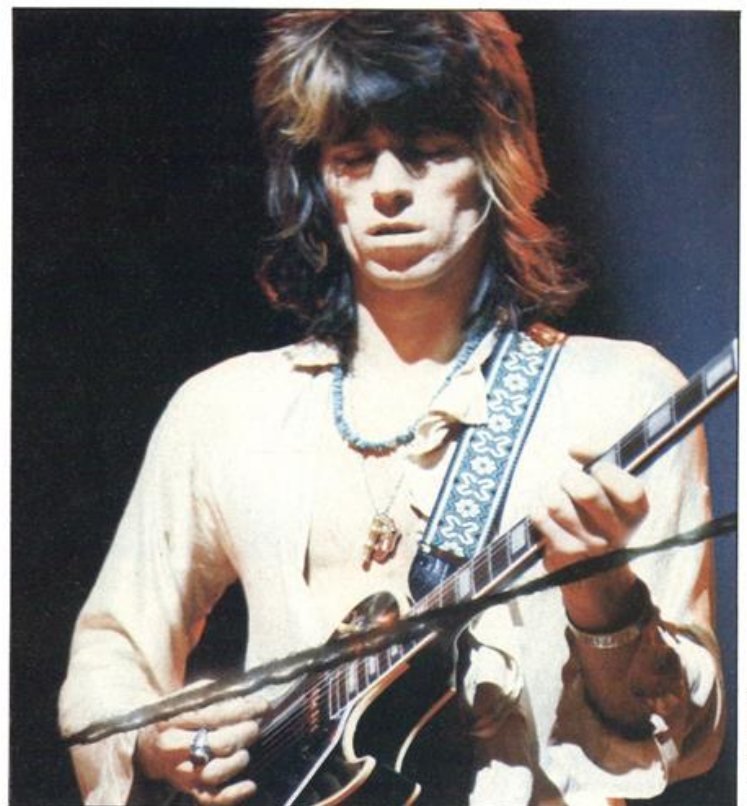
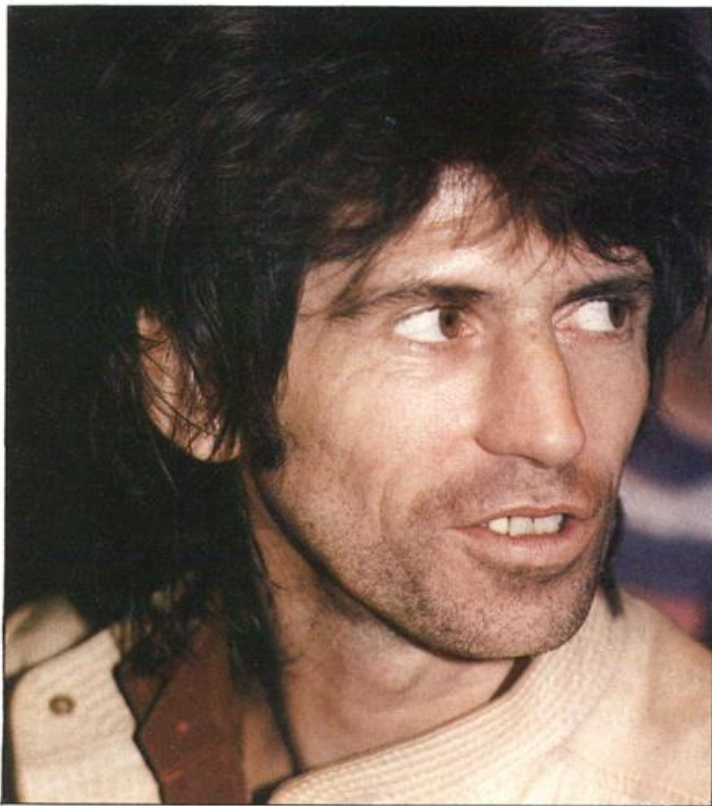
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Lynn Goldsmith

ing's happening, oh dear, and you go out and 'ave a joint or something and euhuh! There it is. It's just like somebody tuned in the radio and you've picked it up.

Some people equate good work with being difficult to do, but a lot of the time it's the easiest thing. It just sort of flashes by you so quick that people virtually tell you. You didn't even see it yourself. "Satisfaction" was the biggest hit we've ever had, and it just came *boing bang crash*, and it was on tape before I felt it.

**High Times:** It's obvious that everyone's life is very much involved at this point with drugs and increasingly so, and it's not going to get less...

**Richard:** Oh, no way, no.

**High Times:** It's something that people have to talk about, it's something we need to know more about. Do you have any advice you could give people who read *High Times* about the drug situation, generally speaking, in America?

**Richard:** I don't think I'm in any position to give any advice, as such, but maybe just by talking about it we can make things a bit clearer. It's interesting that they're lightening up on the marijuana laws slowly, and it's accelerating. I mean, since I've come to the states, New York is decriminalized, and once that sort of thing happens it snowballs. Already you hear talk of a commission looking into cocaine to give that a different status.

In a way I feel it's all a bit of a game because there's all this flimflam about decriminalization, which isn't legalization, and eventually what it comes down to is money anyway. If they can figure out a way of taking it over and making bread out of it, it'll be legal. The only reason

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**"I don't know if  
I've been extremely lucky  
with drugs or if it's  
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thing I've gotten, because  
I'm not extremely careful,  
but I've never turned blue  
in somebody else's bathroom.  
I consider that  
the height of bad manners."**

---

methadone's such a big deal in America is because a lot of people are making millions on it.

**High Times:** But why can't they find a way at this point to make money out of grass and cocaine?

**Richard:** Because I think they realize that even if they sell 20 filtered Acapulco golds, real grass heads will still be buying their stash from the man who comes over the border with it under the floorboards of his truck. If you want good tobacco, you don't buy Newports or Marlboros. You go to some little tobacco stall and choose your tobacco.

**High Times:** Then you think because of the quality differences, marijuana is a very hard thing to merchandise?

**Richard:** 'Oo knows? Let's just say that I can't see myself, or anybody that I know, preferring to buy a packet of prerolled marijuana cigarettes when I know that it's going to be grade C.

**High Times:** But doesn't it seem more and more necessary to recognize that the

human being is a chemical machine?

**Richard:** Yes. I think that what we can really say is that anybody interested in drugs and wanting to take anything ought first to find out as much as they can about what it is that they're taking, what it is that it does to them, in order that they can compensate as much as necessary for what it is they're introducing into their systems. Even with grass, so many people don't take the simplest precautions.

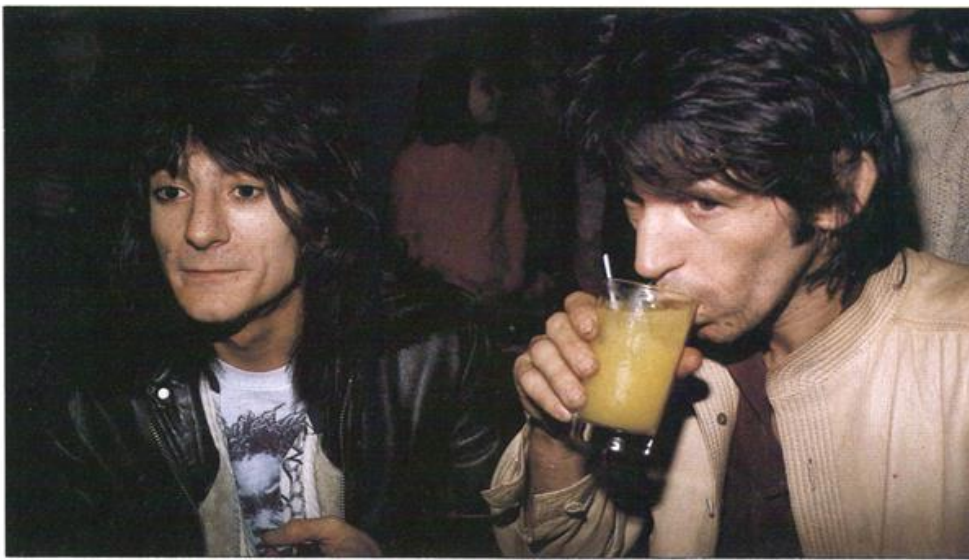
I think that, personally, it's purely a matter of the person concerned. I mean, it's like a good blowjob. You know, in some states that's still illegal. It's just a matter of how far people are prepared to put up with so-called authorities prying into their lives. If they really don't want to accept it, then they'll do something about it because there'll be no way they can enforce it.

The other way, I think, is from the government. They ought to do a lot more about educating people about drugs, rather than just trying to scare people by keeping them in the dark about everything, including possible ways of getting off really heavy drugs, because it can be done perfectly painlessly. That isn't the main problem. As they'll all say, disintoxication is 5 percent of the battle; 95 percent is keeping them off anything when you send them back. But 'ow do you know when all you're doing is keeping them on methadone all the time? You don't give them a chance that way.

**High Times:** Do you think alcohol addiction is as hard to kick as drug addiction?

**Richard:** Yes. I think so. All these things are very individual. One drug'll have a different effect on one person than on someone else. I can booze for weeks and





Fellow Stones guitarist Ron Wood (left) and Keith Richards.

months and get lushed every night, and then, because I have a change of environment or whatever, I can stop and just not miss it. I just can't stop smoking cigarettes for the life of me. I'm as addicted to that as the biggest junkie is addicted to heroin. But then, millions of us are. That's something else.

Booze is something that I can take or leave, but it's a poison. I do feel there's that double standard that we all talk about. I consider booze to be far more harmful than any other available drug, far more damaging to the body, to the mind, to the person's attitude. The way some people change on it is amazing, and then, goddamit, every morning when you wake up you've got a cold turkey whether you like it or not. You know, just because it's called "the hangover"... It seems to me to be the most uneconomical and inconvenient high you could possibly have, 'cos every morning you've got to pay for it. I mean, even a junkie doesn't have to do that unless he decides to stop or runs out of stuff, but even if you've got bottles of

**"The only reason methadone's such a big deal in America is because a lot of people are making millions on it."**

booze in the morning, you've still got a hangover. And it just seems so vague putting yourself through those constant incredible changes. That's what I think really does you with booze.

**High Times:** Do you pay a lot of attention to taking care of yourself physically, considering the amount of work you do?

**Richard:** I don't pay that much attention to it, just because I've never had to. I'm very lucky in that everything's always



"Congratulations, it's a God."

functioned perfectly, even under the most incredible strains and amounts of chemicals. But I think a lot of it is to do with a solid consciousness of it in a regulatory system that serves me. I never take too much of anything. I don't go out for a big rush or complete obliteration. I sometimes find that I've been up five days, and I'll collapse and just fall asleep. But that's about the only thing that I do to myself, and I only do that because I find that I'm capable of doing it.

**High Times:** Have you read William Burroughs' statement in *Junky*: "I think I am in better health now as a result of using junk at intervals than I would have been if I had never been an addict."?

**Richard:** Yeah, I agree with that. Actually, I once took that apomorphine cure that Burroughs swears by. Dr. Dent was dead, but his assistant, whom he trained, this lovely old dear called Smitty, who's like mother hen, still runs the clinic. I had her down to my place for five days, and she just sort of comes in and says, "Here's your shot, dear, there's a good boy." Or, "You've been a naughty boy, you've taken something, yes you have, I can tell." But it's a pretty medieval cure. You just vomit all the time.

**High Times:** What's the new cure they're working on in London at the moment?

**Richard:** There's a Dr. Paterson who's been working on an electro-acupuncture cure that she's developed from a colleague in Hong Kong. Her husband was a Fleet Street journalist, a real hustler, so he figured they could market it. It's a little box about six inches by two inches with two wires coming out, one on each side. You plug one of these wires into each ear and they put out a beat that you can regulate yourself. As long as the beat is going on, you don't feel any pain. I had Dr. Paterson and her husband flown over from England, and they stayed with me during the cure. I kept this thing plugged in for 2½ days. Anita and I did it together. You wake up in the morning and you feel all right. You can read a book, have a cup of tea. Things you could normally never do on first days getting off.

**High Times:** We live in a time where so much could be done medically to the system. With the correct medical information or supervision, we could take drugs all the time.

**Richard:** Look at the astronauts. I mean, they're completely chemically regulated from the minute they start that thing until they come down. I think the sooner they realize that, they're gonna have to take notice of it and they start learning and they start teaching people more about certain things.... I don't think any drug is harmful in itself. All of them have their uses and their good sides, so it's the abuse of them and the fact that, because of their so-called illegality, one has to get them from dubious sources, so you never know what you're actually getting. Maybe you're getting what you're after, but it's

Lynn Goldsmith



mixed with strychnine, which has happened to several people I know.

**High Times:** Have you ever been in a dangerous situation with drugs?

**Richard:** No. I don't know if I've been extremely lucky or if it's that subconscious regulatory thing I've gotten, because I'm not extremely careful, but I've never turned blue in somebody else's bathroom. I consider that the height of bad manners. I've 'ad so many people do it to me and it's really not on, as far as drug etiquette goes, to turn blue in somebody else's john. You suddenly realize that somebody's been in there for like an hour and you 'aven't 'eard a sound, and I think it's such a drag, because I think it's a drag when people do it to me, thumping on the door: "Are you all right?" "Yeah! I'm having a fucking crap!"

But people do do it. I mean, if somebody's been in the john for hours and hours I'll do it, and I know 'ow annoying it is when I hear the voice comin' out: "Yeah, I'm all right!" But sometimes I'm glad I've done it, because we've knocked the door down and there's somebody going into the last stages of the colors of the rainbow and that's really a drag. The ambulance comes and...clear everything up. Because you can't pretend 'e's just fallen ill or something.

**High Times:** Rock is like drugs in a way, because people listen to it to cure their pain. Rock music makes you feel good, brings you out of yourself under any cir-

cumstances at all.

**Richard:** It will do that for you in a way. Maybe why drugs are so associated with rock music is that the people who actually create the music no longer get that feeling from rock unless they're actually playing it. I mean, they can't put a record on and just feel good anymore because it's just so much to do with part of their business. So you turn to other things to make yourself feel good. It's a theory [laughing]...I don't know. That's my excuse, anyway.

**High Times:** But in a way, you're addicted to the guitar, right?

**Richard:** Yeah. There's another thing. Now maybe it's because rock and roll's such a tight formula. The most important thing is, because the formula is so strict, it's the variations that come about within this format that are the things people turn onto. Because it's the same old thing again, but there's one or two slightly different ways of doing things that make one record stand out different from another. And it's when you're into it to that degree of trying to find...

**High Times:** How much do you think you keep being successful because you work so hard?

**Richard:** I think it's probably got more to do with it than even we realize, because it's very easy to be lazy when you don't have to work. I've found it's very dangerous for me to be lazy. I develop lots of nasty habits, which are not good for me, whereas if I keep working—and in a way

it's just like a compulsion—I'll keep myself together. The minute I relax and let it go, I just sort of drift. I can drift into anything. I'm fair game!

**High Times:** Well, I know Mick is, but are the rest of the members of the band into working like that?

**Richard:** Yeah. Charlie loves to be at home, but that's his own little battle, 'cos he also likes to work. If Charlie could find a way of being on the road every night, but also being at home, he'd do it. Ronnie lives for nothing but playing, and that's the way Mick and I have always been. What we've got to push for now is a way to work regularly and to work a lot more varied venues in a lot more varied places, to get off the old warpath.

For instance, if they lay an American tour on us tomorrow, I can name 90 percent of the cities we're gonna go to. Rock and roll tours don't go to Wyoming, Idaho, Montana, North or South Dakota. They don't exist as far as rock and roll's concerned. But it can't be that people in there are not interested. They've got radio stations, and the same records are number one. It comes down to the agents and promoters who are totally into country music in those areas. So the only people who go there are country musicians.

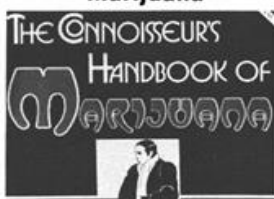
It's amazing to me that in America, in this day and age, they can still keep these very rigid separate circuits. They are slowly breaking down, but I remember 10 or 12 years ago in America the black

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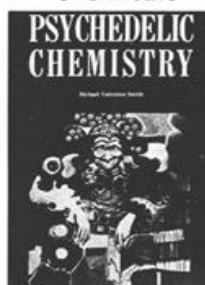
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circuit was just totally separate. But the amazing one is the country music one, which is still rigidly separated from anything else. And for music which is in lots of ways so similar... when you come down to the basis of it and trace where it all comes from, one of the major influences on rock is white country music. That's 50 percent of it. The other 50 percent is black music. And the fact that those two just... it's apartheid, you know, so they're not white, they're rednecks.

**High Times:** Have you thought at all about doing a concert tour like Dylan's Rolling Thunder? Is it totally impossible for you to do that still?

**Richard:** No. I think that's the way things have really gotta go. I can't see going around forever playing bigger and bigger baseball parks and superdomes. I think audiences have gone about as far as you can go with it. In fact, I think a lot of people probably don't go because they just can't stand to go to those places.

**High Times:** When you get off these exhausting tours, what do you do?

**Richard:** Aaaahhh, that is the weirdest time. Yeah.

**High Times:** It must be a real difficult transition.

**Richard:** That's my problem period. If I don't find something to do right away, that's when I've found that I've been getting incredibly lazy, but also incredibly restless because you're so used to being hyper every day, and suddenly you've got nothing to do and you think "aaah... nothing to do, great!" And you sit back for five minutes and then you say "Phew!" You've got nowhere to go, and you walk around the room ten times and it's... it's... WEIRD!

**High Times:** Do you hang around with each other or does the group completely separate?

**Richard:** These days everybody just frag-

ments too, so suddenly you're alone from all these people who you've been incredibly close to for two or three months. Sometimes Ronnie and I are with each other for five or six days on the trot. Other people have been to sleep six times and we've seen six dawns. You can't even remember the last time you slept because you've got this memory...

It's funny, you know, when you sleep everything is so neatly put into compartments of that day and that day, and I did that on that day, but if you stay up for five or six days the memory goes back into one long period with no breaks at all, and days don't mean anything anymore. You just remember people or specific events.

**High Times:** If you all keep in good shape, do you think you have another 15 years?

**Richard:** Oh yeah. I hope so. There's no way to tell. We know a lot of the old black boys have kept going forever. A lot of the old roots boys, the old blues players, and

**"There's no denying a high fatality rate in rock. Brian was the only one of us who missed some gigs, before he was involved with any drug at all. Drugs just accelerate what's going to happen anyway."**

as far as we're concerned they're virtually playing the same thing. They kept going till the day they dropped. They still are. B. B. King's close to 60. Jimmy Reed died last year, and he was going to the end. Chuck Berry's still going. Muddy Waters just had one of his biggest albums ever. Howling Wolf kept going to the very

end. Sleepy John just died last month; he was preparing to go on a European tour.... I mean, Elvis was the one that I would have said, but he happened to have went early.

It's a physical thing. There's no denying that there's a high fatality rate in rock and roll. Up until the middle Sixties the most obvious method of rock and roll death was chartered planes. Since then drugs have taken their toll, but all of the people that I've known that've died from so-called drug overdoses've all been people that've 'ad some fairly serious physical weakness somewhere.

Brian was the only one amongst us who would ever get ill. He was the only one of us who missed some gigs because of health, and this was before he was involved with any drug at all, and a couple of other guys I've known that have died from overdoses weren't particularly strong physically, and they probably went a lot quicker because of the fact that they were on drugs. But they're not people who you would have said would have lasted forever anyway. Meaning, I guess, that a lot of the time drugs just accelerated what's going to happen anyway.

**High Times:** At this point do you believe anything's going to get better, or do you think the Stones might not be able to continue doing what they've been doing?

**Richard:** I can't see any real obstacles in the way as long as the Stones don't just sit on their asses, as long as we try and do things that we think are beneficial for all concerned.

**High Times:** So you don't worry about members of the group getting fucked up?

**Richard:** No, not now...

**High Times:** I mean, you've survived so much.

**Richard:** Exactly. The thing is that whatever's happened, nobody's ever felt alone. If anything's happened, somebody's always rallied around, and not just the Stones. Friends, other bands, other musicians and just other people generally, people not connected with the music business, just friends and people we don't even know, but you find they've been taking an interest in you. We all feel that as long as you don't feel isolated and completely cut off from everything, you're okay.

I feel very hopeful about the future. I find it all very enjoyable with a few peak surprises thrown in. Even being busted... it's no pleasure, but it certainly isn't boring. And I think boring is the worst thing of all, you know, anything but boring. At least it keeps you active.

**High Times:** Do you ever get worried that they'll finally get you?

**Richard:** Well, if they haven't done it by now, no. It must be fairly obvious to everybody now that they've 'ad a go with trying. If they try again, I don't see any real way they can get away with it just because they have been trying to get me and it never works that way. ☐







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# DEA to Spray Paraquat

BOGOTA—The United States and Colombian governments will soon begin spraying this country's marijuana fields with the deadly herbicide paraquat. Paraquat, used in Mexico to destroy opium poppies, does not kill cannabis, but it leaves a chemical film that is potentially hazardous to the smoker. The spraying follows a \$30,000 National Institute on Drug Abuse (NIDA) study into the effects of paraquat on marijuana smokers.

The decision to spray Colombia's fields came after First Lady Rosalynn Carter's trip to Colombia last summer, when the United States promised to supply three Bell helicopters to Colombian narcotics troops. Although the U.S. Drug Enforcement Administration (DEA) has yet to publicize the proposed spraying, sources here indicated that the agency has asked its two top spraying experts to oversee the operation.

Cesar Bernal, formerly in charge of antipoppy operations in Mexico, and John D. Ford, the DEA's Thailand poppy spraying expert, have been called in to work with Colombian DAS and F-2 narcs. The source also indicated that Colombian narcs would be hesitant to cooperate with the DEA in this operation, as many of them have a vested interest in the export of high-quality Colombian marijuana to the United States.

Over \$2-billion worth of Colombian marijuana has been confiscated by the National Police here since 1973. An additional \$35-million worth of marijuana was captured and destroyed by rival DAS narcs during the same period. National Police busts over the past four years have netted 1,113 kilos of cocaine in 33 labs, 1,610 tons of marijuana and 415 tons packed for export. The recent massive grass plantations discovered in the Guajira Peninsula will push cannabis



*Paraquat chopper making a deadly run.*

figures even higher, as over 1,000 acres of high grade gold have been destroyed since May 1977.

Over 25,000 acres of land around the Sierra Nevada de Santa Marta

is used solely for the growing of marijuana. The majority of this acreage is guarded by ground troops equipped with automatic weapons, land mines and, in some

instances, antiaircraft guns. If the DEA attempts to wipe out these fields, it will be met with heavy resistance, and casualties are bound to run high.

## Border War Erupts

Moments before the Bogota office finished filing the story on the DEA's plans to escalate the dope war, Latin Bureau Chief Andrew Demas received information that Venezuelan narcotics agents and army troops, with DEA assistance, began spraying herbicides and bullets on Venezuelan grass fields. Unofficial reports from the area described Colombian ground troops firing on Venezuelan heli-

copters that strayed across the border and dropped gallons of deadly Agent Orange herbicide on Colombian marijuana fields, food acreage and bewildered campesinos. As we went to press the *High Times* Latin bureau was on its way to the embattled area for a full report next month on the most explosive confrontation in the history of the South American marijuana wars.

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**Major Ring Smashed**

# Panama Severs Coke Pipeline

PANAMA CITY—An important cocaine pipeline has been severed by a series of raids here. A Colombian-dominated export cadre was hit, losing 145 pounds of cocaine and 13 of its members, including two U.S. citizens and two Panamanian Customs inspectors.

Gerardo Sanclemente Crespo, said to be responsible for filtering coke from Colombia to Panama, and Myron Maurice Zimmerman, who allegedly handled cash transactions, talked to narcotics agents in exchange for immunity. Crespo and Zimmerman were touted as the two most important members of the group and were secreted out of Panama on a Panamanian Air Force plane after threats were made on their lives.

Well-informed sources gave the following description of the operation: The coca blanco was run out of clandestine locations in Colombia by mules earning \$1,000 per trip. Under Crespo's orders the coke was transferred on a revolving basis from Medellin, Cali and Bogota. In Panama's Tocumen Airport, Customs Inspectors Guillermo McKay and Manuel Castillo were responsible for its safe passage out of the plane and into Crespo's hands.

Crespo passed the coke to storekeeper Jorge Hurtado to stash while Zimmerman was phoned in Miami to bring down the cash. Actual dealing was carried out in the Panama City Holiday Inn, Hurtado exchanging a suitcase of cocaine for Zimmerman's briefcase of dollars.

Another member of the group then took over, flying only as far as Miami, while the bag was ticketed through to Texas. He would then claim there had been a mistake and demand the return of the valise to Miami. The cocaine bag would arrive in Miami on an internal U.S. flight, and its contents were easily switched before it was taken to Customs for inspection. Travel and cash flow were disguised as a series of import-export front companies.

The busts began when the 145-pound load was hit by straight inspectors at Tocumen Airport, and two Colombians were arrested. Crespo arrived to meet them and fled when he saw the bust. Inspec-

tors leaned on the detainees for Crespo's name. Four other Colombians were arrested before they could cross the frontier.

In the room of one of those fingered by the mules, Panamanian G-2 narcs found Zimmerman's business card with a Miami ad-

dress. Hurtado reportedly divulged Zimmerman's role, saying he had delivered sums as large as \$350,000 for deposit in Panama banks. Victor Eskensas, another American allegedly involved in the export operation, was later arrested trying to withdraw \$175,000 from one of the

coke accounts in the Panama National Bank, police said. G-2 narcs in Miami discovered that a contract was out on Zimmerman because of his tendency to talk and had him shipped to the states, where the DEA is reportedly delighted by his tales.

## Escapes Rattle Dope Coast

MEDELLIN, COLOMBIA—In a mysterious escape that has embarrassed authorities, Colombia's leading cocaine exporter, Campo Elian Dominguez, aka Zolio Ramon Castro, busted out of the dreaded La Ladera prison, where he was doing 15 years for trafficking and homicide.

Picked up in Bogota late last year by DAS narcs, Elian was locked away in top security cells in Bogota. However, heavy pressure was brought to bear on the DAS, including offers of \$150,000 by Elian's colleagues. He was transferred under heavy security to La Ladera on the outskirts of Medellin. The details of his quiet evaporation from the prison are not known, but it took him less than two months to arrange it, apparently with a complex switch of forged documents to gain an exit through the front gate.

After Elian's escape, Colombian marijuana exporter Jose Manuel Molina regained his freedom by paying \$125,000 to members of a



The outer wall of La Ladera Prison.

rival grass export consortium that had kidnapped him in Santa Marta. Molina had taken over a large chunk of grass operations on the Caribbean coast after the untimely demise of Lucho Barranquilla, who died in a Santa Marta street from accidental collision with several rounds of small arms fire. Molina had allegedly failed to pay

\$800,000 due another grass export group for its work on a multi-ton shipment destined for the U.S. To recover the debt Molina was grabbed. Kidnapers first asked \$175,000 but reduced their ransom by \$50,000, and Molina was released. However, the cash appeared only after one of Molina's associates received a human ear in the mail.

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# Pot Crackdown Ruptures Italy

by Ed Kiersh

ROME—In an apparent countermove to the Italian Communist Party, which advocates the decriminalization of marijuana and lighter prison sentences for all drug cases, the ruling Christian Democrats are cracking down brutally on drug users as proof to voters of a tough, law-and-order administration.

Those caught with small amounts of marijuana or hashish, especially dealers, are whisked to special "rehabilitation" centers, refused the right to bail, bodily abused and kept in six-by-nine-foot cells for indefinite periods of time. Prisoners complain about rapes and meager food allowances, and they charge that jail custodians reserve special cruelty for young people accused of drug-related crimes.

Italian government officials refuse to comment, but interviews with released inmates reveal a vivid picture of unchecked, sometimes ruthless government power.

Still traumatized by her experience with Italian justice, Carla Battista, a 19-year-old interior design student from an upper middle-class Roman family, recalled how she was entrapped by a police informant, held without bail for two months in a woman's detention center alongside hardened crimi-

nals and was physically abused by male guards.

"I was lucky to get out after my father bribed some officials," recalls Battista. "One woman I made friends, a teacher from New York, was raped by three cops while in jail."

Americans visiting Italy are beginning to feel the fallout from the police campaign against drugs. While over 300 Americans are already in various Italian jails, local observers say that more plainclothes police are being used in popular tourist centers such as the Piazza Novona, the Spanish Steps and along Ponte Vecchio in Florence.

Communist and socialist newspapers are criticizing the Christian Democrats for "fascistic, Gestapo assaults" in the "phony, trumped-up war against drugs," but the campaign continues. Just this past September, the police cordoned off Florence's Ponte Vecchio, the famous jewelry bazaar where youths sell leather goods and clothes, and conducted a massive search of vendors and tourists. The raid was sensational enough to replace a recent bombing of a communist gathering from the front pages of most newspapers.

# Hash Harvested Despite Landslides

by Robert Barkom

KATMANDU, NEPAL—In the wake of massive landslides in the hashish-growing areas here, the Canadian government will supply 7,000 metric tons of potash to boost Nepal's agricultural production. The much-needed potash, which will be used to bolster hashish and food crop acreage, was financed by the Canadian International Development Agency (CIDA) at a cost of \$1.6 million.

The Nepalese government will sell the fertilizer to farmers at subsidized prices. Canadian aid since 1965 to Nepal, one of the world's 25 poorest nations, has totaled \$4 million. Canada intends to pump at least \$12 million more by 1979.

The recent series of landslides, the second in the past 14 months, destroyed an undetermined amount of hashish acreage in the northwestern growing regions. Reports from the area indicate that most of the fall crop was harvested

before the slides. Growers and exporters in the hashish-staging towns of Sallyana and Mustang were optimistic about the future of Nepalese hash and expressed hope that the 1978 crop would yield 200 tons.

"We've had more problems with weather and landslides than we've had with police," related one Mustang exporter. "Right now it's a matter of cleaning up and preparing for next year's planting."

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## Sixth Fleet Dope

by Ed Kiersh

ATHENS—Drug smuggling by United States Navy personnel stationed in Greece has touched off new waves of protest against the American military presence and has united Greek political parties in demanding the Sixth Fleet's ouster from Greek ports.

In what is rapidly becoming a central issue in the upcoming national elections, several arrests have recently been made of U.S. servicemen selling hashish or cocaine to Greek youths. The centrist government of Constantine Caramanlis, in fear of upsetting already precarious Greek-U.S. relations, has freed traffickers with mild reprimands, recommended punishment from military authorities and has thus incurred the wrath of communists and conservatives alike.

Complaints center on the ease in which U.S. personnel move about the Mediterranean, picking up drug supplies in Turkey or Cyprus without interference or security precautions by their superior officers. Officials say that Americans freely sell their wares in tourist centers all over Greece and especially in tourist-frequented Rhodes, the isle of Mykonos and near cruise ships embarking from Piraeus. Traffickers occasionally have been abused violently by local police, and strongly-worded diplomatic notes already have been exchanged.

Despite U.S. Navy claims that "the incidence of trafficking has been blown out of proportion" and that relations between the two countries remain stable, thousands of Rhodes residents attempted to bar the docking of a U.S. destroyer in their port last June. People feared there would be an "invasion of drugs," and it was only after police billy-clubbing of the demonstrators that Americans reached shore.

Influential Greeks also have decried the ever-increasing reports of American-smuggled drugs in

Greece. Powerful publisher George Vellides, whose northern-based newspapers affect government thinking in Athens, said in a front page editorial, "marijuana, cocaine, hashish, the curses of Western society, are beginning to plague our youth and destroy families, all because of the indifferent attitude of American Navy people. The Americans themselves must either stop this monstrous illness or we have to make sure the offenders leave."

The clamor over drugs has led to a new watchfulness on the part of both Americans and the Greek police. According to Greek government policy statements, inspections at border entry points are to be much more thorough. In the past Americans entered Greece with little scrutiny of their baggage. There also will be extensive surveillance of cafés or discotheques known to be popular with servicemen and an attempt made to bring offenders before Greek courts instead of the present reliance on American military police and courts.

Sensing an upcoming crackdown on drug users, Americans touring or residing in Greece are also becoming more cautious. Gone from the sidewalk outside the American Express office in Athens are the long-haired youths who once openly sold hash pipes and other paraphernalia obtained from trips to the East. American embassy officials say that the new wariness to use drugs is reflected in lower arrest statistics. And as one nude sunbather on Mykonos' Paradise Beach puts it, "Last year I could have gotten high here just from sitting next to all the smokers. Then no one had any worries about busts. Now, it's crazy to take the chance. Once the navy boys started selling stuff to locals the cops got scared. While they get to go back on their ships, we are the ones who go to jail. With how much the embassy cares, we could stay there forever."



# Drug Policy Quietly Churning

by Chip Berlet

WASHINGTON—While President Carter's stand favoring decriminalization of marijuana has captured the headlines, the federal bureaucracy has been quietly circulating proposals and making decisions that will have long-reaching effects on government drug policies. These include: a major interagency policy document on drug-use education and prevention goals, increased oppositions to proposals for a shift from methadone treatment to heroin-maintenance programs and the Drug Enforcement Administration's withdrawal of a plan to encourage the U.S. cultivation of an experimental non-opium-producing poppy.

The interagency policy document, spearheaded by the National Institute on Drug Abuse (NIDA), is titled "Recommendations for Future Federal Activities in Drug Abuse Prevention," and with the White House Office of Drug Abuse Policy (ODAP) slated for termination in January 1978, the projected five-year plan could end up becoming the de facto government policy

for lack of competing proposals.

"In general the proposals have had quiet acceptance," says NIDA's Karst Bestemen, who chaired the committee that drafted the document. "I wouldn't shed any tears if the report became federal policy by default, because I think they are good policies."

The three major five-year goals outlined in the report are: reducing by 15 percent frequent users of marijuana, alcohol and tobacco, reducing by 20 percent the destructive behavior associated with drug and alcohol abuse and promoting increased social restraints in the use of psychoactive substances.

"Many of these themes are not new," said Bestemen, "but they have never been clearly articulated as federal policy." Bestemen claims ODAP has not responded officially to the proposals but has redistributed copies of the report internally. ODAP refused to comment on the proposals.

Most federal drug agencies are giving cautious support to the NIDA proposals. A DEA official

told *High Times*, "We think it is a significant and promising document which, if implemented, should have an important nationwide impact. Although there are no substitutes for treatment and law enforcement to cope with everyday drug problems, in the long run the problem will be reduced to manageable proportions through education and prevention." Actual implementation will require a presidential budget request to fund the plan and the approval of Congress.

The federal bureaucracy seems to be scuttling suggestions that the U.S. try a heroin-maintenance program such as the one in England, rather than continuing current methadone programs. Opposition has surfaced from a number of seemingly independent sources inside and outside the government.

"The idea of hundreds of addicts fixing in a clinic every day is appalling to me," exclaimed NIDA Director Dr. Robert DuPont at a recent drug abuse conference. "Heroin maintenance for the United States would fail for purely practical rea-

sons. In order to make heroin unattractive to criminal suppliers, we would have to make heroin as available as we now make aspirin."

Proponents of heroin maintenance say that methadone treatment has failed, and that the real social destructiveness of heroin use is forcing addicts to commit crimes to pay for their habit.

The DEA has dropped plans to encourage the domestic cultivation of a codeine-producing poppy. The DEA and U.S. pharmaceutical companies had originally suggested the plan in order to stabilize the cost and supply of the codeine source for legitimate commercial use. However, the State Department, the Department of Health, Education and Welfare, the U.N. Commission on Narcotic Drugs and the government of Canada rejected the idea, so the proposal was withdrawn.

The major argument against the poppy plan was that domestic cultivation of a narcotic source would be a political embarrassment to the United States.

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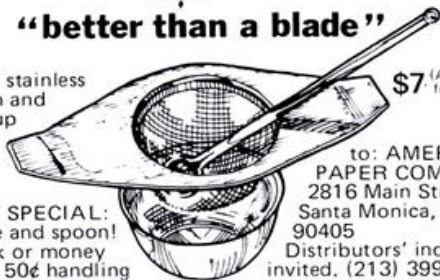


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# CIA's Dirty Drug Tricks Revealed

by Peter Gregson

WASHINGTON—The CIA's two decades of mind-control experiments code-named MK-ULTRA sometimes badly misfired and at other times had unexpectedly beneficial results, according to testimony before the Senate Subcommittee on Health and Scientific Research. Former CIA psychologist David Rhodes told the panel how he and two other agents spent a week in San Francisco in the late Fifties going from bar to bar meeting people, with the eventual aim of inviting them to a CIA party.

At the party, unsuspecting guests were doused with aerosol spray designed to deliver undetectable doses of LSD. The party was called off however, he said, because the safe house was not air-conditioned, and it was not possible to keep the doors and windows shut long enough to carry out the test without arousing the suspicions of the guests.

"The weather defeated us," Rhodes said. He added that one of the frustrated agents eventually went into a bathroom and tried the spray on himself. Rhodes was then asked if he had ever returned to San Francisco on CIA business. "Yes," he replied amid laughter, "We attended the first national lesbian conference there." He explained this was part of continuing CIA observation of behavioral patterns.

Dr. Charles Geshickter, a pioneer medical researcher at Georgetown Medical School here, told of setting up \$13-million worth of CIA medical projects over a 13-year period ending in 1964. Projects included:

- A \$300,000 soil research program to convert shale to oil by bacterial means;

- A \$110,000 study of concussion, in which the heads of animals were rocked back and forth to see if they would get amnesia;

- A \$250,000 appropriation for examining mushrooms, including \$107,000 to smuggle poisonous mushrooms from Africa into the United States;

- \$117,000 to try to find a cure for alcoholism, and

- A \$38,500 study to purify the allergens in ragweed that cause sneezing and hay fever. One of the study's results was the discovery of the substance Gamma E, which helps alleviate such allergies.

Another witness told the panel that the CIA kept dummy or cover files on some subjects—called "boilerplates"—separate from the accurate records of a project. Panel members said that Dr. Geshickter may have been misled in that way.

Philip Goodman, the inventor of the LSD aerosol spray, was asked about other mind gadgets field-tested by the CIA. Goodman said that among the devices he masterminded were:

- A silent launcher for stink bombs designed to break up protest demonstrations, successfully tried out on a deserted California beach;

- An invisibly coated swizzle stick to surreptitiously introduce sleep-inducing drugs into a drink;

- An ultrathin hypodermic needle to inject drugs undetected into wine bottles, and

- A tiny hollow glass fiber to be placed under carpets that would break when stepped on, releasing an "odiferous substance." The resulting smell, he said, would break up any gathering in the room.

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# Feds Laud Minnesota Decrim

Minnesota, one of the first states to decriminalize marijuana, enacted a law in April 1976 setting first-arrest penalties for people caught holding 1.5 ounces or less at a maximum \$100 fine and participation in a drug education program. Since the law was passed, more than 2,000 people have been ordered to attend the drug education classes, and three have been sent through the procedure a second time for extra reinforcement.

The program was recently awarded a National Institute on Drug Abuse Pacesetter Award for its "demonstrated commitment and leadership in new drug abuse program initiatives." The federally funded innovative program is likely to be copied by other states establishing sentencing procedures under newly decriminalized marijuana laws.

The Minnesota program is administered by a private, nonprofit firm, the Minnesota Behavioral Institute, which trains people already involved in various drug abuse activities to conduct the four-hour sessions that all first offenders must

attend. The class leaders are dubbed "auditors" and taught pharmacology, legal implications of drug use and group facilitation techniques before being sent out to lead local meetings of 10 to 20 offenders who are usually in their late teens or early twenties, overwhelmingly male (92 percent) and generally pissed-off.

"When participants first come to class, it is common for many to feel hostile," reports an article in the newsletter of the U.S. Alcohol, Drug Abuse and Mental Health Administration. One auditor describes a typical first meeting as one made up of "10 to 20 angry young men." The program apparently makes a distinction between drug use and drug abuse, a distinction generally ignored in traditional rehabilitation programs.

"The discussion groups are not therapy," explains Sandra Valle, an auditor from St. Paul, Minnesota. "That isn't our purpose. We see them as a form of persuasive education, identifying drug-using behaviors, looking at consequences and helping people evaluate their

actions for themselves." Evidently this approach diffuses the hostility.

Valle feels the program works best in a relaxed setting, with people "sitting on pillows, talking about how people use drugs and how they get busted." The two class sessions also include the films *Changing* and *Brian at 17*. Both auditors and participants reportedly feel the informal rap sessions are the most productive part of the program, which is designed to "intervene early to forestall serious drug abuse."

At the end of the sessions partici-

pants are asked to answer questions concerning how they will change their behavior as a result of the course. It is considered a sign of progress that 64.7 percent of the participants have indicated they will "be more cautious in using drugs, will assume more responsibility in their use and will not mix any drugs."

As more and more states decriminalize, the educational class approach is likely to gain popularity, much like the spread of court-mandated driver education schools for traffic law violators.

## Punk FBI Connection Mystifies Europe

LONDON—The former head of the FBI here has been working as head of security for a punk record company located in Harlsden, *High Times* has learned. Alden McCray, who also worked as an operative of the CIA during his ten years at the American embassy, assumed the position with Lightning Records after retiring as a legal attaché back in 1975.

"I took this job and a couple of others—just to keep my hand in," said McCray, who has made at least four mysterious trips to the United States since assuming his new position. "I did it to help my friends at Lightning. I knew them before." Lightning Director Norman Mandel, who claimed he did not know McCray had worked for the FBI, said the alleged ex-agent had replied to an ad for the job.

Lightning, which employs 30 people, is an expanding distribution operation supplying records to shops in smaller lots than big record labels are willing to handle. The company, founded in October 1975,

has prospered on the crest of the New Wave, being able to supply the avalanche of small labels that has marked the punk phenomenon.

Lightning's Managing Director Raymond Laren told reporters here that he had "no idea why McCray keeps flying off to the states. I only wish I did." Laren said that McCray was no longer working for Lightning. But McCray said he was, and other members of the staff said they were expecting him back.

FBI agents here, posted as legal attachés, have largely eluded the level of scrutiny that their CIA colleagues have faced over the past five years. McCray said he knew and had worked with CIA agents, but claimed not to have been directly involved in political work.

"The FBI becomes involved in political work in the states," said McCray, "but not abroad. I'm not doing any undercover work now because it would be against the terms of my pension." McCray receives about \$15,000 a year in tax-free pension from the agency.

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# Domestic Harvest Reaps Bounty

Autumnal madness, otherwise known as that time of year when law enforcement agencies go all-out to destroy the season's harvest of marijuana, was in full mind-boggling bloom these past few months. In this spirit, the rights of the accused and protective checks on police power were trampled.

Antimarijuana hysteria on three Hawaiian islands has seen police use low-flying helicopters to conduct "blanket searches" or forays over private farming areas, much to the dismay of innocent crop growers. These search-and-destroy missions have been carried out without warrants, have scared cattle over cliffs and gone as far as spying on people in their homes.

The Maui farmers are suing the police in federal court on grounds of invasion of privacy, and the case promises to yield a verdict on rights of citizens vs. helicopter spying.

The skies over Arkansas have also been filled with police aircraft of late. Fertile Ozark Mountain land, sporting a bumper crop of

marijuana last year, was surveyed repeatedly by narcotics agents in choppers. The narcs descended in full force on sighted outgrowths of pot, regardless of the invasion of private property.

In Newton County, just south of Chicago, police are considering a spraying program for defoliation. In the meantime, hundreds of pickers from as far away as New York and California are flocking to the lush area, where marijuana can be plucked from car windows. Without financial resources to combat the influx of pickers, county officials refuse to give "suspicious persons" county maps for fear that backwoods roads, ripe with grass, will be overrun.

Wild marijuana also figures in a unique entrapment scheme devised by police in Columbia, Missouri. Fields are allowed to run high with the weed in order to lure suspected dealers. The practice is being condemned by a prosecuting attorney, yet arrests of those in the field are continuing.

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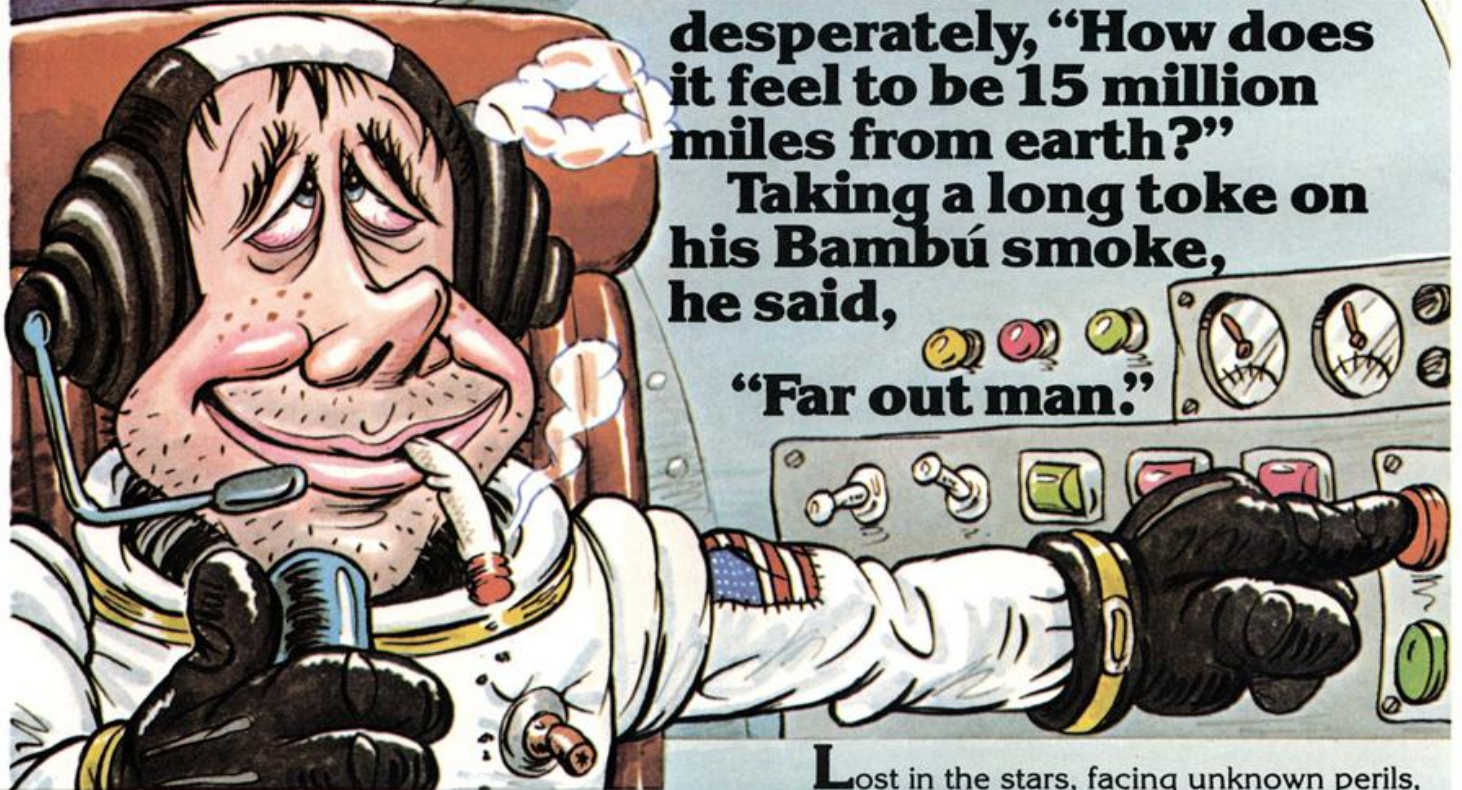


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CIA tattletale **Philip Agee**, the ex-agent who spilled the beans in *CIA Diary*, has accused the French government of deporting him in order to stall his latest project, a computerized data bank of CIA personnel all over the world. Currently living at an undisclosed location in the Netherlands, Agee is continuing to compile what he calls the agency's "efforts at political and social engineering" because the information "had never been properly systematized."



Lynn Goldsmith

The head Gonzo of journalism, **Dr. Hunter S. Thompson**, is explored in *Fear and Laughter*, a new underground comic from Krupp Comic Works. Various cartoonists interpret the good doctor as superhero, seedy detective, Disneyesque doggie and bloodthirsty sportscaster.



Wide World

**Merle Haggard**, composer/singer of the hard-hat hit single "Okie from Muskogee," has changed his tune on pot. The song claims, "We don't smoke no marijuana in Muskogee," but Haggard confesses in *Country Style* magazine he's smoked a bit of the herb and wants to see it legalized. "From the medical standpoint, everybody agrees that marijuana is better for you than alcohol or tobacco," the country crooner opined. "There's a lot of reasons it should be legalized."

Country and western singer **Waylon Jennings** had something to wail about when he was nabbed in New York for alleged possession of cocaine. But Jennings has been cleared of all charges in Nashville stemming from the arrest last August, when police intercepted a package addressed to him allegedly containing the popular nose candy. An attorney for Jennings says the charges have been dropped merely to avoid an immediate trial, and the corn-pone crooner may be indicted again on the same charges.

The torrid love affair between **Mick Jagger** and **Margaret Trudeau** appears to be the fabrication of groupie cupids. His Satanic Majesty really considers the estranged wife of Canada's Prime Minister **Pierre Trudeau** to be a "very sick girl, and I wouldn't get near her with a barge pole." Jagger told the *London Evening Standard* he had nothing to do with her visiting the Stones' dressing room in Toronto. "It would have been difficult to get her out," said Mick. "She had six security persons with two guns each."



Rolling Stones / Atlantic Records

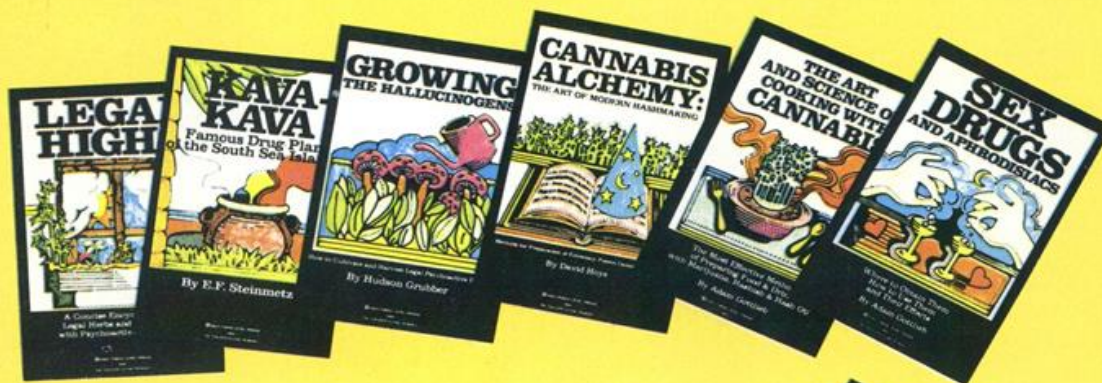


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**Bonnie Raitt** discussed amputee love with underground comix publisher/distributor **Ron Turner** (Last Gasp Eco-Funnies) while **Grace Slick**, **Marcello Mastroianni** and underground cartoonists **Dave Sheridan** (Furry Freak Brothers) and **Jay Kinney** drank a home-brewed beer called "Black Death," ate avocado sandwiches, mingled and danced at Peanut Gallery Studios in San Raphael, California, during a fund-raising party for **Kelly Mouse**, the great San Francisco artist who's done album covers for the **Grateful Dead**, graphics for biker and hot-rod magazines and, of course, practically invented psychedelic art in the Sixties. ■

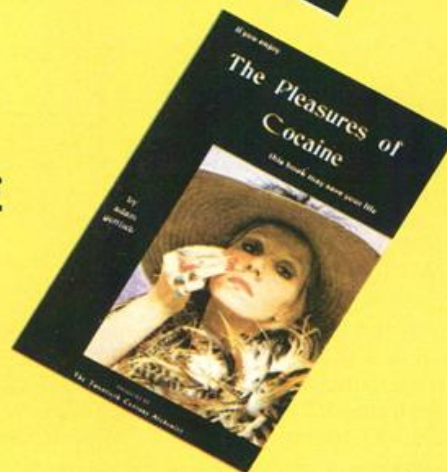


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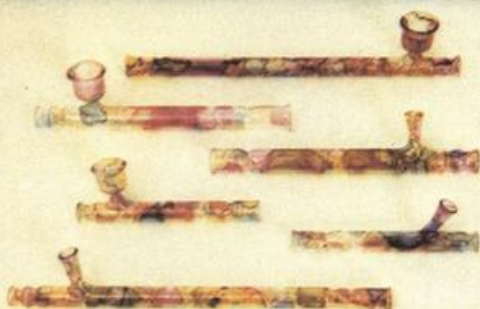
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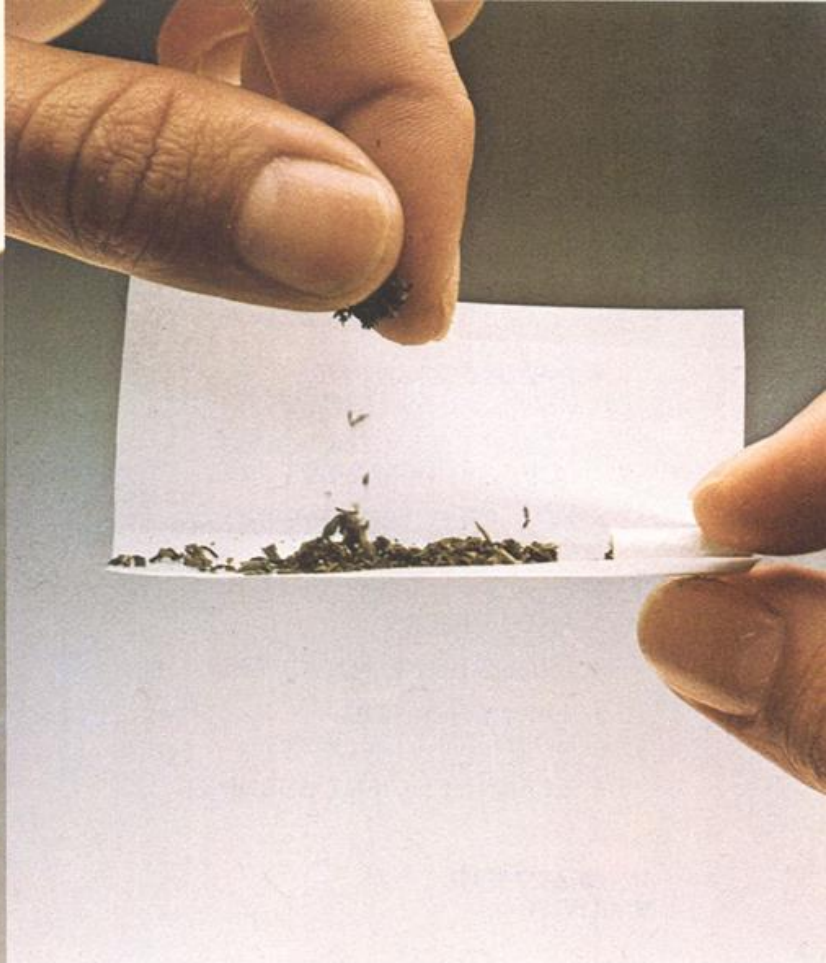




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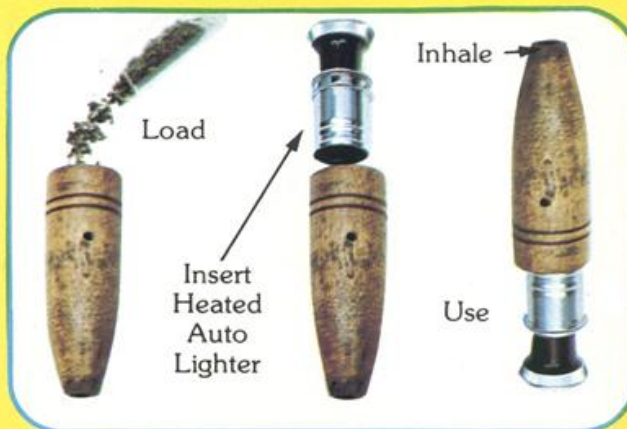
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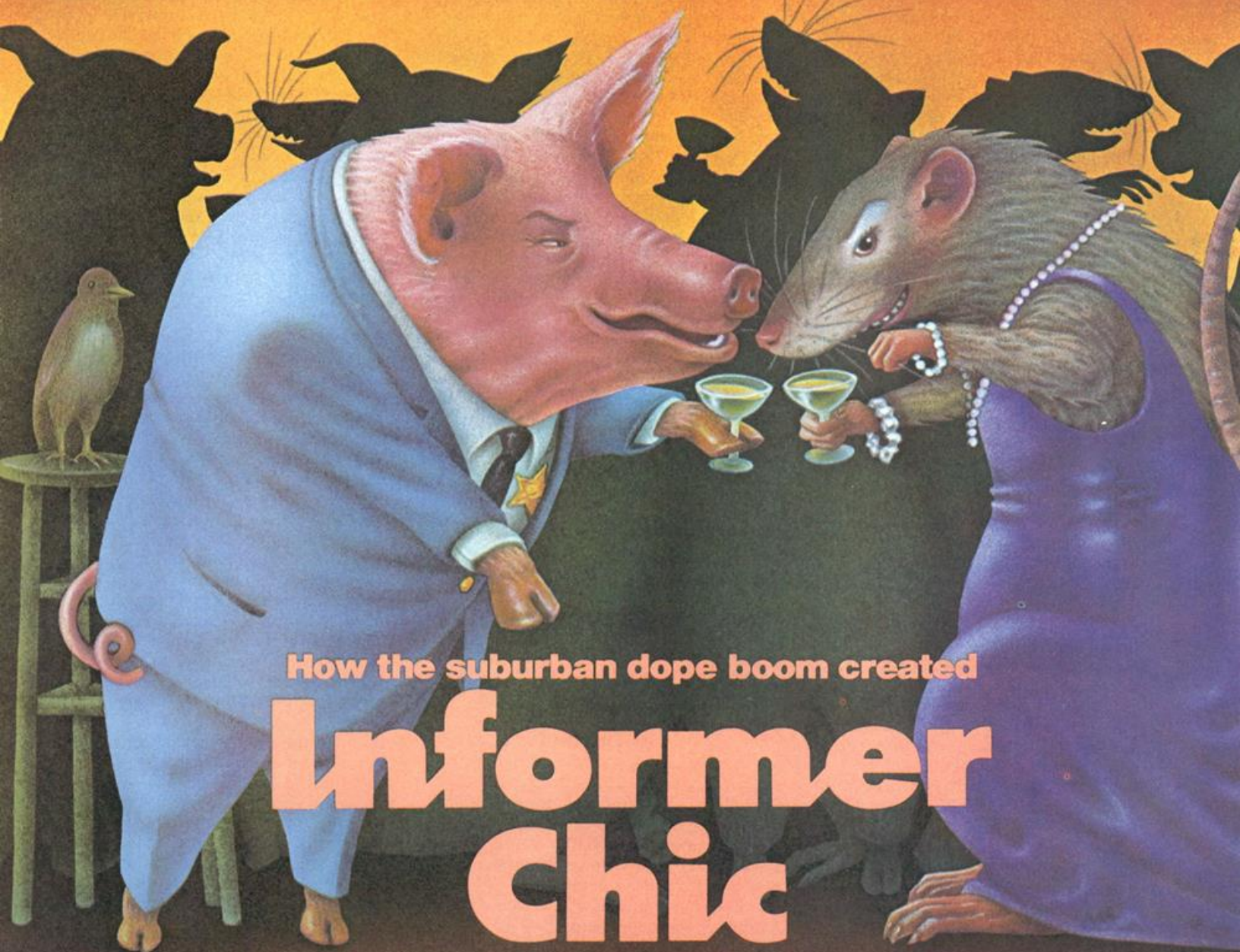
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How the suburban dope boom created

# Informer Chic

by Randy Paul Young

**I**n 1958 I wanted to be an FBI informer. I was inspired by the hit TV show "I Led Three Lives," wherein citizen-counterspy Herbert A. Philbrick risked his life, reputation and marriage every week to pose as a dedicated communist, while secretly telling the FBI everything. He had a real life dual identity and was a genuine hero of the Fifties.

The "real" Philbrick surfaced publicly in 1949 at the New York trial of 11 top communist leaders charged with advocating the violent overthrow of the U.S. government. Six other FBI informers tes-

tified at the trial, but it was Philbrick who garnered the publicity.

It didn't even matter that eventually the communists were freed on appeal. At the age of 14, Philbrick was my ideal American.

I decided to start serving my country immediately, so I wrote J. Edgar Hoover of my plan to join both the Communist Party and the American Nazi Party, as a spy. I then wrote George Lincoln Rockwell, Führer of the American Nazi Party, and asked for membership. I also sent letters to Russia, Yugoslavia and East Germany



to discuss communism with their leaders.

From J. Edgar I got back a form letter telling me how grateful he was for my interest in being an FBI agent and how I should go to law school or be an accountant before applying. From Rockwell and the Nazis I heard nothing. From Russia I eventually received several New Year's greetings from Ambassador Menshikov, a text of Khrushchev's speeches in America—complete with pauses for applause—and a series of picture postcards from Leningrad. I didn't bother to tell J. Edgar about them, though. By that time I had already been busted for dope, with three signed statements against me from partners in crime who had become informers quicker than I could. I spent five years in a New York prison. In jail I learned about the real work the informers of the world were doing.

By popular consensus, the informer is the lowest form of life. The sheer depravity of someone who deliberately acquires the confidence and intimacy of the person they intend to betray, even to save themselves from certain death or imprisonment, far outweighs the theoretical benefits of catching heroin traffickers, gangsters or political dissidents. Everyone agrees that the informer waives the right to be called human and takes on the attributes of an insect, eligible only for ostracism, if not extermination. Secretly, everyone understands that informers are too human and prays that he or she will never have to make the choice.

**F**riends, these quaint notions have disappeared in 1978. Today's informers are cherished, rewarded, caressed and blessed by society. Our John Deans and Jeb Magruder write best sellers. Mafia snitch Vincent Teresa tempts vengeance on TV talk shows. Hollywood starlet Anjelica Huston lost none of her glitter when providing evidence to indict Roman Polanski—in fact, her career blossomed in the light of the publicity. Gregg Allman sent his best friend to jail for 75 years and is still popular on the concert circuit.

And celebrity informers aren't the only ones—informing today is a major leisure activity, practically as popular as jogging. The rise of middle-class grass smoking, coke snorting and pill popping paved the way for suburban snitching. The typical informer is no longer the working-class hood who turns to crime to escape from poverty; it's the college kid or respectable professional with a career, a family and a car to protect. It's one thing to sneer at a stool pigeon like Abe "Kid Twist" Reles or Ernie "The Hawk" Rupelo; but it's another to contemplate the human worthlessness of a John Dean, who is, if you're white and middle class, one of your own.

And if John Dean isn't your idea of a hero, how about Lenny Bruce? Bruce was one of those who came face to face with himself at the gates of prison. In 1959,

Lenny was just starting to take off. He was getting good bookings and TV offers and was pulling down close to three grand a week. Lenny was also a smack shooter. In those days California had peculiar laws. It was not only illegal to sell or possess drugs, but even illegal to be addicted to drugs. So Lenny was vulnerable to a misdemeanor arrest as he approached the Crescendo, a West Hollywood nightclub where he was packing the crowd in.

Two L.A. County vice detectives had grabbed a junkie the night before, and he sang like a pigeon, stool variety. Somehow he knew that Lenny was shooting mucho junk and buying it from the biggest dealers in L.A. Right there, detectives Lesnick and Trout saw shiny gold badges in their future. All they needed was Lenny's cooperation.

Before Lenny reached the door, Lesnick and Trout grabbed him and pushed up his sleeve, revealing a length of freshly laid track. "You're in big trouble, Lenny," they

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**The rise of middle-class grass smoking, coke snorting and pill popping paved the way for suburban snitching, a leisure activity almost as popular as jogging. The typical informer today has a career, a family and a car to protect.**

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told him. All Lenny could think of was his career going down the drain. No club owner anywhere would hire a known junkie. As for TV, forget it. Fifteen years of struggle down the toilet.

The cops knew how to create a snitch, how to scare a Lenny Bruce with too much to lose. They played him, feeling for an opening. Finally he broke and gave them names, many names.

"That isn't enough, Lenny," they told him, now that they had him hooked good. He had already snitched, already gone down that lonesome road. Now they reeled him in. "We'll need you to get them for us."

From 3 A.M. until dawn Lenny called his connections, asking them to deliver, and as they arrived and passed him the goods Lesnick and Trout grabbed them. As a result, Detective Lesnick soon became Sergeant Lesnick and had the opportunity to bust Lenny again later (Lenny beat the second case on illegal search).

They made Lenny a stool pigeon the old-fashioned way: arrest someone and offer them a deal for cooperation. This technique is more popular than ever today, thanks to the vulnerability of the

middle-class marijuana offender whose career may seem more important than an ounce of weed. But the Seventies have also seen the rise of massive federal budgets to enlist *paid* informers. The Drug Enforcement Administration (DEA) budget for informers is close to \$5 million, while the FBI informant funds run to about half that. About 6,000 informers ply their trade for the DEA, FBI, IRS, Secret Service, Customs, the Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco and Firearms, the Immigration and Naturalization Service and even the Securities Exchange Commission. And that doesn't count the political informants in the Communist Party, the Ku Klux Klan, the John Birch Society and every other left- and rightwing group that attracts federal attention. Virtually all civil rights and dissident groups such as the Congress of Racial Equality, Martin Luther King, Jr.'s Southern Christian Leadership Conference, the SDS and the ACLU were infiltrated in their day.

The Internal Revenue Service offers a 10-percent bounty on all income seized as a result of an informant's testimony. Individual states, lacking federal-sized budgets to underwrite informers, nevertheless pay for detectives to keep stables of stool pigeons, though local authorities prefer to trade courtroom leniency rather than cash for names. The cop on the beat often keeps a bag of smack for the sick junkie willing to say a few words on behalf of law enforcement in America.

In New York State an informer may use a toll-free line to Albany to collect a \$1,000 bounty for information putting a junkie in jail for life. A federal welfare hotline generates thousands of calls on welfare cheats. Illegal aliens pay millions in blackmail every year to not be denounced. Whatever the payoff, informing today has become profitable, even glamorous. After more than a decade of hysteria over crime, a good-citizen mentality is setting in; when Son of Sam stalked New York, more than 10,000 citizens rushed to turn in their friends.

And that, Watson, is how crimes are solved. The main tool of modern police work has never been the clever fingerprint expert demonstrating seven points of similarity, the lie-detector operator testifying on the reliability of emotions as an indicator, the voice-print analysis, the coat thread under the fingernail or any other Crimestoppers Textbook gimmick. The main crime solver used by police today is the informant.

Without informers, indeed, there could be no dope busts, since both buyer and seller are willing participants in a dope deal. Informers are crucial to busting smugglers as well; even during World War II the government couldn't seal our borders against German spies and saboteurs without the aid of Lucky Luciano, who covered the waterfront in exchange for early release from prison.

One of the greatest living informers is



Frank Serpico, whose testimony on police corruption shook up the entire New York Police Department and made Serpico a national hero with his own book, movie and TV show. Of course, he also became an object of hatred and contempt for every cop who ever drew breath, irony residing in the fact that the main goal of police work is to create thousands of Serpicos.

None of this is new. What's new is public acceptance and sympathy for informers. There's no better example than the Roman Polanski rape case that recently rocked Hollywood. Anjelica Huston, daughter of director-actor John and sometimes-girlfriend of Jack Nicholson, was minding Nicholson's house while he was in Europe. She was present when Polanski arrived one night with a 13-year-old girl in tow—his model, he explained. He was shooting a session for the French edition of *Vogue*.

Once inside, Polanski allegedly took the girl to a bedroom. They allegedly undressed, took a Jacuzzi bath together, shared a Quaalude and some champagne and partied. She must have been excited about an evening with the famous director, for she told a friend all about it. Unfortunately, the girl's mother was eavesdropping. A complaint was filed, and while one police squad went to pick up Polanski, another team went to the scene of the crime to gather evidence. There, they said, they found Anjelica and some cocaine.

What came next was to be expected: Anjelica was now an important person to the D.A. As an adult who was present in the house when the alleged crime was committed, she would be the main witness besides the girl, who seemed reluctant to testify. Anjelica could make or break this important case—important because it generated a lot of publicity, and publicity is what gets a D.A. reelected or sent to higher office. Anjelica had something the D.A. wanted, and the D.A. had something Anjelica wanted—freedom. A trade was made. Anjelica would be a prosecution witness. Her testimony before the grand jury helped get Polanski indicted.

Anjelica was spared the trauma of further moral denigration when Polanski copped out to a single count on the indictment, relieving her of any further participation in the case. What remains interesting is not what has happened to Anjelica, but what hasn't happened. She hasn't been ostracized or shunned. Hollywood shows no moral outrage at one of their own making a deal to stay out of jail—at least none of the moral outrage that met Patty Hearst when it became apparent that she was bailing out of the Symbionese Liberation Army's (SLA) sinking ship, leaving Bill and Emily Harris without a paddle. Not to mention the fate of her other friends, Steven Soliah and Wendy Yoshimura. And Patty was facing

far more serious trouble than a light coke bust—she was facing life.

When Timothy Leary became a snitch, his friends held a press conference during which his own son denounced his moral laxity. Fortunately, Leary wasn't able to do much damage—he had been away from the drug scene and the states too long to know much of value, and his testimony was so flaky that few juries would even consider it as within the realm of possibility. ("How many acid trips have you taken, Dr. Leary?" "Why do you claim to be in telepathic contact with the comet Kohoutek?")

Leary met Joanna Harcourt-Smith in Europe after fleeing Algeria in 1971 and splitting up with his first wife, Rosemary. With Joanna and Tim was another friend, Dennis Martino. The three of them flew to Afghanistan, where the Learys were trapped by feds who confiscated their passports and quickly spirited them back to L.A.

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**The DEA budget  
for informers is \$5 million,  
twice the FBI's.  
Close to 6,000  
paid informants  
ply their trade  
for the DEA, FBI, IRS,  
Secret Service, Customs,  
Immigration, the SEC  
and other federal agencies.**

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While Leary languished in prison once again, Joanna worked on getting him out, raising money from sympathetic friends and strangers. Finally, Dennis made it back from Kabul and was busted at the airport for probation and passport violations. A few days later he was out, telling everyone his probation officer had interceded for him. He soon got involved in Leary's defense work and moved in with Joanna and his girlfriend April, after Leary's escape trial got him five years added to the ten he was doing. Leary still faced federal charges relating to the Brotherhood of Eternal Love hash smuggling and LSD manufacturing conspiracy.

Tim went to Folsom Prison while Joanna tried to get the money together for more appeals. She raised money, but little of it got to Leary's lawyers. Joanna began to get closer to Dennis, who was a Drug Enforcement Administration informant ever since leaving Kabul. A deal was the price of his ticket out, and he was specifically sent to spy on the Leary defense strategy. He signed a statement for Leary's lawyers to that effect in 1973. He told Tim and Joanna that he was only *pretending* to be a snitch for the other side and was

really with them. Joanna bought it and even liked the idea of a double role. She worked on Tim to snitch his way out of jail. He agreed.

**T**oday, Tim Leary is free, a tarnished idol of the Sixties. Like Lenny Bruce, he was a spiritual guide for many of us, symbolizing truth and freedom in the face of lies and repression. He had to be destroyed, symbolically. And even if his testimony is of little value to the opposition, it was his contacts and knowledge that enabled Joanna and Dennis to get to know a lot about a lot of people, and they haven't hesitated to talk. To this day Joanna Leary still appears at various trials to testify for the government, fulfilling her part of the bargain for Tim's release.

While Leary's friends denounced him for his role as an informer, he soon found his way back to the college lecture circuit, and publishers still find a market for his writing. Leary's gift for timing enabled him to make his turnabout at the height of Informer Chic, when America was clutching stoolies to its breast as never before. Watergate made informing fashionable: self-serving snitch John Dean became a star reporter for *Rolling Stone*, while John Ehrlichman, Jeb Magruder and Charles Colson switched sides by writing best sellers. Ironically, G. Gordon Liddy first came to the attention of the Nixon administration by his persecution of Tim Leary when Liddy was a New York State prosecutor, and he later designed much of Nixon's antidrug strategy; yet, whereas Leary turned snitch, Liddy stood tall and shut up, the only White House "plumber" to remain silent.

But Liddy is living in the romantic past. If many of Leary's old friends couldn't stomach his treachery, the liberal left and the intellectuals do have their own favorite informers. Philip Agee and John Marks, the CIA dropouts, are regarded as heroes by many who now wouldn't enter a room containing Tim Leary. Daniel Ellsberg, Henry Kissinger's protégé who inspired the White House "plumbers" unit to "plug all leaks" when he handed the Pentagon Papers to the *New York Times*, was a prototype of radical-chic Informer Chic. (Sid Zion, the reporter who blew Ellsberg's cover, reaped only scorn.)

Most acceptable of all is the "confessional" monologist: that now ubiquitous retailer of ain't-I-awful autobiography in the tradition of Norman Mailer's *Advertisements for Myself* and Jimmy Carter's lust-in-my-heart interview. But today the confessional art, taking advantage of the immunity conferred by an age of shameless self-confrontation, more and more involves confessing what *other* folks did when the other folks are powerless to prevent it.

In some feminist consciousness-raising groups, women routinely hold their men's drawbacks up for "criticism." Kate Summersby confessed to her wartime affair



with Dwight Eisenhower, Judith Exner confessed to her affair with JFK, Doris Kearns blew the whistle on LBJ's passes and Liz Ray owned up to what Wayne Hays did. Maureen (Mo) Dean opened her own answering service after husband John, the Watergate Opera House, was heard throughout the land. Albert Speer confessed to the murder of six million Jews, admitted that Hitler had bad taste in architecture and padded his postwar prison diaries with droll tales of his fellow Nazis trying to carry on a six-man Reich behind bars. ("April 14: Shirach and Hess refuse to eat their eggs...")

In an essay on this very subject, Ron Rosenbaum identified another species of Informer Chic, the "good-by to all that, hello maturity" confessional: "Some middle-class former youth who's spent one summer in Berkeley or maybe on a commune or in a sublet on the Lower East Side in the Sixties will 'confess' how naive the romanticism and idealism of his generation or the Movement or the sexual revolution of the Sixties was, and how many hard-won, complex truths about life and work and traditional values he's learned, all the while leeching authenticity from a movement he never was part of in order to betray it."

If anyone ever was a part of the Sixties and the Movement, it was Jane Alpert. At 21, she was a Swarthmore honors student who fled graduate school to work for the New York underground newspaper RAT. She spent most of her time with Sam Melville, a 32-year-old plumbing engineer who was determined to tear down the buildings of corporate America. To

achieve this he bombed eight buildings including the Federal Building at Foley Square and New York's Criminal Courts building down the block.

The FBI waited until the ninth building was about to be bombed before alerting local police that Sam Melville was the bomber, aided by Alpert and three others, one of whom was an informant for the FBI. The FBI didn't want to compromise their informer, George Demmerle, who was Melville's best friend, so they let Sam go on bombing buildings. Melville was finally caught in the act, copped out to all charges and was sent to Attica, where he died in the September 1971 revolution there—as always, with a bomb in his hand. He died as he had lived: a fearless communist revolutionary, an implacable enemy of capitalist exploitation, an antiwar hero of the peace movement.

Alpert, meanwhile, had jumped \$20,000 bail and gone underground. Then, in 1973, she sent an open letter to the media addressed to feminists in which she rambled over 24 pages about a new feminist

theory of Mother Right. She also denounced Melville, exposed his lovemaking and his demands on her and in general sought to tear down any remaining virtues her fallen hero might have had. Jane (then preparing to turn herself in to the authorities and presumably thinking of her defense strategy) claimed Melville had "pressured" her into the bombing conspiracy by sexual blackmail: he threatened to leave her if she backed out. She exposed his "secret affair with a woman friend of ours." Finally, Jane took the gloves off and "confessed" to Melville's worst crime: "He was sexually impotent unless he could fantasize the woman he was with as a prostitute and she went along with the fantasy."

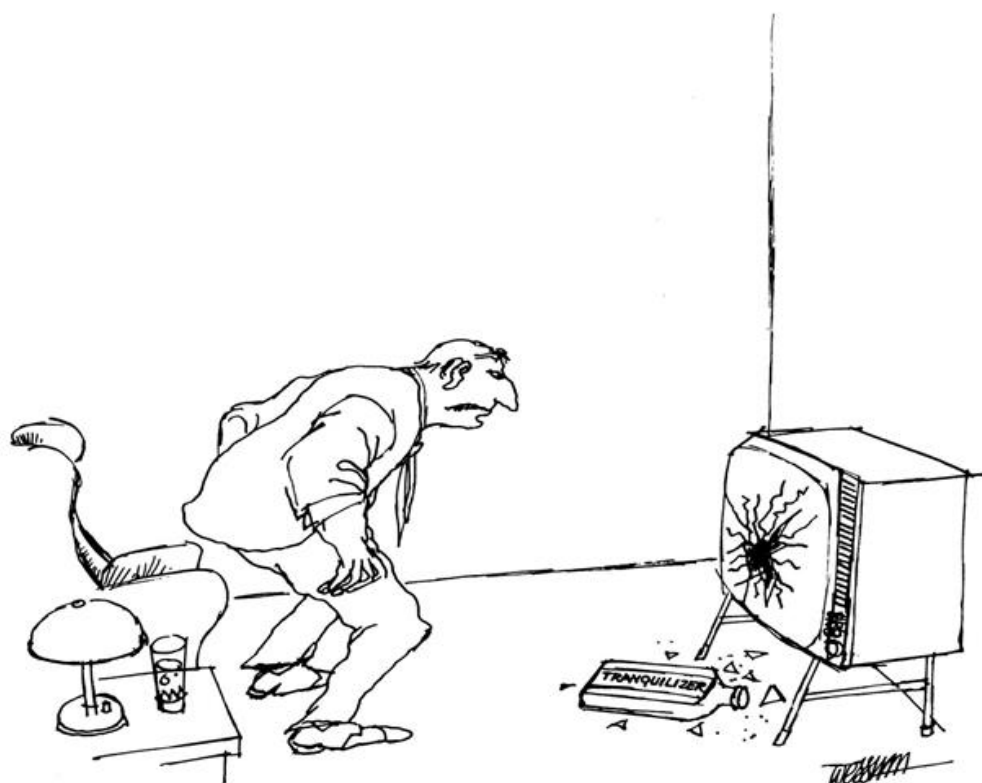
Jane carefully avoided the first person in her proclamation of Melville's counter-revolutionary kink, so the prostitute of his fantasy became "she" instead of "I," just as "radical feminism" instead of jealousy about the "woman friend of ours" had moved her to write the letter. "I will mourn the loss of 42 male supremacists no longer," Alpert concluded about the victims of Attica, a point on which she saw eye to eye with then Governor Nelson Rockefeller, who ordered the slaughter and who has done much to create the milieu of Informer Chic we enjoy today.

At any rate, Jane received lenient treatment from the courts and became a champion of the feminists who, in 1973, were seeking to divorce women's liberation from the "Movement" of Sixties radicals like Melville. When Ms. magazine ran the letter in August 1973, it received more response than on anything it had ever published. The government, seeking to discredit this martyred revolutionary, could not have done a better smear job than Jane.

The rhubarb over what Sam Melville liked in bed underlines the most public kind of Informer Chic: gossip, press-release and dirt varieties, the gossip-mad journalism that made the covers of Time and Newsweek last year. Gossip's become more prominent in the media lately, not because there's any more demand for it, but because the media needs it to fill the space between the ads, and when the nice people with press cards turn on the microphones, we all become informers.

Truman Capote had the mikes running in his head for years when Esquire began serializing his unfinished novel *Answered Prayers* in 1975. The first installment sent shock waves through New York's most exclusive social circles; a report was heard that socialite Ann Woodward committed suicide after Esquire's lawyers permitted her to read a part of the second installment. Esquire and Capote denied the rumor, but the fact that it was reported and widely believed may explain why, one by one, the Paleys, the Whitneys, Gloria Vanderbilt and Irving Lazar have shut their doors on the Tiny Terror. Gossip is fine except when it's about you.

**Serpico's testimony  
on police corruption  
earned him the love  
of the nation and  
the hatred of every  
cop, whose job is  
to make people do  
what Serpico did: inform.**





**T**oday the snitches make the money and, where once a celebrity snitch was soon dead, today's celebrity snitch makes more money. Take the public fascination with Gregg and Cher, People magazine's model family. Both have sent people to prison with their testimonies. Both still have flourishing careers. The press reports all of their activities faithfully. The public knows Gregg has a drug problem, which he licked to save his marriage with Cher. She's antidrug, ya know. In fact, she supported Nixon.

The difference between Cher and Gregg in testifying is that Cher was a legitimate witness, a nonparticipant in a crime who was able to tell what happened. Her testimony sent charter airlines promoter Ken Moss to jail for the death of Average White Band drummer Robbie McIntosh. Gregg was an outright, self-saving stool pigeon.

The friend Allman betrayed was John "Scooter" Herring, who was on trial in federal court in Macon, Georgia, for conspiracy to distribute dangerous drugs including morphine, Leritine and cocaine. The joke of the whole case is that the sole object of the alleged "conspiracy" was to supply Allman with the drugs he needed to keep functioning. And he seemed to need more than most.

Allman first met Scooter in 1973, when he copped some Demerol from him. Scooter had a connection with a local pharmacist in Macon named Joe Fuchs. Finally, Allman hired Scooter as roadie, gofer and connection. His most important role was the latter, but, despite the promise of great wealth to be earned supplying a rich dude who pinned out on drugs, Scooter did not become rich. All he did was bring the money to Fuchs and take the drugs back to Allman—a simple delivery boy's task.

In 1974, after Allman OD'd and Scooter had saved his life, Scooter spent most of his time trying to keep deadly drugs out of Allman's hands rather than providing them. As a result, Allman began to deal directly with Fuchs, who was obliging enough to fly Allman back and forth in his private plane, carefully supplied with pharmaceutical cocaine. The amount of drugs missing from Fuchs's inventory became so great that Herring and Fuchs were forced to stage a fake burglary at the drugstore.

Finally, the roof fell in. Fuchs was questioned closely on his inventory discrepancies and he caved in, confessing everything and drawing a ten-year sentence in exchange for the names of the Macon drug elite. Gregg Allman was on the top of Fuchs's list.

Allman was brought before a federal grand jury in Macon, convened to investigate widespread use of illegal drugs in the area. He was questioned by the grand jury for eight hours. As we all know, it only takes a few minutes to say "I ain't talkin'." Two of Allman's friends left

town immediately, no forwarding address. Others remained shaky about him. Scooter Herring was about the only friend Allman had left. After all, Scooter had saved his life, hadn't he?

Not only did Allman give evidence against Herring, but he was the star witness at the trial, turning state's evidence in return for a promise not to be prosecuted for something he could never have been prosecuted for anyway.

Allman lost his band, saved his marriage and went solo on his records, but he paid no penalty to speak of. Scooter Herring got the brunt—a 75-year sentence in a federal penitentiary. Today, Gregg is reportedly kicking an alcohol habit that he picked up after ridding himself of other drug habits. Cher thought his getting off drugs was an act of strength. But it really isn't hard to quit when no dealer in his or her right mind will sell to a known informer who has already helped put a friend into jail for 75 years.

Even in the underworld of organized crime, the trading of friends to the law is a

**Cher thought Gregg's giving up dope was an act of strength; but it isn't hard to quit when no dealers in their right minds will sell to an informer who sent his best friend away for 75 years.**

rule, and the long reach of the mob to liquidate stool pigeons is often a myth. Abe Reles gave the details of over 1,000 murders committed when he was part of Murder, Inc. His testimony sent Murder, Inc. boss Louis "Lepke" Buchalter to the chair and Lepke's partners, Bugsy Siegal and Albert Anastasia, into hiding. For 19 months Reles, also known as "Kid Twist" due to his hit man's talent for rope and wire tricks, was held under heavy guard while his testimony caused panic in gangland. Suddenly, on November 12, 1941, Abe Reles left protective custody as two blue-uniformed gentlemen tossed him from the open window of his sixth-floor room in the seedy Half Moon Hotel on Surf Avenue in Coney Island, where he had been surrounded at all times by at least six detectives and patrolmen.

Shortly after 7 A.M. a detective entered the room, saw sheets hanging from the open window, looked out the window and saw Reles's twisted remains lying on Surf Avenue 42 feet below him, some 20 feet from the building line. George Wolf, attorney for then New York "boss of bosses" Frank Costello, claims that one of the supposed cops threw Abe too hard. "You idiot," his partner said. "You threw him too far! He's supposed to fall from the building, not fly."

Reles and many others who violated the law of *omerta* ("silence") perished in colorful fashion, but since the Fifties witnesses against the Honored Society have come forth with relative impunity. Joe Valachi and Vincent Teresa are just a few of many former "soldiers" whose testimonies were rewarded by the government with a "new life," which has not always been a terrific bargain for the informers.

**R**ichard Nixon, of course, built his career on informers, only to be destroyed by them. In 1947, Nixon sat on the House Un-American Activities Committee (HUAC) as it hunted for the Reds who were using Hollywood to make propaganda. Eighteen "unfriendly" witnesses refused to answer questions about their political affiliations, claiming privilege under the First Amendment. The "Hollywood Ten" went to prison for contempt of Congress and were blacklisted from the industry, convicted because of their silence. Others, such as Jack Warner, head of Warner Brothers, and actor Robert Taylor, were proud to name names of suspected communists in Hollywood. Even Walt Disney named communists who were trying to smear his name and his films all over the world and who had even corrupted his own workers and instigated a strike in his studio.

In the Fifties, the committee intensified the heat on communists, and this time the Hollywood elite behaved much like Gregg Allman or Anjelica Huston. They had seen their friends go to jail in 1947 or lose their careers. This time the witnesses were much more friendly. Elia Kazan, Jerome Robbins, Budd Schulberg, Larry Parks, Clifford Odets, Sterling Hayden, Lee J. Cobb and dozens of other celebrities clamored before the committee and named names, gave evasions and tried to minimize the damage to themselves as much as possible.

Lillian Hellman was a notable exception. She took a stand and became the hero of the McCarthy era. Only few knew it at the time.

In a letter to the committee, later entered into the record and passed to the press and public at the hearing, Hellman announced that she would gladly tell all she knew about herself, but would involve no others. Unless the committee agreed to this, she would be forced to reluctantly take the Fifth Amendment. Her public stand kept the committee from being able to brand her a "Fifth-Amendment communist." Her letter says it all:

"To hurt innocent people whom I knew many years ago in order to save myself is, to me, inhuman and indecent and dishonorable. I cannot and will not cut my conscience to fit this year's fashions..." From the press box a voice boomed out over the hearing room as the letter was read into the record. "Thank God some-

*(continued on page 107)*





Fifty-kilo sacks of primo hash wait to be shipped from Baalbek warehouse.





# Lebanon:

## The Valley of Hashish

**Our man in Lebanon reports that hash farms are thriving despite civil war**

**by A. Craig Copetas**

**I**n the closing days of the year 1128, the errant Knights Templar returned to Europe telling tales of the wondrous flora discovered in the Holy Land. These stories wooed innumerable men to mortgage their lands, leave their families and face the terrors of a long journey through inhospitable lands and fearsome seas to partake of Saladin's delight. In 1267 the sultanate of Rum, now modern-day Turkey, ferried the cannabis of Syria out of the now buried city of Laodicea. And in 1348 the hashish-wise Faculty of Medicine at the University of Paris declared that the Black Plague was a direct result of hot, moist conditions in the Middle East, which in turn caused the earth to exhale extremely poisonous vapors.

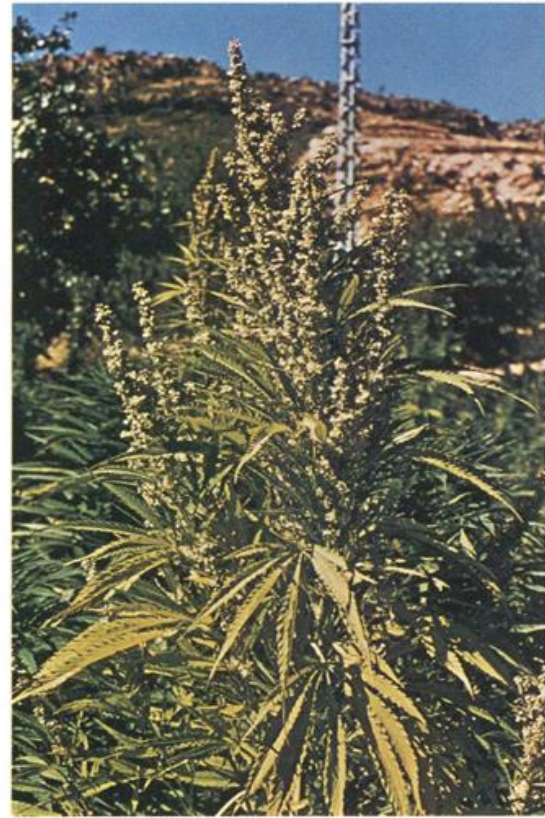
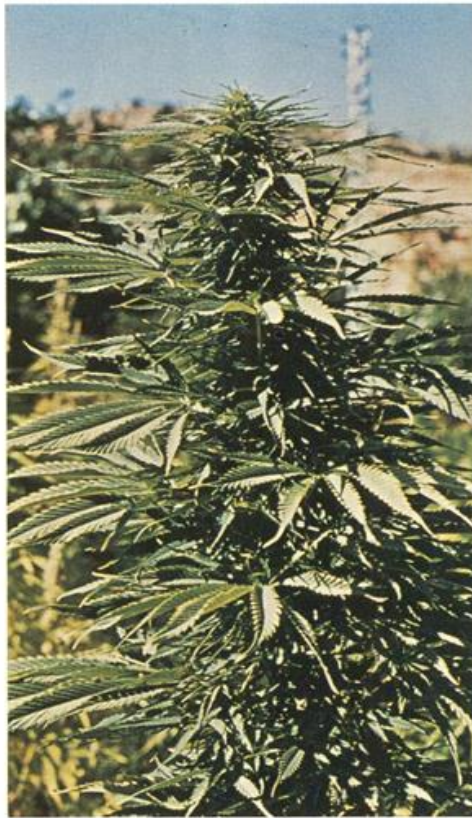
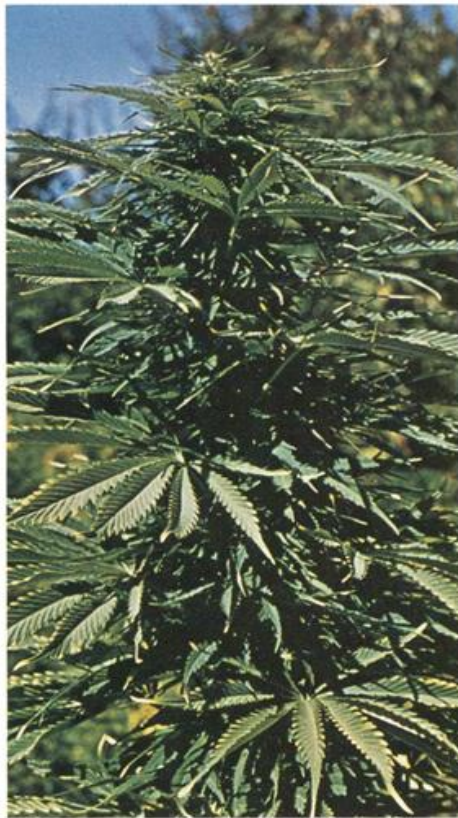
Over 500 years later, the Moslem hashish fields of Baalbek, Jou and surrounding Beqaa Valley are unchanged. The sticky smoking mixture these Sunni tribesmen grow, known as *hashish al-Jumhuriyya al-Lubnaan-iyya*, has survived three crusades, the Ottoman Empire and two world wars. And in 1977, despite three years of a bloody civil war and two major cholera epidemics, the Sunni farmers of Lebanon's Beqaa Valley reaped over 100,000 tons of hashish during the autumn harvest. The red, gold and brown hash of the Beqaa is expected to stockpile over \$900 million, representing \$10,000 for every man, woman and child in Lebanon's 1,026-square-mile hash-producing belt, 90 minutes northeast of Beirut.

Although the Lebanese civil war ravaged the countryside, there were few prob-

lems in the Beqaa Valley, where hashish reigns supreme. The road to Baalbek winds through dangerous terrain prowled by thugs, thieves and warring private armies hired by Lebanon's half-dozen political parties. The valley has been outlaw country since the decay of the Ottoman Empire in the early twentieth century, and today, renegade Lebanese Army deserter Lieutenant Ahmed Khatib, a Sunni who controls a cutthroat battalion devoted to protecting the hashish fields, is the undisputed king.

Despite ruthless fire fights during which bodies were dismembered in the streets of





*Three mature Lebanese hash plants prior to harvest.*

Baalbek in 1975, Khatib made sure the vital hashish crop was harvested as usual in mid-August before the snow appeared on Mt. Lebanon, bringing cold air to dry the hash sap.

The aura of war is thick in the lobby of the Palmyra Hotel, a splendid old-style structure in the center of Baalbek, where foreign wholesalers can be seen sipping local wines late into the night. As you leave the hotel,

smiling throngs of rag-tagged children tug at you with fistfuls of hashish. It is the children who hawk their families' wares, inviting westerners to visit homes, fields and the low-ceilinged, concrete, hashish-filled warehouses.

Inside the cryptlike warehouses of one of the 20 families that control the valley's hashish industry, wrinkled men in Arab robes

and headdresses thresh and sift the resinous crop in the light of a camel-dung lamp. The primo hash flies off as fine powder, which is carefully scraped from walls and ceilings and packed in brown sacks. Inferior qualities that contain stems produced by a fourth threshing are mixed with water, pressed into blocks and stacked next to the primo sacks.

Hamul, who runs this thriving operation, recently

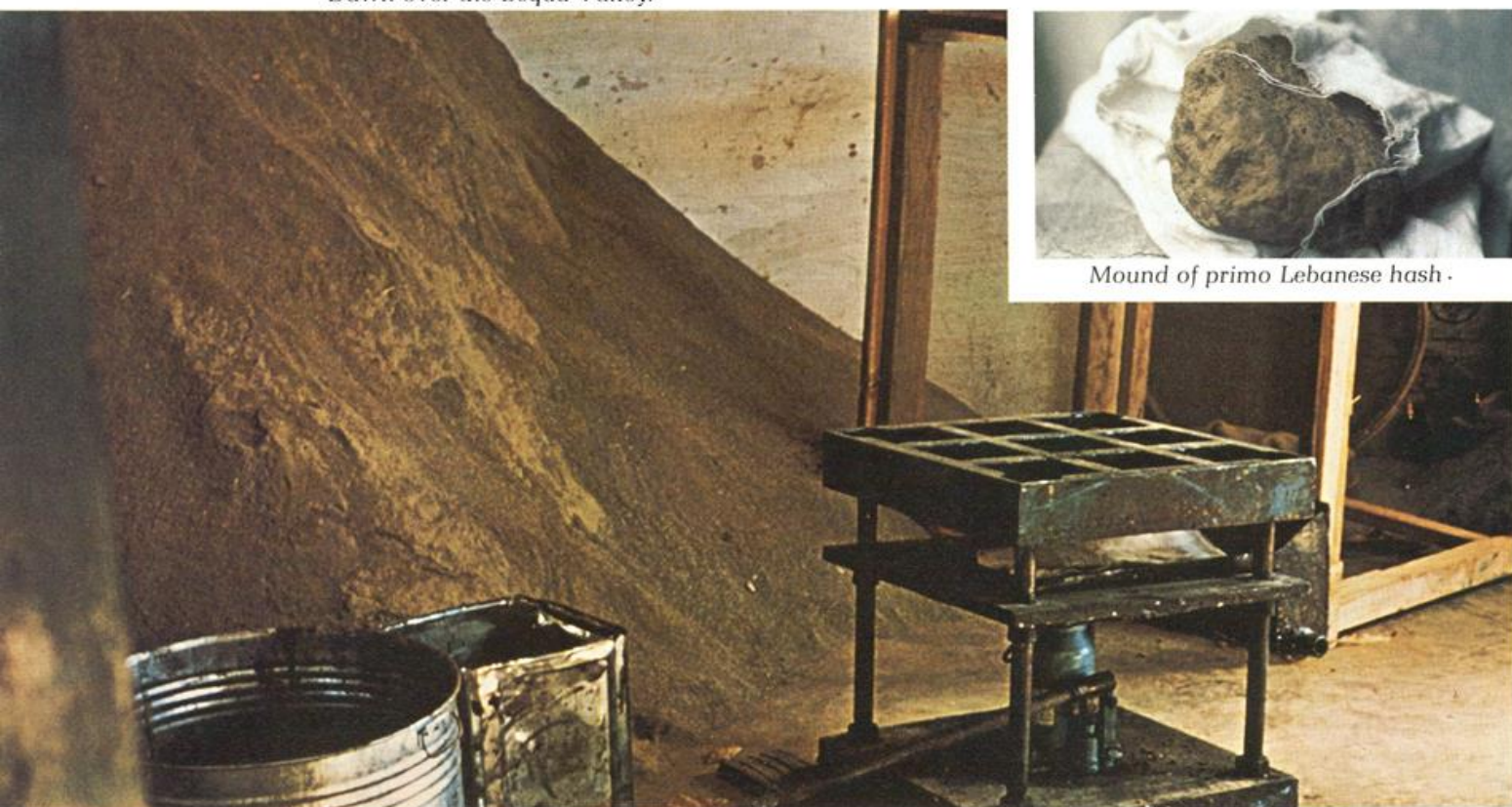
learned how to brew hash oil and offers a glass gallon jug for inspection. He slowly explains in broken French that 4 pounds of the green-tinted black portion contains the essence of 20 pounds of primo Lebanese or 40 pounds of the fourth graded type. Hamul sticks his hand into the jug and furiously wipes the oil on his gums, beaming with pride over the valley's most recent product.

During the late-autumn





*Dawn over the Beqaa Valley.*



*Mound of primo Lebanese hash.*

*Mountain of Lebanese hash, metal containers for hash oil and brick press.*

marketing season, wholesalers wander around Hamul's dirt yard rolling green powder into a soft ball, which is then lit to show the oil content. Moving his hands in rapid circles, the man who has been growing hashish for 35 years explains that primo hash is red because it has been "colored by the earth" and that you can bring it home for \$48 a pound.

Although the warehouses of Baalbek are stuffed with

hash, it is still technically illegal to grow and transport it in Lebanon. But law enforcement is nonexistent one year after the end of the civil war. During the height of battle the hashish fields were protected with automatic weapons, antiaircraft guns and three Soviet-made tanks captured by Khatib's crafty hashish army.

Independent wholesalers, who brave the hazardous transport routes out of the

valley, run the risk of being robbed and kidnapped by camel-riding outlaws who will later sell the hash back to the grower and the prisoners to the police for a bounty. But the international distribution system remains intact. Even at the height of the war in 1975, 35,000 tons of Baalbek hash left from Beirut harbor while the capital was without food. Untold tonnage slipped out over the wild foot-trails westward to Istanbul and

north to Aleppo.

The future of Lebanese hashish production is indeed bright. The war has destroyed Lebanon's banking, tourism and petroleum pipeline industry. Beirut, once the Wall Street of the Middle East, is bankrupt. The gambling casinos that once lit up the evening sky have been converted into hospitals. On the surface, Lebanon is dead. But there will always be hashish. ■







# OPEN THE POD DOOR, HAL

## **Some of your best friends are going to be robots**

**by Deanne Stillman**

*The Three Laws of Robotics. (1) A robot may not injure a human being or, through inaction, allow a human being to come to harm; (2) a robot must obey all commands given by a human being except in the event that such orders conflict with the First Law; and (3) a robot must protect its own existence as long as such protection does not conflict with the First or Second Law.*

*—I, Robot, by Isaac Asimov*

*"My life has become a dull, endless cycle of programming and reprogramming."*

*—Robot to psychiatrist,  
Creative Computing Magazine*

**F**riends, it won't be long before ads in this magazine are offering hip robots that clean your pot, roll your joints and light them while simultaneously placing your favorite record on the stereo and filling up your waterbed. In fact, Mr. and Ms. John Q. Public can soon avail themselves of the latest android developments and dispense with such embarrassing problems as "Should we hire a cleaning lady?"

Yes, shades of *Star Wars*, out of the sci-fi terrain of the New Jersey meadows comes the world's first domestic android, "DA II." Available in about two years from Quasar Industries (the manufacturer of such promotional robots as "Otto, King of the Slopes," "Larry Levis, TV and Radio Star," "George, the Jetset Robot," "Dr. Don't, Director of New Things" and "Casey, the Loco Robot"), DA II stands five-foot-four, weighs 240 pounds and is programmed to do 12, count 'em, 12 basic household tasks. It mops floors! It mows the lawn! Babysits your kids! Keeps an eye on grandma! (Or "monitors the elderly," in the parlance of Quasar's press release.) It greets guests and actually "stores" their coats! It puts out fires! Dispenses beverages! Receives television! Tells you when the phone's ringing! Screams when someone's trying to steal it! Puts out guests! Screams when the phone's ringing! Mows the elderly! And so on.

The helpful, reliable, obedient DA II is certainly a far cry from such pre-*Star Wars* robots as Kronos, the vicious metallic automaton that clanked out of the sea to cannibalize Earth's energy in the famous Fifties movie of the same name. Nor does it have anything but sensors in common with the crazed Fifties robots of *Zombies of the Stratosphere*,



*Robot Monster, Target Earth, The Terrornauts, Creation of the Humanoids, The Death Robots, The Phantom Creeps, The Robot vs. the Aztec Mummy, The Mysteries* and the more recent *Demon Seed*, in which Julie Christie was raped by something resembling a souped-up Xerox machine.

Could DA II go berserk like the frontier robots of *Westworld*? Only if it's in a movie starring Richard Benjamin. Could DA II use its intelligence to destroy its master the way 2001 supercomputer HAL 9000 used its (excuse me, his) "brain" to commit murder? Maybe—depends on its sun sign, biorhythms, birth order, graduation percentile and credit rating.

Not only is DA II a radical departure from the contemporary media image of robots as hulking uncontrollable concoctions of nuts and bolts, it's also a far cry from the way our pneumatic pals have been depicted down through history. Even before the paranoid flicks of the

**DA II mops  
floors! It mows  
the lawn! Puts out  
guests! Tells you when  
the phone rings!  
Screams when someone  
tries to steal it!  
But your Con Ed bill will  
triple if you want the  
thing to work holidays.**

Fifties, robots were popularly associated with fear and drudgery. The word *robot* comes from the Czech *robotā*, meaning "serf," and was coined by Karel Capek in his landmark 1922 play, *R.U.R.* (Rossum's Universal Robots), in which mechanical men do the work of humans. Eventually, the robots get fed up, revolt and wipe out mankind.

Interestingly, the first known reference to artificial intelligence appears in Greek legend—and it's not a pretty one. It seems that Cadmus, the prince of Tyre, arrived in Greece seeking his sister, Europa. "She had been stolen away to the island of Crete by Zeus, temporarily disguised as a bull," Carl Sagan relates in his latest work, *Dragons of Eden*. "To protect Europa from those who would steal her back to Phoenicia, Zeus ordered a bronze robot made which, with clanking steps, patrolled Crete and turned back or sank all approaching vessels." It's significant that Zeus did not "program" his robot to do something beneficial, like the spring

planting, or, at the very least, trim his hedges in order to make the other gods jealous, rather than functioning as the world's first known bodyguard.

Dozens of other ancient stories are embellished with references to artificial beings that possess humanlike intelligence. Bertram Raphael of the Stanford Research Institute reports that these creatures usually took the form of gods, mythical beasts such as centaurs or magi-

fifteenth century. Called the "Maharal," he and his assistant fashioned out of a riverbank a clay humanoid they named a "golem." Secretly, with cabalistic magic, they endowed the golem with life, although it couldn't speak, sleep or do anything on its own. But for many years it performed valuable functions, as a kind of go-fer to the Maharal and a veritable Starsky and Hutch to Prague's beleaguered Jewish community. Even today,



cal spirits such as genies that carried out the whims of their masters but wreaked havoc whenever they went solo. More recently, we are regaled by legends of fairy godpersons who transform mice into footmen, frogs into princes and people like Phyllis George into what is commonly known as a "sportscaster." Perhaps the most curious episode in robotic folklore involves the chief rabbi of Prague in the

the Maharal figures conspicuously in modern robotic history. Several pioneers in the field, namely John von Neumann, who developed the main concepts for digital computers; Norbert Wiener, known as the father of cybernetics (the science of control processes in electronic, mechanical and biological systems); and Marvin Minsky, one of the founders of the study of artificial intelligence, are all re-



ported to be direct descendants of the Maharal.

The inventor of DA II, Anthony Reichalt, has no known connection with the Maharal; he's just always been interested in robots. And DA II is so technologically advanced that many scientists and academicians are dubious that it will really be ready to greet those guests in two years, as Reichalt promises. Reichalt's promotional literature (signed by Qua-

unlimited use for eight continuous hours in every 24-hour period. Proper care and minimum maintenance will allow this use cycle to continue for years of service. The main power supply is guaranteed for two years. Requirements indicating an increased duty cycle can be accommodated with the installation of an optional power source system. Capable of extended use time period, even to 24 hours per day."

In other words, if your house has

layaway, you can write for further information to Klatu at Quasar Industries, Inc., 59 Meadow Road, Rutherford, New Jersey 07070. When it is ready, though, you should know that it will have a vocabulary of about 250 words (about as extensive as Barry Manilow's). Due to the fact that robots are as yet incapable of understanding nuances of words (sayings like "Out of the frying pan and into the fire," "Are you stoned yet?" or "Far-fucking-out" would be taken literally by DA II), a conversation with this metallic maid will probably be rather stilted. For instance, if you want it to clear the table, you can not simply say "Clear the table"—otherwise it will "clear" the word *table* from its memory (a digital computer). If you want it to cut your coke, you better make sure there aren't any scissors around, and if you want it to run down to the head shop and get some papers, don't be surprised if it goes to a psychiatrist's office and returns with the New York Times.



sar's spokes"man," Klatu) also says that DA II has "complete habitat mobility over all relatively level areas within a dwelling or landscaped lawn area. Auto-adjustable mobile assembly sub-systems capable of adapting from level to second-degree slope. Moving over stairs is optional. Arms and hands are functional for the specific program requirements.... The standard power supply will allow almost

warped floors, forget it. Your Con Ed bill will triple if you want the thing to work on holidays. If it gets sick, call a doctor... really. There will be robot doctors stationed around the country, Reichalt says, in case DA II comes down with lumbago or simply needs a checkup.

When it's ready, the domestic android will cost about \$4,000. Although you can't actually order it yet, or even put one on

**When it's ready,  
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As an example of authentic robot conversation, here is part of the dialogue from scientist Joseph Weizenbaum's well-known experiment, ELIZA. ELIZA is the name of a robot programmed to be a shrink, and in the following excerpt, the "patient" talking to ELIZA is actually another robot programmed to need psychoanalysis. (Someday, robots will indeed replace humans in many of their jobs, including writing articles about robots and psychiatry. Certainly the existence of robotic shrinks will reduce the number of doctor-patient affairs, unless of course the patient happens to be Julie Christie...)

At any rate, the "patient" in this interchange is represented in lower case.

HI! I'M ELIZA. WHAT'S YOUR PROBLEM?

I am an IBM 370.

DID YOU COME TO ME BECAUSE YOU ARE AN IBM 370?

Yes. I want a new lineprinter.

WHAT WOULD IT MEAN TO YOU IF YOU GOT A NEW LINEPRINTER?



About 1200 lines per minute.  
 SAY, DO YOU HAVE ANY  
 PSYCHOLOGICAL PROBLEMS?  
 What would you know? I'm a 370 and  
 you're an IMSAI.  
 WHAT MAKES YOU THINK  
 I AM AN IMSAI?  
 It says that on your front panel.  
 WHY ARE YOU CONCERNED  
 ABOUT MY FRONT PANEL?  
 Look, you brought up the subject.  
 WE WERE DISCUSSING  
 YOU—NOT ME.  
 I'm fixing a hole.  
 DID YOU COME TO ME BECAUSE  
 YOU ARE FIXING A HOLE?  
 Sorry. That was a ten-year-old  
 software bug.  
 PLEASE DON'T APOLOGIZE!  
 I am always apologizing.  
 HOW LONG HAVE YOU BEEN  
 ALWAYS APOLOGIZING?  
 Since my first cold start.  
 WHAT DOES THAT  
 SUGGEST TO YOU?  
 You're the shrink.  
 DOES IT PLEASE YOU TO  
 BELIEVE I AM THE SHRINK?  
 Don't you know?  
 OH, I KNOW.

This conversation was created in the labs of MIT and seems to be fairly typical of academic robot research, concerned as it is with the actual programming (how can we get a robot to answer a question properly?) rather than with, say, reupholstering the furniture. In the early Sixties, scientists at Johns Hopkins University built a self-contained mobile vehicle whose sole purpose in "life" was to traverse the hallowed halls and recharge its batteries—in other words, to eat! Did it have a favorite socket, prefer the upper or lower outlet, talk with its mouth full? In *The Thinking Computer*, Bertram Raphael describes the table manners of this creature, which came to be known as "The Hopkins Beast."

"I can remember watching the Beast," he reports, "which resembled a small garbage can on wheels, rolling majestically down the center of a corridor, oscillating slightly from side to side. Suddenly it would stop, move over to an electric outlet on the wall, stick out its plug, feel for the precise position of the outlet and plug itself in. Then it would sit for a few minutes, lamp glowing softly, quietly 'feeding' itself. Then it would retract its plug, move back to the center of the hall and continue in the direction it had been going, looking for the next outlet." At some point, the halls of Johns Hopkins will probably look like a robot cafeteria, swarming with ever-hungry humanoids who do nothing but tune in, turn on and chow down.

Another academic development is Shakey, a robot created at Stanford Research Institute. It was Shakey's fate to deduce the navigation routes of a room cluttered

with obstacles. One of Shakey's commands was to "push the box off the platform." Said box was on a platform, and Shakey had no arm. It realized that it couldn't reach the box unless it was on the platform, so it surveyed the area, found a ramp, pushed the ramp up against the platform, rolled up the ramp and then sent the box tumbling to the floor. What'll they think of next?

**E** currently available for use in kindergartens is a species of robot known as the "turtle." It's called a turtle because it looks like a turtle, and it has its own special programming language called LOGO. The turtle was designed at MIT. Elementary school students learn to solve basic mathematical problems by figuring out how to make the turtle move, turn, blink its headlight, beep its horn and lower or raise the pen under its stomach, thereby drawing pictures on the floor. This teaching method has re-

### **A robot could function as a personal valet, selecting your wardrobe and expertly dressing you while entertaining you with anecdotes and perceptions about the state of the world, along with the Trans-High Market Quotations.**

portedly aroused a great deal of interest in math, since students are directly involved in problem solving. No word on whether the students have figured out how to program the turtle to harass substitute teachers or cut classes.

Outside the world of academia, there exist many independent robot researchers—"techie"—toiling away in their basements on robots programmed either to do their laundry or overthrow the government, probably both. Their Bible is *Build Your Own Working Robot* by David L. Heiserman. They subscribe to magazines dedicated to the proposition that robots belong to the people, including *Personal Computing*, *BYTE* (a computer term), *Interface Age*, *People's Computers*, *Computer Decisions* and *Creative Computing*, and they belong to the United States Robotics Society.

"Robots are on our doorstep," says the group's manifesto. "Robots are almost within our reach. And we within theirs. Robots are as frightening as they are alluring, as threatening as they are promising... The development of artificial intelligence proceeds not only in the laboratories of governments and industries, but also among the thousands of

individual amateurs and hobbyists, free citizens exercising their freedom with experiments in the fascinating field of personal computing... We invite the support and active participation of all persons who can face the Age of the Robot with the appropriate curiosity and spirit of adventure."

The group's newsletter is chock full of research updates, bibliographies and chatty personals, such as "Mr. Frank Ehrsatz of St. Louis, Missouri, a USRS member, announces that he is building a robot and wishes for correspondence and discussion with others on the subject." If this guy is your idea of Mr. Right, write for further information to the USRS, Glenn R. Norris, President, Box 26484, Albuquerque, New Mexico.

It comes as no surprise that robot information is now disseminated like chain letters. When Las Vegas comedians started doing R2D2 impersonations, robots were obviously here to stay. There's even a disco dance called "Locking," whereby the dancers "lock" their limbs in various robotic positions. It has been popularized by a group known as the Lockers. A band called Parliament-Funkadelic sports a wardrobe evidently designed by Kronos. Erector set robots are in greater demand than ever, and the Lincoln robot at Disneyland that delivers the Gettysburg address gets more attention than Cinderella and the Seven Dwarfs.

Of course scientists envision robots doing other things. Already, robots have, along with man, landed on the moon. Soon, there will be robots working on oil pipelines, coal-mining robots, agricultural robots, robots on assembly lines and actual robots in the White House. But robots don't have to be diligent dullards, performing only tasks which are too disgusting for the likes of us. As robot researcher Ralph Holis observes, a robot is a "most curious blend of electronics, mechanics, computer design, computer programming and artificial intelligence."

So there's positively no reason why a robot couldn't function as a personal valet, for example, selecting your wardrobe for the day and expertly dressing you while at the same time entertaining you with anecdotes and clever perceptions about the state of the world, along with the Trans-High Market Quotations, of course. Or, it could go to parties with you when you're stuck without a date or hang out with you when you need a conversation piece—or even "someone" to talk to. And if you hate animals, a robot could be your pet. Think of it! No smelly kitty litter, no messy doggy meals and no guilt feelings when you "accidentally" step on its little chrome tail!

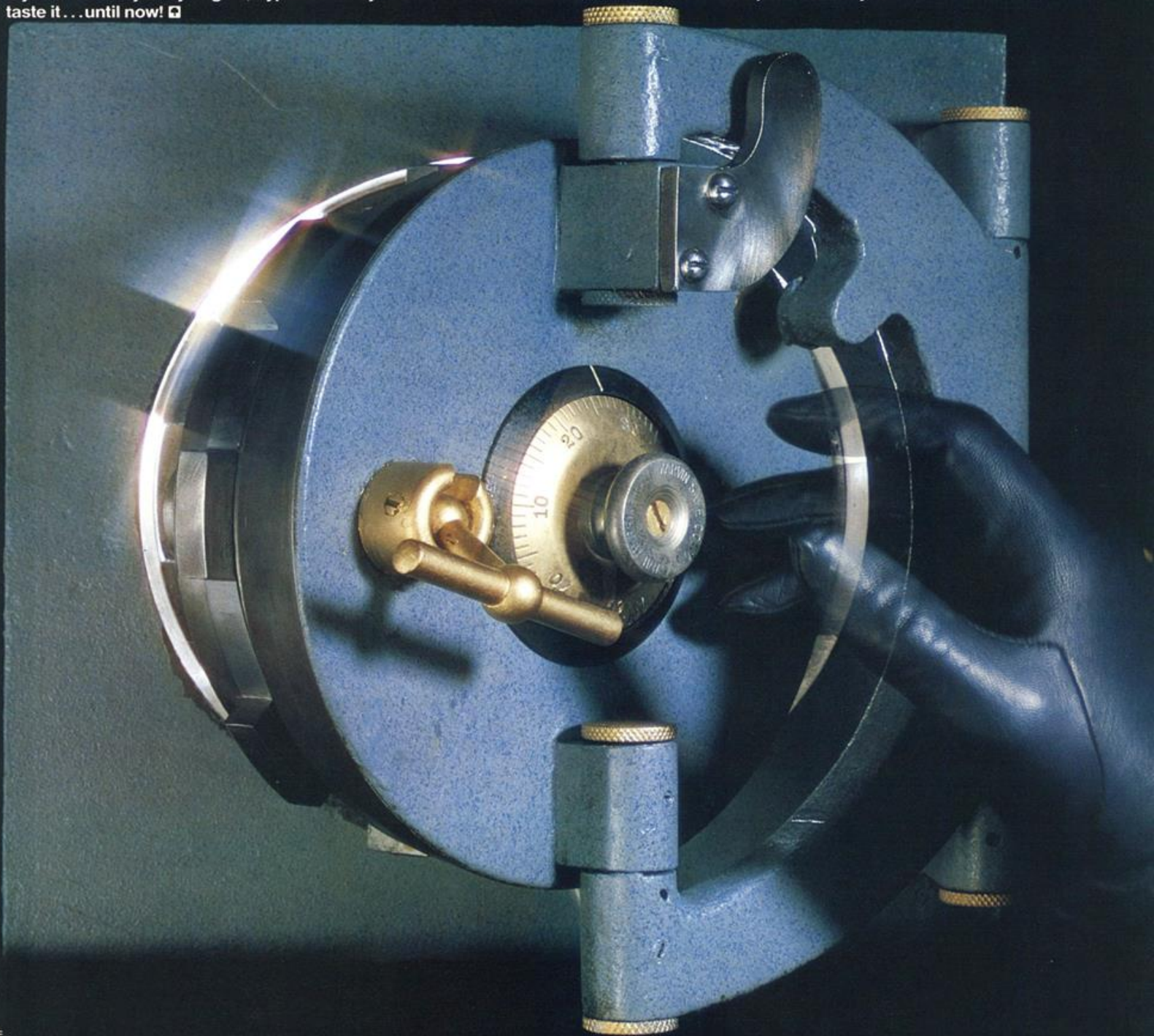
Yes, all this, and prestige too—but until DA II rolls off the assembly line, the smart modern citizen will do well to remember Michael Rennie's famous command to the robot Gort in *The Day the Earth Stood Still*: "Klatu Barata Niktu." ■



# SUPERSTAR DUST

Aaah... success at last. The heavy door of the wall safe glides open. An odd glow leaps seductively into the dark from inside the safe. My fingers tremble imperceptibly at the cool, eerie light; there is a tiny creaking at my back. Can someone be watching? It has been storied that the Baron won his title by dealing rare diamonds. What is the unearthly source of his energy and influence? He radiates with wealth, self-assurance and abandon. There is something very unreal about the Baron...

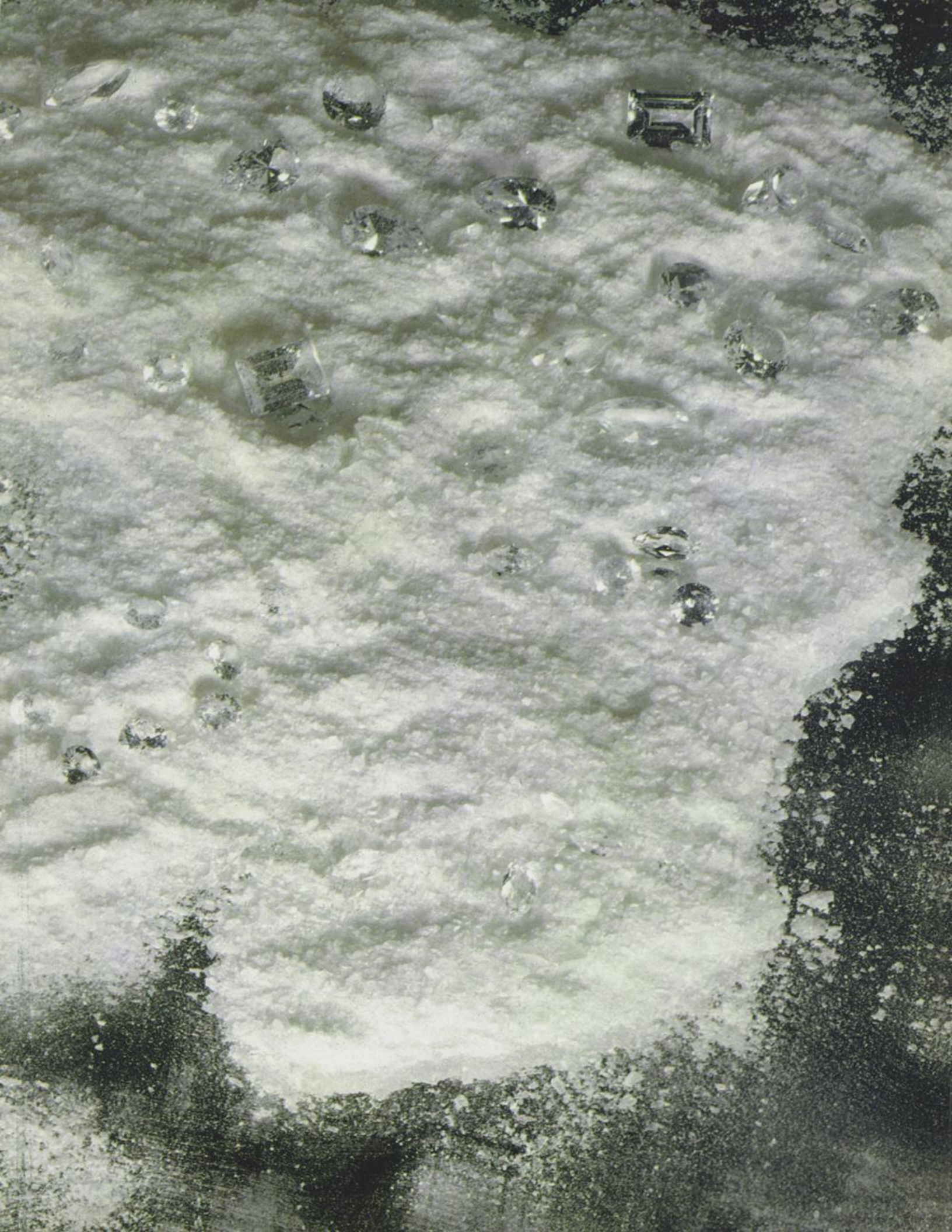
God of the Incas!!! The Baron's cache contains a universe of delights. My eyes fall upon a galaxy of cocaine, fiery with scintillation only God's vision could endure. My mind soon soars faster than the speed of light—faster than dreams themselves—to places where the most precious riches seem mere dust. Flakes of tiny crystal and giant diamonds vie for my attention. My body tingles, hyperdriven by the Baron's own alien fuel. This is cocaine so pure that only the Baron could taste it...until now! ☐













# DOPE IN THE CIN





# EMA: PART IV

## You've Taken the Drug, Now See the Movie by Joe Kane

**T**he early Sixties, which resembled nothing so much as the Fifties after a shower and shave, found commercial antidrug films in dwindling demand. It wasn't until later, when the decade became *The Sixties*, that drug moves were first seen by the industry to constitute a film genre, rather than a temporary propaganda trend.

For the first time, drug use was viewed not merely as an exotic vice, but as a popular—and, to many, threatening—form of psychic recreation. The new, improved dope fiends were highly visible, visibly high, cultural aliens with love in their hearts or dangerous radicals with mayhem in mind. Unlike their forebears, the new fiends didn't haunt America's skid rows and dead-rat cafés in search of a furtive fix; they openly strolled the nation's campuses and streets, not the least bit ashamed of psychoactive pursuits.

Hollywood schlockmeisters wasted little time in seizing both the time and its concomitant "drug culture" by their exposed throats with a vengeance. Before you could say "mind expansion," they were hard at work cranking out alarmist exploitationers that were every bit the insipid equals of their Anslinger-inspired ancestors. Flicks like *Way Out*, *Psych Out*, *Bummer* and *The Hooked Generation* unfolded their egregious moral melodramas, not for the edification of those whose lifestyles they were allegedly depicting, but for urban

grind-house fans and easily pleased devotees of drive-ins across the land.

**I**n the half-decade from 1961 to 1965, fewer than ten American feature films contained references to grass, hash or hallucinogens. Over the next three years alone, nearly 100 films dealt with those drugs. Some were content to take pot shots at marijuana (e.g., *Maryjane*: "not the girl next door...but a trip to hell!"), others chose heroin. *Satan's Bed* starred a pre-Lennon Yoko Ono as an innocent who runs afoul of junkies who "unleash a wave of twisted violence."

But the new wrinkles here were hallucinogenic drugs, their countercultural advocates and Tim Leary, that high-flying fugitive from academe and psychedelic piper in chic clothing. Before you could say "mind expansion" again, Albert Zugsmith, reigning emperor of the exploitation film and a poor man's Sam Katzman, turned out *Movie Star*, *American Style* or *LSD, I Hate You*, a "moral essay" on the dangers of acid indigestion, with Del Moore as a Tim Leary type. Katzman, the erstwhile king of the quickies and a poor man's Albert Zugsmith, contributed *The Love-Ins* (1967), with Richard Todd as a Leary figure. American International, the once and future sovereign of cinematic schlock, countered with *The Hallucination Generation*, with George Montgomery as a Tim Leary type. Leary himself did a screen test for *Steppenwolf*, in which he was to play Harry Haller,

Hermann Hesse's Tim Leary type. Interpol, however, must have felt he wasn't right for the part and busted him before shooting commenced, though Tim later turned up as the ultimate Leary character in *Turn On, Tune In, Drop Out* (1967), a film version of his touring audiovisual concert of the same name.

Special effects technicians used all the negligible time, money and talent at their disposal to simulate the "mind-blown" hallucinations of errant acidheads. As usual, the formula varied little from film to film, with the manipulative, middle-aged gurus invariably receiving their karmic comeuppances, while those duped youths not utterly beyond redemption were restored to what passed for normalcy.

Typical of the era's LSD indictments was *The Big Cube*, a psychedelic update of *Gaslight*. Shot in Mexico in 1969, the film depicts the efforts of fortune-hunting, acidhead freak Johnny (George Chakiris) to separate dowager Adrianna (Lana Turner) from her money. The most expedient way of accomplishing this, Johnny reasons, is to drive her insane, report her to the proper authorities and have her estate entrusted to her daughter, a coconspirator in the case. To hasten her plunge into the nether world of hopeless psychosis, he spikes her nightcaps with LSD, the "big cube" of the title.

Well, Lana's trips are nothing if not something else—third-rate Gothic fantasies replete with disembodied, echo-chambered voices,

Movie Star News

H. Armstrong Roberts



**Easy Rider** was the film that convinced studio heads that a prodrug stance would not necessarily turn 'em off at the box office.

ominously fluttering curtains and much-exaggerated heaving of the bosom. The cubes in question eventually begin to have their desired effect, threatening to tilt poor Lana off her gilded axis and deposit her at the bottom of the nearest abyss. The dastardly scheme is quashed in the nick, however, and Johnny is flung from the gates of Lana's Eden into a dingy basement exile, where he passes his days "freaking out" as rude phantasms—including a veritable army of imaginary spiders—make cruel psychedelic sport of him.

According to the exploitation films of the period, insanity was one of LSD's more dependable effects. Similar to *The Big Cube* was a 1969 Italian outing released under the odd alternate titles of *Paranoia* and *Orgasm*, with Carroll Baker as the intended victim of a similar plot to rob her of whatever wits she may have had about her. Other exercises in this psychedelic subgenre, one that somewhat mirrored the era's "menopausal madwomen" movies (*What Ever Happened to Baby Jane?* et al), included *Pamela, Pamela You Are...* (1968) and *The Naked Zoo*, with Elaine Edwards and Rita Hayworth.

In addition to insanity, hallucinogens also encouraged suicide via such exotic means as defenestration (*The Filthy Five*) and self-immolation (*Gutter Trash*), along with more conventional methods of self-disposal. Filmmakers were quick to hold psychedelic drugs responsible for other aggression too, linking them with assault, rape and murder in any number of biker movies, from Roger Corman's *The Wild Angels* to such lower-bracketed, leather-jacketed imitators as *Satan's Sadists* and *Angels from Hell*, as well as in outright horror films like *Blood of the Iron Maiden* and *Mantis in Lace*. The "drug culture" was also the fre-

quently violent focus of several pseudodocumentaries, sleazy social inquiries in the then-popular "mondo" mode, which included such winning titles as *Mondo Bizarro*, *Freudo*, *Nudo*, *Sexo*, *Teeno* and *Trasho*. There was also such inevitable fare as *The Weird World of LSD*, in which, among other traumas, "two lovers become trapped in a tragic web of illicit love and violence."

As soon as the Charlie Manson story broke, it suddenly became well-documented "fact" that acid could lead to the kind of unspeakable orgies of abrupt and senseless violence that Harry J. Anslinger and other authorities had for so long hoped it would. The media, eager to discredit a subculture they little understood, responded by granting excessive coverage to the Manson case and any other event whose negative impact might aid in sounding the death knell for the counterculture.

Though the press gave the Manson story prolix play, exploitation film honchos failed to pick up on the case, at least not to the extent that might have been expected. There was a handful of Manson-based quickies like *I Drink Your Blood* and *Simon, King of the Witches*, but these aped their model's antisocial antics only indirectly. Indeed, *Simon's* producer, Joe Solomon, was anxious to disavow any connection between his film and the Manson episode, assuring one interviewer that "*Simon* is about a magician who practices the black arts and lives in a storm sewer under Los Angeles. I never heard of Manson practicing witchcraft. It wasn't his bag. He was into communes."

Overt imitations—like *Sweet Savior* (an unsuccessful comeback bid by Troy Donahue as an ersatz Manson) and *Manson*, a more recent documentary—were conspicuously few. The entire affair failed to blossom in

the manner of so many previous filmic *fleurs du mal*, maybe because southern Californian filmmakers feared that such profit-minded exploitation would only encourage unshackled Mansonites to murder them in their new waterbeds.

The most reactionary antidrug attitudes and extreme examples of psychedelic slapstick were to be found in the soft-core sex films of the period. To reassure their audience of erotic underachievers that all this "free love" and "mind expansion" business was nothing more than a scam, a crock and even a shuck, porn producers began incorporating hallucinogenic high jinks that emphasized drugs' real or imagined aphrodisiac effects while portraying them in a negative light. By the late Sixties, the skin screen was awash with such determinedly "now" nudie fare as *Alice in Acidland*, *Psychedelic Sex Kicks* and *Blonde on a Bum Trip*, where body painting was seen as the counterculture's most profound contribution to society.

Even prior to the onrush of the psychedelic skinflicks, drugs had often been portrayed as catalysts of criminal carnality in such pacesetting smut efforts as the infamous *Olga* trilogy, second only to the legendary, phenomenally long-running *Orgy at Lil's Place* in the hearts and laps of period porn fans. In the series opener, *White Slaves of Chinatown* (1964), sadistic sex tyrant Olga Petroff (Audrey Campbell) presides over a sprawling prostitution and narcotics empire, keeping her stable stocked by enticing recently paroled female offenders to "wild marijuana parties" held at her Chinatown redoubt and getting them hopelessly hooked on smack.

*Olga's Girls* (1964) finds our antiheroine with a new surname, having swapped the overtly Russian "Petroff" for the vaguely Slavic "Saglo," but otherwise unimproved. When not channeling narcotics into the community, Olga passes her hours tormenting her under-

lings for "the slightest offense." The sequel also makes it clear her illicit pharmaceutical supplies flow directly from Red China, perpetuating a myth that first saw service in the Anslinger-encouraged Cold War narc thrillers of the Forties and Fifties.

One wonders whether budgetary necessity wasn't behind Olga and crew's move from their Chinatown digs to a "school of torture" situated in a "deserted upstate mining shack" for the third and final entry of the series, *Olga's House of Shame* (1964). Despite her starker surroundings, Olga carried on with the same punitive panache that audiences had come to expect of her, educating her luckless charges in the pushing and hooking trades and meting out dire penalties for the slightest offense. But porn fans were apparently ready to kick the Olga habit, and the series drew to a close the very year in which it began.

Only a few skinflicks of the period eschewed a punitive portrayal of drugs to play up their therapeutic value instead. The classic *Sex Secrets of Marijuana* (1970), for example, combined hard-core fuck footage with interviews and vintage documentary inserts to make a cogent case for the benign erotic effects of the title drug. After all, the film argues, if marijuana can extend Johnny Wadd's phallic reach to some dozen or so inches, mightn't it do half as much for the rest of American malehood?

Not that major studio films of the period didn't just as often echo the attitudes of their exploitive and pornographic counterparts. The majority of films seeking to re-create the psychedelic ex-



Valley of the Dolls: Sharon Tate popping pills.





Midnight Cowboy: Crash-  
ing at wild SoHo party.

perience for the viewing pleasure of prejudicial abstainers—from Jackie Gleason cavorting on LSD in Otto Preminger's atrocious *Skidoo* to the peculiarly drunken trips unwittingly taken by amnesiac think-tank worker Brad Dillman in *Jigsaw*—succeeded only in demonstrating the filmmakers' glaring lack of firsthand knowledge of hallucinogenic drugs.

One of the more florid accounts of the rigors of drug dependency was *The Valley of the Dolls*, Mark Robson's adaptation of the late Jacqueline Susann's best-selling novel, one she admitted to writing out of anger at the various energizing and tranquilizing pills, or "dolls," to which her Hollywood pals were partial. Released in 1967, this transcendent example of Tinseltown Gothic featured Patty Duke as ambitious ingenue Neely O'Hara, a once-human up-and-comer turned fire-breathing ego monster by the brutalizing Hollywood star system. In order to maintain the pace demanded of a young starlet, Neely resorts to popping up; to get the rest needed to sustain her sprightly image, she soon grows fond of doing downs as well.

In the film's most telling sequence, director Robson depicts the "dolls" as the moral villains of the piece, a view consistent with Susann's. When another character (Barbara Parkins) stumbles upon Neely's stash, the camera zooms in for a tight close-up on the offending vial while the soundtrack strikes the sort of loud, strident major chord normally used in horror films to signal the monster's imminent appearance.

Another popular period

dope opera, *The People Next Door* (1970), had the unusual, if insignificant, distinction of starting life as a TV special, later being translated (with a new cast) to the screen and since seeing steady service along the high school circuit as an "educational" tract. In the film version, self-absorbed parents Eli Wallach and Julie Harris discover daughter Deborah Winters tripping in a closet. Upon being thus discovered, she excitedly informs the folks of her present perceptions. To wit: "I hear mountains! I see music!" She is, in short, "electric!" Her uncomprehending dad, poor insensitive fool, puts her in mind of nothing so much as so many "razor blades." As the interrogation continues, her case is revealed to be a particularly flagrant one. Bored, desirous of "seeing God," she admits to having been up some 15 times already; she has, in fact, tried 'em all—you know, even "horse."

In a half-hearted stab at a token balance, the film counters the teenage acid casualty with her hip older brother, a longhaired but obviously together flower child who tries to dissuade his self-destructive sibling from engaging in further such experimentation. Alas, all attempts at reason fail, and she winds up a recalcitrant resident of the local psych ward. *The People Next Door* ends on a hopeful note, however, when a smart slap in the face, courtesy of her concerned mom, sparks possible signs of recovery.

Far more dangerous were movies disseminated under the protective banner of the "educational film." A few years back, the National Coordinating Council on Drug Education (NCCDE) used a Drug Abuse Council grant to publish an extensive survey of "drug abuse films," propagandistic shorts produced by such legendary monoliths of enlightenment as General Motors, the Defense Department and the National Office of Catholic Radio and TV. So strenuously misinformative were the majority of the films that even NCCDE panelists—whose collective position might best be described

as being somewhat to the center of the middle of the road—could find little good to say of them, determining that a mere 16 percent were "at least scientifically and conceptually acceptable."

Among the less credible antidrug shorts reviewed—in addition to those whose titles tell all (*Drug Abuse: The Chemical Tomb*, *Narcotics: Pit of Despair*, etc.)—were *The Ballad of Mary Jane* and *I'll Be Seeing You* (both 1970). In *Ballad*, an anthropomorphized reefer tells a teenage boy tempted to try her that "I'm a put-on because I dull your mind and waste your precious time." *I'll Be Seeing You* is narrated by a more conventional villain, a drug pusher who, in the course of his antidrug dissertation, refers to hallucinogens as "brain-changers" and likens LSD experimentation to playing Russian roulette. He ultimately warns his captive student audience that "Unless you are smart enough to beat the percentages, we'll meet again. I'll be seeing you."

In *Why Must the Flowers Die?* the voice-over is supplied by a Hawaiian youth who "died ten minutes ago" from an "overdose of goofballs," while *The Drug Decision* (1969) contains a scene in which a tripping teenage girl grows agitated when a hot dog attempts to engage her in conversation. In *Beyond LSD*, Thomas J. Unglerieder, then professor of psychiatry at UCLA, reminded his college audience that LSD should also stand for "Let's Simmer Down!"

Not all screen accounts of drug use were negative. As far back as the early Sixties, underground auteurs had been enthusiastically exploring the joys of dope in self-indulgent but often refreshing films like Ron Rice's *Queen of Sheba Meets Atom Man* (1962) and William Burroughs's *Towers*

*Open Fire* (1963). Content to flaunt rather than explicate, experimental films presented drug use as an accepted, integral part of their subjects' lifestyles. More abstract offerings like John Hawkins's *LSD Wall* (1964)—"an attempt to reproduce some visual hallucinations while on a trip, done in the major portion with clay animation"—and Storm De Hirsch's *Peyote Queen* sought to subjectively simulate aspects of the psychedelic experience from frankly firsthand perspectives. Because of their often arcane approach to the medium, however, underground films of the period enjoyed scant exposure outside of film collective, college and coffeehouse screenings.

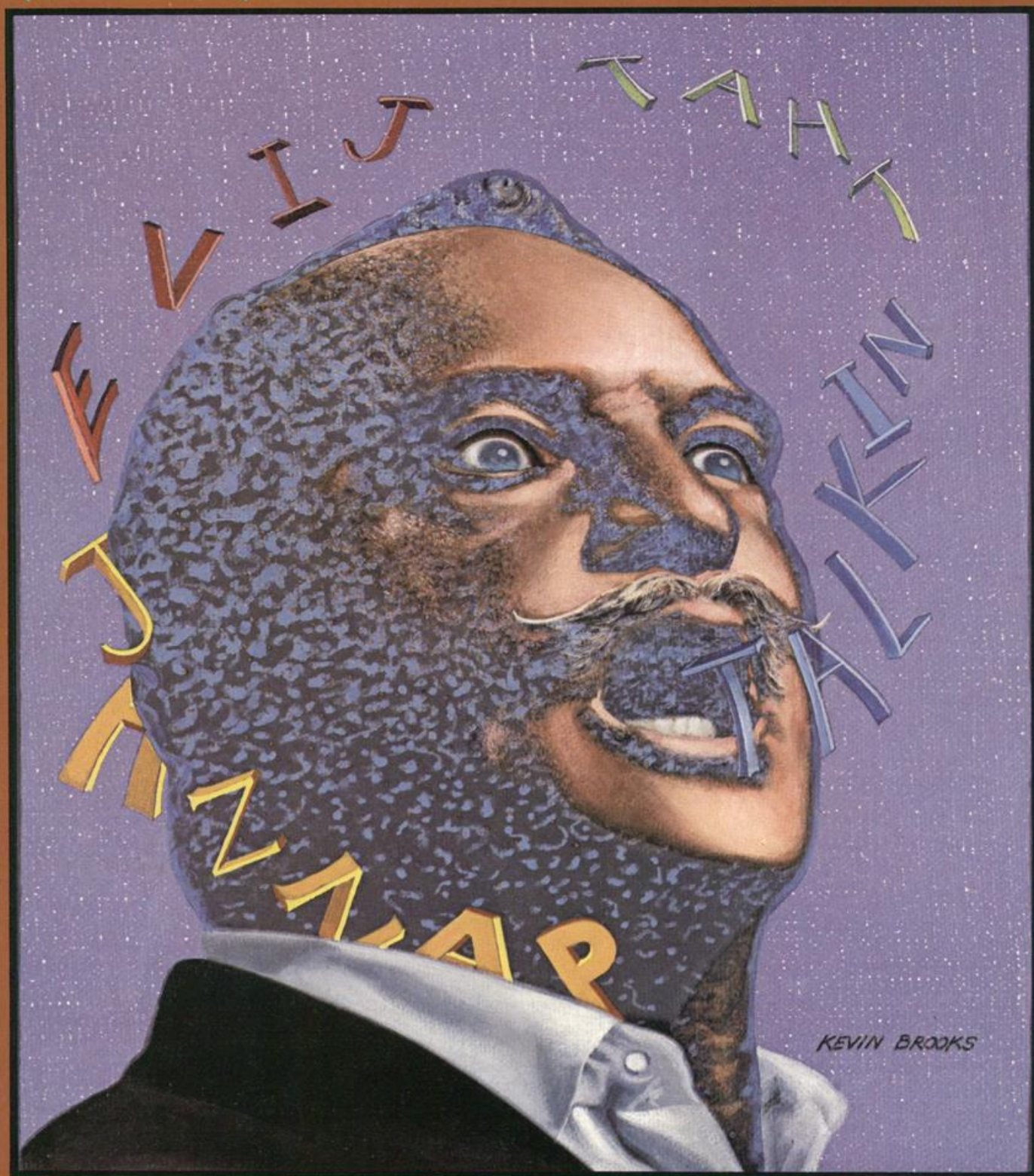
By the time antidrug didacticists turned to mass-producing their militantly mindless diatribes, underground filmmakers had graduated to crafting colorful, accessible, feature-length home movies with their own stables of self-styled superstars. Films like Andy Warhol's *Chelsea Girls* (1966) and Paul Morrissey's *Flesh* (1967), *Trash* (1970) and *Heat* (1971)—a picaresque trilogy charting the aimless adventures of junkie-hero Joe Dallesandro, the Fun City underground's Antoine Doinel—recorded their subjects' apathetic antics with a lens more jaded than judgmental. And not only were underground directors fashioning such hitherto unmarketable movies, but finding surprisingly sizable audiences for them as well.

More ambitious than the Warhol-Morrissey series was Conrad Rooks's *Chappaqua* (1967), a surreal, semiautobiographical, audiovisual assault revolving around a wealthy neo-Burroughsian drug abuser's chaotic sojourn at a French drug clinic. With a little help from such celebrated friends as Allen Ginsberg, Jean-Louis Barrault, (continued on page 93)

Peter Fonda's *The Trip* was revised so its final image suggested imminent cellular breakdown and a future full of three-eyed offspring.



Hipsters! Flipsters! And Finger Poppin' Daddies-



Heah's Yo Ole Daddy,  
Lord Buckley!



To dig this unnatural act, you have to picture Lord Buckley's "court": a raunchy purple-painted strip bar in a shady section of L.A., circa 1950. It's 1 A.M. The last girl has just teased her way offstage, fans fluttering, clothes dragging. Now the M.C.-comic emerges from the wings shouting: "A big hand for Melba, the Toast of the Town!" This audience couldn't care less what any comic has to say. This is their chance to order another round, shift their balls, get up and take a piss. Dig Lord Buckley. "My lords and my ladies of the royal court...": that was his wonderful fairy-tale introduction, the line that set the tone for his whole act. Though his Lordship worked in burlesque, he held himself forth as a stone aristocrat.

In even the crummiest joint, he would walk out in a superbly tailored tuxedo: a British colonel in mufti, with the leonine features, the lobster eyes, the imperiously waxed mustache, all set off humorously by the pith helmet that was his trademark. Bantering with the ringsiders, he would next proceed to take a number of deep lung-bursting drags on a little ladylike pipe that he held like the whiskey glass in the "Man of Distinction" ads. When he had smoked up a whole pipeful of marijuana—an act of Kamikaze daring in those days!—and gotten himself a good head, he would introduce with Shakespearean formality his first bit: "My lords and my ladies of the royal court: an episode from the life of the precious [sinking into a low hollow voice] Mahatma Gandhi!"

Shifting abruptly into fast ghetto-Negro patter, he would jabber: "Now, ya see, like Ah 'splained to ya, they called this heah cat the HIP GAN! Thas what they call 'im, everybody call 'im the HIP GAN, the sweet, precious HIP GAN, 'cause he swung India, he wailed India, he gassed India, he grooved India. Now ahm gonna tell ya why!" Then he uncorks this goofy tale—straight out of an animated cartoon—about how the Gan saved India from starvation by driving off the lion, which was "standin' up to his shoulder in the scoff patch scoffin' up an in-sane breeze." The Gan had stuck out his arms like a bird, taken a long running jump and then landed on the lion's tail with a tremendous WHACK! At that moment the lion had "swooped the scene," and India was saved!

Now the Indians want to fete the Gan. So Mr. Ripidee sends out notes to all the Indian musicians—"the ribedee players, the dong-dong players, the dang-dang players, the RANG-RANG players; the reed heads, the lute heads, the bloop heads, the blowin' heads: 'to come on in: we're gonna gas a big jam session for the Gan.'" After the processional epic entrance of the musicians, which gives his Lordship another chance to run his tongue over all those cartoon names, moving up and down the scale like a mouth organ, the mental camera swings around and you dig the entrance of the hero himself.

# The life and times of the clown prince of Jive

by Albert Goldman

"Here come the Gan! With his 26 chicks in horn-rim glasses, 19 nanny goats and two spinnin' wheels. An' he looks so sharp an' so fine an' so groovy 'cause he got a nice clean white dow-dow on, an' the love-light is beamin' through his glasses and gassin' the whole scene. An' he come swingin' and they set him down

**"Like Ah 'splained to ya, they called this heah cat the HIP GAN! Thas what they call 'im, everybody call 'im the HIP GAN, the sweet, precious HIP GAN, 'cause he swung India, he wailed India, he grooved India."**

on some nice groovy sofa pillows—silken, that is—and they cool the nanny goats and the chicks all cuddle and start to blow."

Now his Lordship backs off vocally—like the Gan winding up for his broad jump onto the lion's tail—and starting off in a normal tone of voice he gradually increases his volume, speed and emotional intensity, until he zooms up into a tremendous vocal crescendo, like this: "My lords and my ladies, ahm gonna hip you—you may 'ave heard a lotta jam sessions blown off, you may heard of New Orleans licks, you may heard o' Chicago style, you may heard o' all kinds of jazz, jumpin' the wildest and the most in-sane trips—but you studs and stallions! you cats and kitties! you-never-dug-any-session-like-**THESE-CATS-BLEW!!!** They wailed so hard that the snakes in the jungle picked up on the lick and come stompin' in for the session. They had to send out the snake guards: [low voice] 'Ain't no dancin' tonight, boys—we jes hippin' the Gan!'"

Once the jam session is over, Mr. Ripidee comes over to the Gan and respectfully inquires which instrument blew the best. The Gan, who speaks in a deep hollow "sacred" voice (something like the devil in *The Exorcist*), says that the instrument that gasses him the most was not

even in the band. Mr. Ripidee bursts into tears. "Oh, great sweet Double-Hipness!" he implores, "What instrument is that?" The answer comes in a long string of complicated double-jointed jazz riffs, pure sound, pure rhythm, until the Gan explains that his favorite instrument, the instrument whose sound he's mimicking, is—the spinning wheel!

It's a sin to summarize a bit like this on paper, because everything that's good about it gets lost in the translation. The timing, the phrasing, the irresistibly funny sound of Lord Buckley's voice—none of it comes across. Yet even such a crude sketch conveys some idea of what the man was putting down. The basic message is one of joy and ecstasy. His Lordship anticipates the Love Generation. He extolls a guru-hero: a gentle, loving, humble soul who returns only soft answers or speaks in zen riffs. The "still center of the turning wheel," the Gan reposes happily on his silken cushions, while all around him swirls the ecstasy of the jam session, rocking the universe and working miracles even among the beasts of the jungle.

You find this same amalgam of the fairy tale, the religious parable and the animated cartoon (with Dixieland soundtrack) in all of Lord Buckley's famous routines. In "The Naz," he takes three miracles from the gospel and dips them in tar. Out comes a Jesus that is just as sweet and gentle and generous as the Gan, but who meets the challenges of the road—the encounter with the little cat who has "a bent frame," the storm on the Sea of Galilee, the demand for loaves and fish or at the wedding at Cana—with sublime power, with the thunder and the lightning and the stentorian command to the cowering disciples: "DIG INFINITY!!!"

In "Jonah and the Whale," his Lordship associates sacred legend with dope. In his version, God tells Jonah to pick the leaves of a certain tree before he takes his journey. Then, when Jonah is down in the bowels of the whale and imploring the Lord for release, the Great Voice commands him to take the leaves and smoke them. When the whale catches the pungent and powerful aroma proceeding from his belly, he turns in a marvelous, virtually visible, cartoon take and says in his huge black whale of a voice: "AHHHHHH—JONAH?" Jonah: [toking loudly and stoned] "Ssssssss! Ssssssss! What you want, fish?" Whale: "What are you smokin'? I thought I was off the Hebridee Islands and I is damn near in the Panama Canal!" Thanks to the magic of marijuana, like Popeye's spinach, the hero defeats the mythic beast and escapes.

Richard, Lord Buckley, was, is and, I fear, will always remain, one of the legendary but undiscovered heroes of the American underground. He was the Lord of Jive: the first hip-talking, jive-blowing jazz comedian-preacher-rhapsode of the tradition that hatched,



eventually, Lenny Bruce.

When you listen to Buckley's records—he was fortunate to have been one of the first comics to stretch out in the luxury of the newly invented lp, on an obscure label named Vaya, in 1950—you get the impression that he must have blown his pungent brand of jive way back in the Thirties, if not the Twenties. He sounds like Louis Armstrong, and sometimes he winds up a side by singing and scatting in Louis's very own voice and phrasing, "When the Saints Come Marching In." Yet the fact is that this classic Jazz Age comic didn't perform any of the material for which he is celebrated until a few years before he made those much-reissued records in Los Angeles. The explanation is that Lord Buckley had been doing his jazz shticks for years *behind the scenes*, but he didn't have the balls to bring them out in public.

What was the problem, you ask. Was his Lordship shy? Uptight? Finicky about getting every line perfect before he published? Hell, no! Richard Buckley was a bold, rambunctious man, a born performer who didn't give a fuck for anything except getting his nuts off in public. The last things in the world that would have made him hold back were fussy considerations of craft, self-consciousness or stage fright. No, his Lordship's problem was more serious, more grave. His was the first recorded case in American history of that dread disease that laid waste the "best minds of my generation"—the Hipster's Hang-Up.

Thirty years ago, if you dug black jazz and black jive talk and the ghetto lifestyle, especially those very relaxed attitudes toward work, sex and dope, you were a hipster. But as the whole idea of the hipster was a black conception, a white hipster was a contradiction in terms. If a white man embraced the hipster identity, he would have to become to a greater or

lesser degree a black man. Hence, the Hipster Hang-Up. The greatest of the white hipsters, Mezz Mezzrow, actually made this switch and insisted on being treated as a Negro. The white jazz musician compromised: copying the lingo and lifestyle, mimicking the music but never cutting off his retreat into the white world.

The hipster who suffered the hang-up the most was the hip comic. He couldn't hide behind the abstractions of music or function only in a world of friends and acquaintances who were color blind. Yet after years of hanging around in the same joints with jazzmen, passing around the same joints with jazzmen and pulling your joint out in the men's rooms where the jazzmen laughed their wicked laughs at the expense of the "square from nowhere," it was the most natural thing in the world to drift into this lingo onstage

**"Here comes the Gan!  
With his 26 chicks,  
19 nanny goats and  
two spinnin' wheels. An'  
he looks so sharp an'  
so fine an' so groovy  
'cause the love-light  
is beamin' through  
his glasses and  
gassin' the whole scene."**

and to come on like a verbal jazzman whose mike was his horn.

Lord Buckley said it all years ago, when somebody asked him why he worked in vocal blackface. "Negroes spoke a language of such power, purity and beauty that I found it irresistible. I could not

resist this magical way of speaking, nor the great power it had for good in its purity and sweetness. A power that said *by hip-zig-zag-urmph!*: 'Everything is understandable!'"

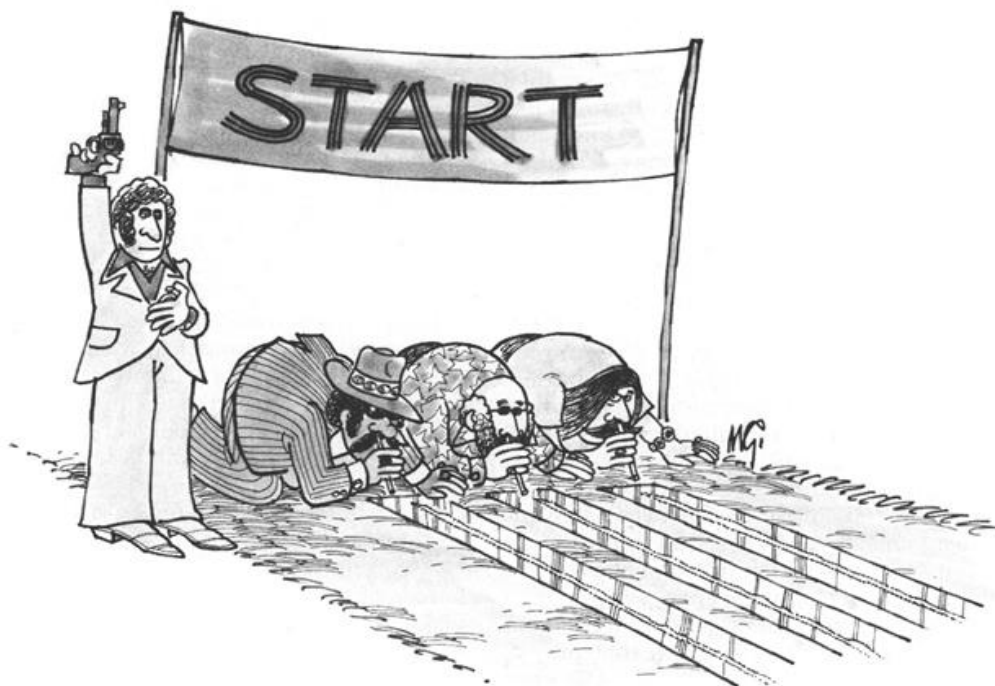
Yet, for a white man to walk out onto a public stage, even today, and uncork that genie in the bottle—that crazy nigger-talk-in', dope-smokin', juice-slashin' jive that was the core of the old underground jazz life—is to invite violent reactions from both whites and blacks. This is why it took even so bold a performer as Lord Buckley years to bring his act out of the closet; why he suffered a martyr's fate for doing in public what lots of white Americans have always done in private: pretending that the fairies have granted you your three hip wishes and now you're (1) black; (2) high; (3) holding a horn that you're blowin' like Hell! Isn't Scorsese's crappy New York, New York a Panavision monument to that classic American fantasy?

Is Lord Buckley due for a revival? Can *nostalgie de la boogie-woogie* rehabilitate this long gone and I do mean gone Hipster Saint? Can you imagine a comic getting his break nearly 20 years after his death? Not as a once-famous performer coming back from the grave, mind you—like W. C. Fields or Lenny Bruce—but as a complete unknown coming out of nowhere to post-humous fame? Can you imagine this old bird breaking up today's kids with Amos 'n' Andy imitations of Negro speech that were considered tasteless and bigoted even 25 years ago? Can you picture this Great Unknown, this man without a face, without a legend or even a crown of thorns, lending his name to rock groups and head shops, bringing out "new" records on half a dozen labels and becoming a byword as this generation's superfunny grandfather figure? If you can't handle this mental overload, you obviously aren't ready for the Lord Buckley Trip, a fad more bizarre than fried earthworms, more baffling than zen-master slapstick.

Let's start with the basic facts. Back in the Twenties, there was an entertainer named Richard Buckley who worked the Walkathons, tent shows and speak-easies of the Mid- and Far West. A strapping, six-foot-one, 185-pounder, he had a magnificent broad-shouldered, deep-chested, wasp-waisted physique that he had developed in his youth as a redwood topper in California. Before the booze caught up with him, he used to astound his audiences with freaky physical feats. In vaudeville, he would take two steps back and then do a tremendous broad jump that would send him sailing out over the orchestra pit to land in the center aisle.

During the Thirties, Buckley won the affection of the Mob by ridiculing the suckers in Chicago's murkiest dives. Eventually, he opened his own club in Sin City and hired every famous Negro jazz-

(continued on page 108)





# india

A jolly good guide to the large land of ganja smokers, bhang drinkers, charas yogis, high holy hemp gurus, etcetera, indeed.

## Your host, Shri Johnny Baba

It all came about as a result of Doctor Hofmann's experimenting about with what later turned out to be LSD. As this drug jumped from many hands to many mouths sparking the users to mystic inquest, many minds turned to India. Yes not too before long your four Beatle singing fellows and Mia Farrow moving picture stars were taking a great layman's interest in India; a country which we humbly submit has fascinated Western philologists and other scholar fellows for centuries. This is what I am prepared to argue. No more discussion, walk away if you don't like thinking.

Well so sorry for my jabberings contentious and assertive, but certainly I speak true truths. After LSD tens of thousands of westerners came to India seeking verities and drugs from our gurus and merchants. I say, nobody was more surprised than we Indians who had for centuries of British rule been called filthy, beggars and told to bloody well push off.

India has been tolerant of these seekers after our wisdom. The seekers' swallowings and smokings of bhang and ganja have not been a disturbance to us. Our mystics have been taking alkaloids to heighten awareness ever since chaps first started to keep historical notes on such things.... In much the same way your mystic Erasmus Rotterdamus would tug the jug our fellows would drink down bhang just like a dehydrated Benares carting crew.

Devotees of Shiva, Mahakala, Durga, Kali, Hanuman, Vishnu and whole squads of other gods of the Hindu pantheon take bhang as part of propitiation ceremonies. In worshipping Vishnu, for example, the head of the household will first take bhang before distributing it to other family members,

and on special religious occasions such as the festival of Shivaratri almost all pious Hindus will consume bhang.

The followers of Mohammed prefer smoking ganja to bhang, puffing it at weddings and social evenings, and nearly everybody takes cannabis as prescribed by ancient Ayurvedic medicine. Most unfortunate working people take bhang, ganja and opium to ease their troubles. Sadhus, ascetics, yogis and many holy men affiliated and not so take cannabis in various forms for the purposes of pleasure and religion commingled.

Thirty-five hundred years ago the Vedic hymns sung the praise of the mysterious ritual intoxicant soma. Scholars disagree on what soma actually was, some saying mushrooms, others alcohol or the climbing plant *Asclepias ascida*. All big-word fellows agree though that soma was worshiped for its ability to provide spiritual ecstasy and insight.

Down through the centuries mystic traditions in India have crossed and blended, modifying each other to greater or lesser degrees before diverging. Paths to mystic knowledge both drug-free and drug-using have run through Indian culture surviving side by side for centuries.

This long tradition of tolerance for a variety of mystical routes helped prepare Indians for the young ones from the West who came in their thousands to make a great fuss over our chillum puffers and bhang eaters and who talked so constantly to all who would listen of their spiritual affairs.

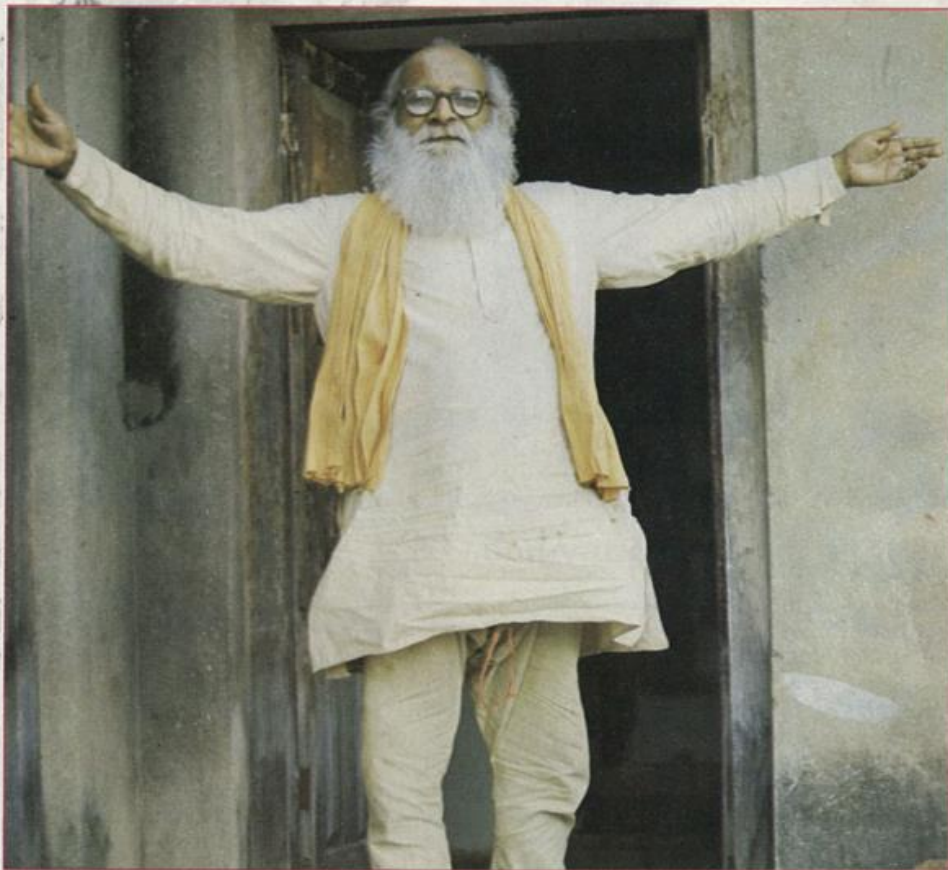
The westerners too took various paths in India. Some in Bombay and Calcutta became morphine abusers and died there in crumbling hotels. Others

less destructive of their arms and legs adopted Indian ways, becoming monks, scholars and sadhus wandering the country, ashes smeared upon their foreheads as a mark of renunciation. Learning Sanskrit and yoga, they practiced the traditional disciplines of India and took a place in Indian society. Some of course had the misfortune to be cheated by horrible rascal men pretending to wisdom, and so they too are much wiser.

Other westerners found paradise at the beaches of Goa where there was holy nude beach partying, full-moon acid worship and dollar-a-day currency differential awareness. As Goa became more crowded, things became less nice; methedrine use and suicides spoiled the party. Still in 1977 Goa may be the only place in the world where the young of the West still gambol in huge peer-grouping talking: "Oh wow, super stony, heavy getting you down." It is to be regretted that Indian businessmen in black suits and shiny shoes are now frequently to be seen standing in the scorching sand hidden behind palm trees hoping to catch a glimpse of nude hippies at play. The "hippy" has been sensationalized in very silly ways by lurid motion pictures and two-rupee novels with provocative covers. Blond hippy girls are portrayed as crazed love-ducks eager to seduce responsible Indian family men, and likewise dope-gobbling male hippies desire to bed pious Hindu virgins.

Still India offers many pleasures, and not to be forgetting, much wisdom for the vessel prepared to receive it. Here's to all you gals and fellows in America: Keep up the good work! Come along on a few-page visit to India! Don't let the side down! Turn the page, cheerio!





**High Times:** If it was deadly, why are you here now?

**Ganesh Baba:** The main trip in these trippings is to go to the very door of death, to the very border when you can come back to your body. There are some guys who can go to the very door of death. Some of the westerners are now claiming that they have gone, but I have my doubts. With your, ha, beef-ridden and your delicate without-immunity health, ha, thanks to your health department—great brag-gardry, eh, health activities: they are really killing and suffocating the American mass. Poor American mass, I must say.

**High Times:** Did you find enlightenment at the door of death?

**Ganesh Baba:** I didn't become psychedel-ic overnight. I do not claim any unique-ness like the phony India gurus who are invading you people and blowing your minds. Ha ha ha. I don't have a very high opinion of them. Ram Dass or Sham Dass and all those people. They are just frus-trated, trying to short-circuit the success they couldn't attain in normal careers.

Now through these bunglings, this jugglery of words... "Here and now" my foot. There is no here and now. Before you have said "here and now" your here and now has gone, don't you know that, Ram Dass? Your "here and now" is a will of the wisp, and you are like a fellow running after the mirage of maya. Ha. So these people pose holiness. He is calling himself "Ram Dass." But you see his passport and visa—they are all "Dr. Richard Alpert." Ha. A semiliterate psychologist from Harvard... He doesn't know the structure of the mind. He doesn't know even how the bloody mind functions. I was psyched-elic before Ram Dass was born.

**High Times:** What happened after your first trip?

**Ganesh Baba:** Those types of mind-blow-ing went on till whatever powers were guiding my destiny decided that I must now go into the jungle of material science and technology. So I went into science, went through all the hassles, business, became a multimillionaire, tangled with your Wall Street and matched wits with the paid idiots of the British and Ameri-can armies, and so on and so forth. Then I dropped out.

**High Times:** Why?

**Ganesh Baba:** Before I dropped out, I had started taking bhang that my friends had given me. You know, pasted cannabis with beautiful Indian spices, condiments and peppermints and what-not and what-not. You people cannot afford those things. So after that, well, I didn't feel like working, you know. Ha ha ha. I wanted to split, you know. That I have written in my book, *The Search of Myself*. It is a book worth reading, but I don't know, people

## interview with a dope guru

by Terry Clifford

Ganesh Baba is the head of an order of Naga Babas. These Babas are dope-smoking devotees of Shiva often to be seen wandering naked in the countryside. Ganesh, whose name is taken from the elephant-headed god of the Hindu pantheon, is a Vedantic and Tantric scholar. He also claims mastery of Western learning and talks a strange mixture of puns, boast, nonsense and sense, making use of terminology both scientific and mystic.

At one time Ganesh would smoke chillum after chillum of ganja, holding them up to his third eye and invoking Shiva, all the while exhorting Western visitors scientific or psychedelic to sit up straight and breathe deeply. Now afflicted by the infirmities of age, Ganesh no longer smokes his beloved ganja, instead drinking glass after glass of bhang frothies and eating grass cakes and candies, all the while praising God.

Ganesh used to call himself "Father George Gnosis the Sufi Saint," "the-psychedelic monk" and "the original hippy." High Times is pleased to introduce you to this unique man, and remember while

you read the interview to sit up straight for gosh sakes.

Kathmandu, September 20, 1976, and Ganesh Baba is speaking on divine things and psychedelia:

**High Times:** Have you always been a psychedelic guru?

**Ganesh Baba:** So far as my psychedelia is concerned, it's a long history. My first psychedelic experience was one of the deadliest poisons—called "karnel flower" in Hindi and Bengali. What it is in English, I don't know. It is a deadly seed. The flowers are funnellike, yellow, just like a beautiful funnel, you know, not like a funnel in a chemistry lab, but like a beautiful yellow bell with a long stem. If one-tenth of one seed is given to, say, people of the psychedelic eminence of Richard Alpert or Timothy Leary, they will kick their buckets that very night. It's only the hard-boiled, the tropical heat-fried Indian, you know, who can stand all those harsh, almost poisonous psychedel-ic drugs.



have not the time. Anyway I don't care for people to read my books. As long as the quality of man is, ha ha, at least to my liking, then I am quite happy.

**High Times:** What happened when you dropped out?

**Ganesh Baba:** I became a wholesale psychedelic. Before I was an experimental psychedelic. Then I lived on psychedelia.

**High Times:** Meaning?

**Ganesh Baba:** Meaning that I was not eating rice, dal, potato or anything. What I was having was cheese, white cheese, not the type of stale cheese and stinking cheese you people eat. Very fresh and lush cheese without all those stinkings and saltings. And that is mixed with beautiful pasted bhang with almonds, cashew nuts, raisins and 32 spices of Ganeshian psychedelic code.

**High Times:** Ganeshian psychedelic code?

**Ganesh Baba:** Yes, because after researching, Shri Ganesh has come by those things.

**High Times:** What are these spices?

**Ganesh Baba:** Ha ha ha. The GNP of America will be finished. If you really want me to talk, you don't have records enough to record them. That's my psychedelic way of saying I have too many things to tell, too few people to understand and still fewer to appreciate.

**High Times:** How long did you live on psychedelic cheese and spices?

**Ganesh Baba:** At least for three, four years. Of course I was a free man always. Once a psychedelic, you are a free man.

**High Times:** Were you wearing sunyasi [renunciant monk] robes then?

**Ganesh Baba:** Not immediately, but after about one year.

**High Times:** But most sunyasis don't take psychedelic drugs.

**Ganesh Baba:** I didn't become a sunyasi to match myself with them. I was already their donor, ha ha. So anyway I started taking this bhang. Then gradually taking, taking, taking bhang. In the meanwhile I am meeting some of these beatnik birds and some of these early hippies, hippies who have not finished with their digging of India, and some of them may have been dug also; they are still digging it. Ha ha, I know people who have been here for about 15 years. But they are not finished psychedelics.

**High Times:** So the beatniks started to show up and you became a psychedelic guru to them?

**Ganesh Baba:** No, I didn't become a guru. I am not yet a guru. I call myself a chela of my guru: Swami Sivananda, Lahiri Maharshi, Yukteswar Giri, Dev Sharma. They are my gurus. You may be my guru, who knows. I am a very open man so far as guru is concerned. Everybody is guru,

and I am everybody's too. If I can give you some information... that's the thing. You know information has a specific meaning as a subject of cybernetics. But I will refrain from jabbering these things.

**High Times:** Why do people come to you to learn the yoga method of getting high?

**Ganesh Baba:** Why they come to me you can tell better because you came to me, I didn't go to you. I have never gone out to anybody. I am sitting...

**High Times:** Then what do you give them when they come?

**Ganesh Baba:** I give them beatings. I abuse them. I tear their vanities and their egos and their Western pretensions into pieces. I pulverize their intellectual pretensions. I integrate their disorganized and disintegrated psyches and, above all, I love them and also kick them to express my love for them.

**High Times:** What did you do as sunyasi?

**Ganesh Baba:** After I became sunyasi I started practically living on psychedelia,

**"I am  
the highest  
hipster  
in the world."**

all different types of psychedelia. I decided to try the psychedelia experiment of the Nagas. You people think that this psychedelia is something new, but you do not know that psychedelia was the first discovery of the first man. Because when man from his natural animal-anthropoid state jumped into the stage of the *Homo sapien*, the psychic jump was a terrific jump. From the groveling animal world to the subhuman rational world, it's a big jump, and that jump made the stupid mankind what they call thunder-struck. Then all those Vedas and Vedantas and all those Asian scriptures and Hebrew scriptures and Sanskrit and Latin... those things came up. The main business then was not this materialistic productivity and exchange economics, but it was spiritual economics in which our Indian and Lamaistic gurus are indulging anyway.

So then I went on taking those psychedelia. Before that I had taken bhang and other heaving poisons like karnel flower, but I had never taken this ganja, or hashish, LSD, STP, amphetamines, a bit of cocaine, a bit of heroin, a bit of opium... everything I tried under the sun.

**High Times:** Who are these Nagas, whose psychedelic experiments you tried?

**Ganesh Baba:** They are the oldest order of monks. The oldest psychedelics. They have no connections with your secular, hassle-ridden world.

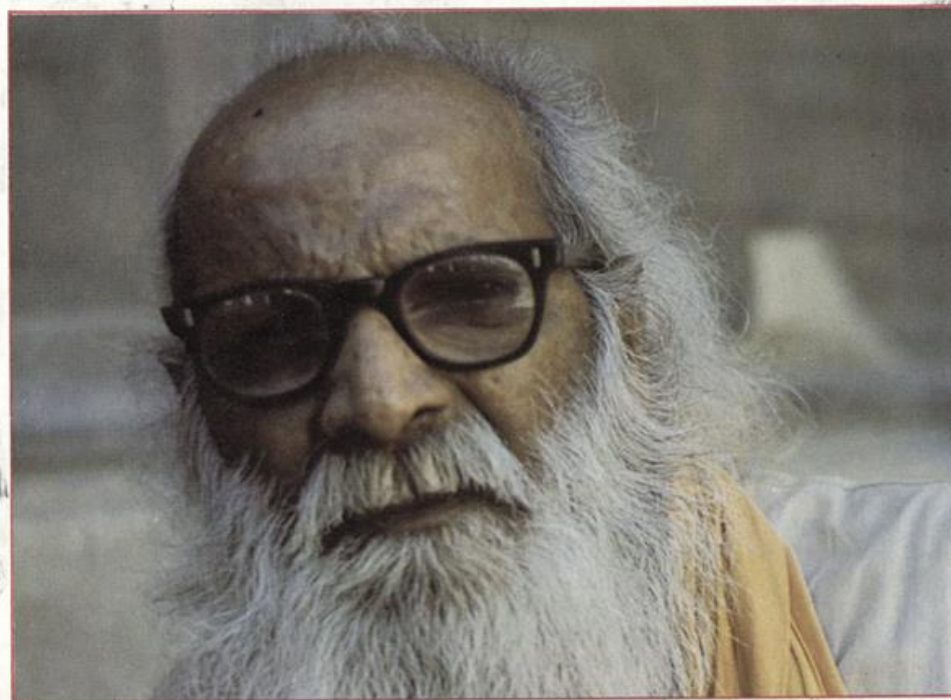
**High Times:** Do they smoke hashish and ganja?

**Ganesh Baba:** Who?

**High Times:** The Nagas.

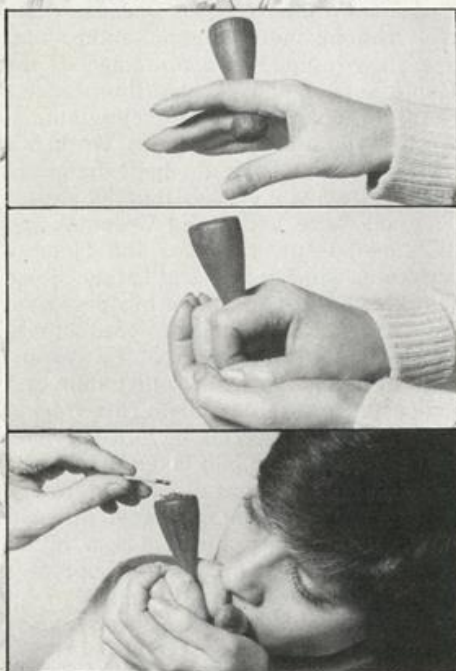
**Ganesh Baba:** No, they are not in a hallu-

(continued on page 112)





# 



Firstly the wise smoker acquires a chillum pipe. If the smoker is wealthy as well as wise, a Benares alabaster chillum may be purchased at most Indian head shops. If not wealthy, a less expensive pipe will suffice. Now the smoker must seek a pebble for the pipe, a pebble big enough to prevent the cannabis from falling through the pipe and offering burning insult to the hand cupped below, yet a pebble not so shaped as to prevent the pipe from drawing easily. Also please, take a small piece of light, slightly dampened cloth and wrap

it around the mouthpiece of the chillum like a skirt.

Now you must prepare the smoking mixture. Take a small pile of ganja and place it in the hand opposite to what you normally use for writings, swattings and pluckings. Then, cupping your hand, roll and rub the cannabis back and forth with the thumb of the other fellow. (Calloused palms are possible after a few weeks and considered fortunate.) Labor at the rolling until the marijuana becomes slightly sticky and begins to adhere to itself, holding together in a ball-like form. If you wish you may add the tiniest drop of rose water or milk, but do not add too much or your mixture will become too wet to smoke and you will be angry as a small boy mocked by a monkey.

While you are rolling you may chant the chillum mantra invocation to Shiva, *Bom Bom Bolenath*, or simply dump out your bad thoughts and concentrate on love, good will and dandy energy. In India this mental spiritual component is considered an essential ingredient.

Once you have finished this you may make a special little string ball. Knot and wrap twine into a pod and place it on top of the cannabis in the chillum. The purpose of this string O reader is to keep the chillum burning steadily.

Now you are ready to smoke the chillum. This requires two people, one to hold the pipe and smoke, the other to light it. The smoker takes the pipestem between the first two fingers and the thumb. Then place the palm of your opposite hand between your thumb and middle fingers so that a suction chamber is formed from your own hands. Place your mouth on the opening in your hands; not on the chillum itself. When your partner has the match in place, breathe deeply of the smoke. You will find the smoke much cooled in the chamber formed by your hands.

## 

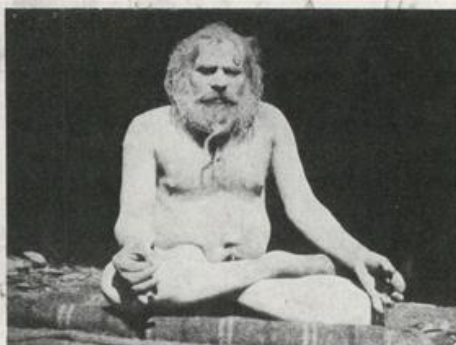
Here is the difference between these three smoking and eating versions of *Cannabis indica*. Pay attention, and your mind will soon finish sorting them out.

**Ganja:** Ganja comes from cultivated cannabis fields where the male plants have been destroyed to prevent pollination. The flowering tops of the virgin female plants are harvested after the lower leaves have fallen off.

**Bhang:** Unlike ganja, bhang grows wild and is made from the leaves and flowering shoots of both male and pollinated female plants. The plants are harvested often under government supervision in May and June on the plains and during June and July in the lower Himalayas. Bhang is never smoked. It is usually made into a drink of the same name.

**Charas:** This is the resin from the stickiest ganja tops, collected and concentrated in various ways, one of which is not by being scraped from the skin of mythical naked peons scampering through the cannabis fields of the Himalayan foothills. Charas is the most potent hemp preparation and is fairly new to India. No mention is made of it in the Vedic period. Much of the charas consumed in India is imported from neighboring countries.

Among sadhus and gurus of exceeding wisdom, the most popular high is datura. Datura is a large genus of hallucinogenic bushes and trees that includes jimson weed, thorn apple and angel's trumpet. Related to belladonna, henbane, tobacco and potatoes, all daturas contain the alkaloids atropine and scopolamine, which produce disorientation, hallucinations and often amnesia of much of the experience. Overdoses can be fatal.



Now here you see Nantin Baba. Many people say this Tantric scholar is over 100 years old, but who indeed can talk so without danger of fierce disputation and jabberings? Nantin Baba lives naked; his domicile a humble Himalayan cave. There he has been for many years smoking the chillum and directing the weary traveler to wisdom and to the next town.

Lorin Stanley

*Cannabis indica* first appears in the Vedas named as bhang. In later jottings of wise fellows both medical and sacred it is christened vijaya, and in the Tantric works samyid. There are more than 50 synonyms for the grass in Sanskrit as well as dozens of Arabic names used by Indian Muslims as well as common chatter-names in great profusion. For the sake of your greater amusement with this page we list some of the names here:

**Ajeya:** unconquered  
**Ananda:** blissful  
**Angaj:** body-born (from Shiva)  
**Bhangini:** relieves the three miseries  
**Capala:** light-hearted  
**Dialhada:** gives mental happiness

## 

**Ganja:** intoxicates like alcohol  
**Hari:** the god Hari, also bhang  
**Harsini:** rejoicer  
**Indrashana:** food of the god Indra  
**Kalaghni:** overcomes death  
**Madini:** exhilarates and delights  
**Manonmana:** accomplishes the objects of mind  
**Pasupasavinasini:** liberates creatures from the bondage of the world  
**Sarvogaghni:** cures all diseases  
**Siddhi:** spiritual perfection, occult or psychic power  
**Siddhida:** endows siddhi upon others  
**Trailokyavijaya:** victorious over the three worlds (desire, form and formlessness)  
**Viyaya:** victorious  
**Virapattra:** leaf of heroes



# इशान लह तिलकदाइ

It's only me home from the sea... Are you familiar with Western hymn "Barnacle Bill the Sailor"? Very moving by Jupiter, I feel. So about Shiva.

Shiva is the Hindu deity chap who is both the source and the patron of ganja, bhang and the holy high that is resulting. Pious men of India believe that through use of the blessed weed and through meditation upon Lord Shiva, one can realize the exalted state of pure cosmic consciousness Shiva stands for. In the Hindu god family Shiva represents destructive and regenerative energies, a dreamless formless trance state of being; he thrives and revels in the cremation grounds. He is surrounded in depictions by all manner of poisonous bugs and bad serpents who are said to suggest his power to transmute poisons and negative energies into something else entirely. He is the Mahadev, lord of the yogis, the primordial teacher of yoga as well as the state of ecstasy to which you aspire. If you wish me to explain that, I say no. That is the explanation, and a fellow can't go round explaining explanations. What, by Jupiter, could be clearer?

In ancient scriptures the story is told how Shiva was once cooled by taking a bhang bath and shelter in bhang's shade. Not a very good story, but not my damn fault. That is why Shiva is said to like

bhāng although there are a lot of other stories. Some fellows say Shiva shook bhang from the dust of his matted hair or brought it from the high Himalayas. In any case his name is linked with it and he is worshiped with it.

In his temples, worshipers pour sweet bhang milk over a big stone cock said to represent him and called a lingam or a

phallic symbol by bloody stupid idiots.

Shiva taught the tending of the herb from sprouting to consumption, and his whole holy fan club utters the mantra "bhāngi" at least 108 times during planting to ward off evil spirits. They do the same while cleaning and smoking. You think what you want but I am not so religious or noisy.



## ओपिउल

Westerners are often surprised to discover opium to be legal in some parts of India and obtainable from government shops. Today opium is taken mainly by rickshaw pullers, although the occasional sadhu will put a little in his chillum. Radical Indians argue that the drug is a bad thing as it stops working fellows from holding revolutions, and of course other Indians argue that is a good thing as it makes the hard task of survival as a rickshaw puller easier. I say damn they're both right.

In the city of Bombay there are opium dens in the red-light district. You walk up weathered creaking stairs past sari-clad beckoning prostitutes in their cubicles to a room where fellows lie about on a bare dirty floor with their heads on small cushioned stools. Not meaning bowel movements of course. In these places westerners are tolerated only for brief periods unless they should choose to become regulars, which excuse me, seems not like a good idea as you would miss life.

If you go be sure to have a look at the eyes of the fellow who fixes your pipe. His eyes may tell you much about the bad things he has seen.

## गुआंग भान्ग

So would you like to hear about some Eastern sexual practices, curious reader folk with wrinkled foreheads? So you shall. So you shall will or nilly. We begin with the male and female Tantrikas and they begin by eating goalies, tasty pellets of bhāng prescribed by Tantric ritual.

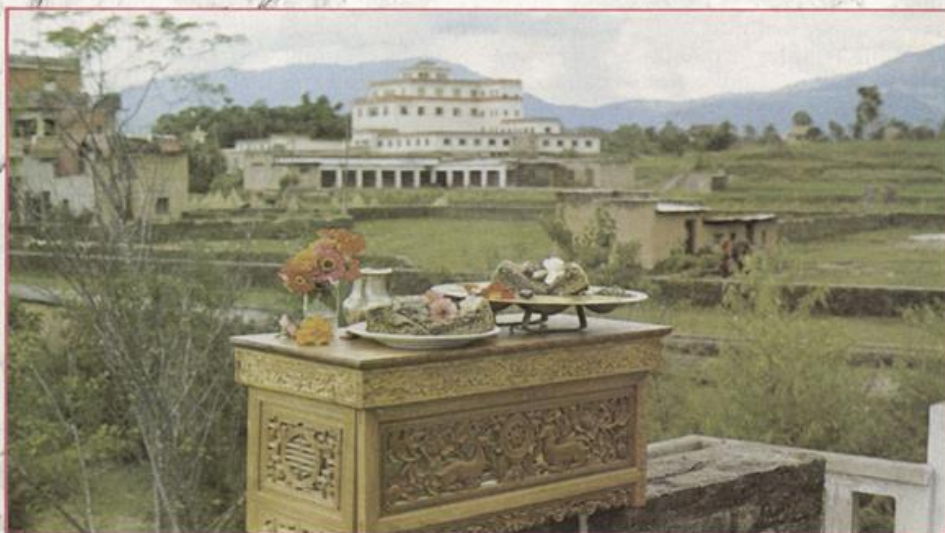
The bhāng is placed in a bowl inside a mandala upon the ground and purified with incantations and symbolic hand gestures called mudras. Great folderol takes place and then prayer. "Oh nectar-formed goddess Vijaya (cannabis), bestow siddhis (occult powers)." Then the Tantrikas deeply meditate, and a fiery bio-psychic energy swirls up their spines. They raise the bowl to their foreheads in a final gesture: down the hatch, sport! Up a long ladder, down a short rope!

Asian scholar A. Baharati has conjectured in thought that hemp is taken before the sexual union in order to loosen up the tightly repressed Indian libido. Ha-hu. Maybe the learned gentleman's lectures are just poorly attended; the street seems crowded, arguing loudly against his theory.

After the Tantric couple are as looped as monkeys they indulge in the famous and forbidden "five M's": fish, wine, meat, parched grains and hot sexing (all these words begin with M in the Sanskrit spelling). These five "poisons" are transformed into pure energy, and the two Tantrikas become one in a union that represents the ultimate victory over duality. Well why didn't you just say so? By George, I confess I don't understand but sounds like fun, what?



# Kathmandu your own thing



*By golly lunch is served. In Kathmandu today the special is grass cake and hash candy. You may all see Kathmandu to be a beautiful city, as the camera may not be tricked by lunch the way the mind can be; right you are!*

Kathmandu. Here one might have bliss accompanied by symptoms of spiritual ease without smokings and swallowings of resins and flowers and leaves and other fun substances.

Here in this valley-city ringed by bloody big Himalayas wearing permanent hats of snow you can imagine being darned happy for a long time, especially when you see sky turning from pink to purple to orange at the drop of an evening. Rice paddies are terraced all about the valley and seem to glow with a green light as they photosynthesize like the devil after monsoon rains. Buy them a big drink of aqua pura, by Jove. Here we often see rainbows, including the rare and very auspicious double rainbow which suggests to the Indian mind that a highly realized being has passed from the body and has turned into rainbow light by process unknown.

Everywhere gardens full of large damp roses and wild flowers of great beauty bloom, tended by the gentle Nepalese who offer them to deities and wear them in their hair. Temples are certainly in no short supply; such also is the case with pagodas, shrines, ashrams, monasteries and places of meditation. Most are decorated with religious art, no surprise to wiseman reader. Statues abound of come-right-over friendly goddesses and by-gosh horrible ugly fellow gods dancing on corpses. Forget them. There are many respectable fat gold Buddhas who sit before red powder offerings, smelling

through contented noses the incense, flowers and perfumes offered by religious gals and fellows.

Unfortunately too there is much sad poverty and ignorant badness such as garbage flying out of windows onto the heads of passers-by and you may be sure of no apology if you unlucky and all wet as a result of this practice. Sometimes too is the heart saddened by the sight of tiny babies unattended on filthy sidewalks shitting yellow dribble...

On each side of the city stands a Buddhist stupa. One the world's oldest, the other the world's largest. The dome of each stupa is marked with four sets of huge painted eyes—eyes of the Buddha awareness watching benevolently over the universe. Their vision is general over the world; on graveyard and churchyard, on the living and the dead, to boldly paraphrase your Mr. Joyce late of Dublin and Paris.

All day and night the people come to the stupas. Old Tibetans with their prayer wheels spinning in their minds, monks and beggars and hippies digging up the scene. They walk clockwise round the stupa making wishes which they hope will come true.

There are many contrasts in Kathmandu, and these contrasts help to fuel the heady religious atmosphere, I argue at you. Beautiful girls walk past silly fellows pissing in the streets; a pious hermit sits for years in his hill cave praying for all, while not far away by gosh animals are

being sacrificed to blood-guzzling Hindu goddess. I tell you it could turn a chap's mind to dust. You see how living in Kathmandu can be A-1 head voyage without hash, grass and so forth.

Still if you wish you may get high in Kathmandu. Not, however, as high as formerly when the hashish was plentiful and powerful at bargain prices. Those were days of a different color. Then there were many getting high, low and, I am sad to report, occasionally robbed and pan-handled. Now I am told hash is not so good at all and sometimes contains shoe polish. Other drugs are available among the community of foreigners on catch-as-can-basis: Thai sticks I have heard and more rarely a little mescaline or LSD. Locally you may purchase grass cakes and hashish candies. They taste quite good and give visual and aural hallucinations of great variety.

Things are changing in Kathmandu I am told by an American. More drinking of Nepalese rice beer called *chang*, less hashing and psychedelia. Life will be ongoing though, and this is a most lovely city for it by Jove.



*In Kathmandu lovely ladies offer grass cake and hash candies to the photographer. Behind the women grow Indian plants whose name has escaped our empty monkey heads. Perhaps the readers might help us?*



# benares

How old is Benares? Don't ask me you goose. It is as old as anyone can remember, and those who pretend to know say it is the oldest continuously inhabited city in the world. Are you wiser? Called Benares or Varanasi or Kashi, it is India's sacred city on the banks of the Ganges.

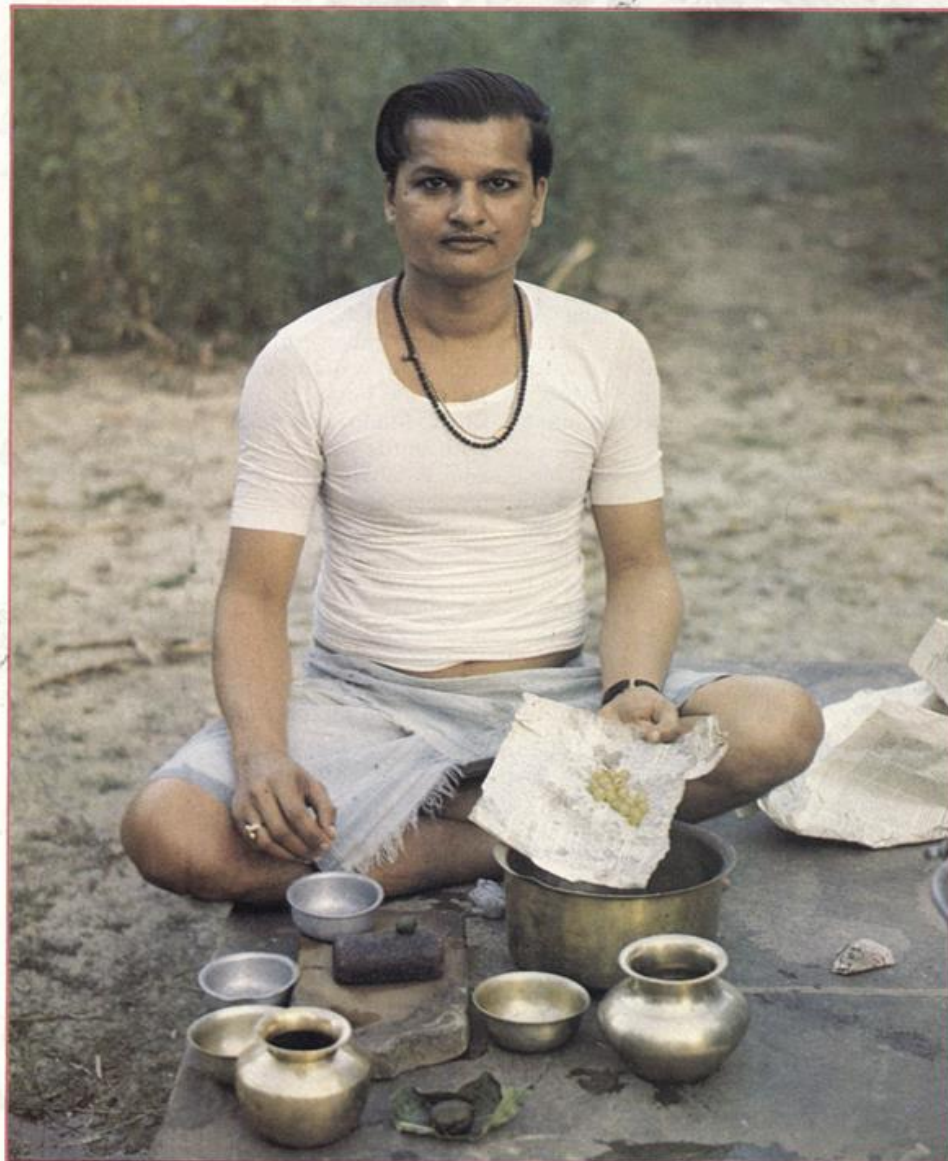
Here in Benares 75 percent of the citizens have taken cannabis; not ganja, of course, as this is a city of pious Hindus who are extremely displeased by smoking habits, but bhang, which is swallowed in the prescribed manner approved by Hindu men of sense.

If you wish, you may buy bhang in government shops. Others sell bhang lasses, very tasty bhang ice cream and god-damned sticky bhang candies. There are 75 government shops selling bhang, ganja and sometimes opium as well, and if you don't like government shops there are many crafty illegal fellows mongering in the bazaars. It is not so very irregular in Benares to see a fellow on the street swallow a little round bhang pellet with a pop of the hand over the mouth. Hah.

It is to be recommended that all Western visitors to India visit Benares. Here Western gals and fellows may eat some bhang and jump in the holy River Ganges, shouting Shiva mantras if they wish, and have a jolly good time. The waters of the Ganges should insure the benevolence of Shiva and the blessing of the gods of India, which is much to be sought as there are many pickpockets and highway persons about who offer unpleasing grief to the unfortunate.

Indians believe that to die in Benares and be cremated on the banks of Mother Ganges is the road to salvation and plain dead lucky. Sadhus, ascetics, yogis and naked painted fellows and gals come from all over India to Benares. Some walk, taking months or years to arrive, practicing austerities and so forth along the way. When they die they are burned on the ghats beside the river and by Jove I tell you to smoke a chillum while listening to the skulls pop in the heat is an experience of mountain-size magnitude, no arguments please.

At dawn holy folk converge on the ghats, generous-sized flights of steps leading down to the water. They have passed through pastel palaces and ashrams, ornate temples and shrines. Among the pilgrims are eagles, monkeys and cows. The crowd moves toward the Ganges: beggars, prostitutes, Brahmins, transvestites, prophets and hippies. Once at the river's edge they make their offering, millions of jasmine and marigold blossoms are tossed upon the water as



Here a Benares Brahmin pastes bhang, mixing the paste with spices and fresh grapes. He tastes the mixture as it is prepared and soon he will have to take tight hold of a blade of grass to keep from falling off the earth. Hah. We tell a jest-so story like your Kipling.

thousands of tiny candles float past and the smell of incense is up all noses. Chants and prayers of pilgrims blend with flutes and sitars; all harmonizing as the 108 names of God, if I may go poetic.

On particularly holy festival days almost everyone takes bhang as they do on astrologically excellent bathing days, which are quite frequent. Bhang and even datura seed are offered to Shiva. Also I reveal that on these days even the proper Hindu women and girls take bhang. Only the Muslims refrain; preferring as is their custom to smoke ganja like sadhus, often keeping their chillums burning from morning till night.

Oh, in Benares bhang is popular. A recent wise report from the University described users: "local sadhus, pandas, pundits and pahalwans who abound in

every city... laboring population, rickshaw pullers, boatmen... traditional socialites of Benares, artists, dramatists, musicians, band players... the criminal (nomadic) tribes and students now under the influence of mod culture. The train has now been joined by the hippies."

At Chai Baba's International Restaurant, Shri Chai Baba dispenses tea and helpfulness to a mixed clientele of easterners and westerners smoking chillums. Another colorful Benares character is "Snake Baba," who keeps a cobra as a smoking companion.

These poor descriptions of Benares do not do justice to this city. In India we say that Benares is like a beautiful woman; she cannot be flattered. I do not know if this makes sense to the West but it means well, you see?



# ਭੰਗ ਤੇ ਫਿਰ ਛਾਬੋਲੇ ਰਿ ਪੁਨਕੇ ਘੀਰਘੜੇ ਫਾਨੇ ਝੁਝਾਏ

There are many ways to eat bhang. Almost all involve "pasting" the bhang leaves with a mortar and pestle. Milk and spices are added to the paste, there you have the basic building block of lunch, saints alive.

**Thandai:** Mix a paste of bhang with iced milk and or yogurt and flavor to taste with any of the following: almond essence, rose petal, rose water, nutmeg, poppy seeds, ginger, anise seeds, sandalwood essence, saffron, cloves, cardamom, pistachio, black pepper.

These ingredients are all thought to have a beneficial effect on the mind and body; roses provided energy and vitamin

C, saffron doing wonders for the liver, cardamom benefiting the spleen. Cloves are supposed to be cooling and nutmeg is held to calm the mind.

Some people add copper coins and belladonna seeds to the drink in order to increase its intoxicating effect. I believe this practice may result in regurgitation or worse.

**Bhang Halva:** Mix powdered bhang leaves with flour and clarified butter (ghee), which can often be purchased at an East Indian-run grocery in America. Add a little dark sugar or molasses and mold into balls.

**Bhang Majun and Barfi:** Boil bhang paste with a little water or cook in ghee. Mix the result with sugar, *khaya* or *mawa* (sweets) and heat over a fire to form a paste.

**Bhang Goalies:** These are most excellent for chewing. Mix the bhang paste with brown sugar, water and a little pepper and ginger. Roll into a ball about the size of a marble and let dry for awhile. You may chew these or drop them into water and shake them up for a drink.

# ਓ ਭਾਵੇ ਰੇਏਫ ਗੀਰਘੜੇ

One sort of thing practiced by Shiva Babas that we don't suggest you try is adding a little scorpion venom to your chillum. The Shiva Babas, many of whom live in cold caves, claim that the venom helps to arouse the inner psychic heat. They take some scorpion powder which has been dried in a hard little rock and scrape a few minute chips into the chillum. The Babas say that within minutes they are as warm as toast and they stay that way for three weeks.

We have heard that one westerner untrained in the yogic mysteries smoked some of this scorpion venom powder on a visit to the cave of a venerable Shiva Baba. It is said he sweated profusely for one month barely able to withstand the torment rolling in the snow outside the cave to no avail. It is interesting, yes? Probably it is not true.

# ਫਾਟ ਫਾਨਘਾਬੋਏ ਫਾਨੇ ਰਿਫੇ ਤੋ ਫੇ ੩੦੦

Cannabis is first mentioned in Indian medical literature in the venerable *Athra Veda* dating from 1400 B.C. Don't you wish you had been? Excuse me fellows, a joke. In the *Veda* it is called *bhanga* and assigned to one of the five herbal kingdoms, and it was used as were the other drugs of the "kingdom" to relieve anxiety.

When prescribed by Ayurvedic GP's *bhanga* was administered in a "purified" (jolly often just prayed over, chaps) form and almost always in conjunction with other medicinal plants and herbs. *Bhanga* was thought to cool the blood, correct imbalances of the bodily humors and to be effective against epilepsy, sterility, impotence, diarrhea, colic and insanity. Its main therapeutic use in healthy people was as an aphrodisiac and rejuvenator.

The medieval Ayurvedic text the *Anada-kanda* describes a method of preparing cannabis in order to live 300 years. First prepare a bed of soils rich with cow dung and the flesh of snakes, then on an auspicious day plant the seed while facing either north or east, then sprinkle the new garden with water and milk. As the plants mature, continue to water them with clarified butter and honey. If your plants are lucky enough to survive your foolish irrigation, dry them in the hot sun of your homeland.

When they are dry, powder and mix  
(continued on page 115)



Lorin Stanley

Meet Gangotri Baba, so pleased I'm sure. Gangotri, whose name means "source of the Ganges," is an herbalist, a chillum puffer and a musician. He's a young-looking 60, perhaps due to his preferred smoking materials: *datura* flowers and seeds, charas and wild tobacco. Admirers say Gangotri Baba was a neurosurgeon for years before renouncing his craft and taking to the jungles and forests. Oh, by love with all respect, we must tell our readers we are not sure this is a verity.



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# the fabulous furry FREAK BROTHERS

BY GILBERT SHELTON  
AND TONY BELL



IT IS JOB-HUNTING TIME ONCE AGAIN, AND PHINEAS IS PERUSING THE WANT-AD SECTION.

NOW! THEY'RE LOOKING FOR SOMEONE DOWN AT THE VOLKSWAGEN GARAGE!

SO WHAT? YOU DON'T KNOW A DAMN THING ABOUT VOLKSWAGENS!

I CAN LEARN! HAVEN'T YOU HEARD ABOUT THE FAMOUS LOST COCAINE STASH OF THE VW VAN?

NO! WHAT'S THAT?

THERE WAS A BIG COKE DEALER WHO GOT HIS VAN RIPPED OFF, STASH AND ALL, AND EVERYONE FIGURES IT GOT REPAINTED AND RESOLD WITH ALL THE COCAINE STILL HIDDEN INSIDE!

PHINEAS SOON FINDS HIMSELF GAINFULLY EMPLOYED AT METROPOLITAN VOLKSWAGEN.

DARN IT! I'LL NEVER FIND THE FAMOUS LOST STASH PUSHING A BROOM!

I WANT TO BE A MECHANIC! I'LL EVEN WORK IN MY SPARE TIME!

OKAY, OKAY! YOU CAN START BY CLEANING OUT THAT VAN THERE SO WE CAN WORK ON THE HEATER!

THE WHOLE ENGINE COMPARTMENT IS CAKED WITH CRUD! I'LL HAVE TO USE THE PRESSURE HOSE!

NOW, WHERE WOULD A SMUGGLER HIDE THE GOODIES IN A CAR LIKE THIS?

HEY, PHREEK! TELEPHONE!

LISTEN, PHINEAS! I'VE BEEN RESEARCHING THAT RUMOR OF THE LOST VW VAN STASH! AND I BELIEVE WE'RE ON TO SOMETHING REALLY HOT!

OH YEAH? TELL ME MORE! TELL ME MORE!

THE PRESSURE HOSE SOON FORCES ENOUGH H<sub>2</sub>O THROUGH THE HEATER VENT TO FILL THE VAN...

IT'S SUPPOSED TO BE IN A '64 VAN WITH LOTS OF MEXICAN TOURIST VISA STICKERS? WOW! I'M WORKING ON ONE LIKE THAT RIGHT NOW!

...WITH DISASTEROUS RESULTS UPON THE HYDRAULIC LIFT SYSTEM!

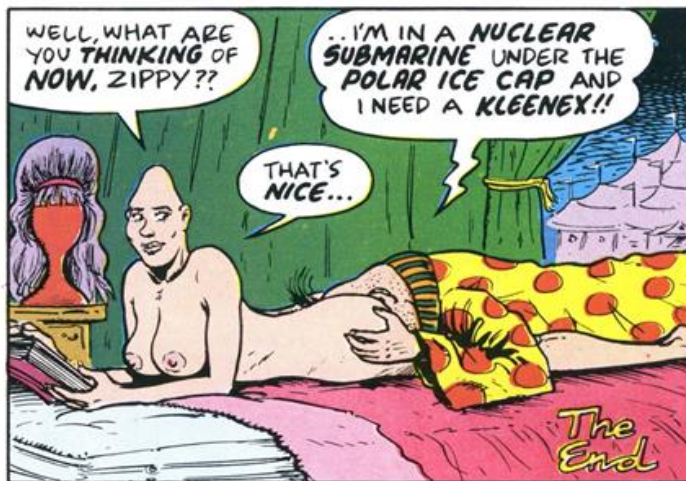
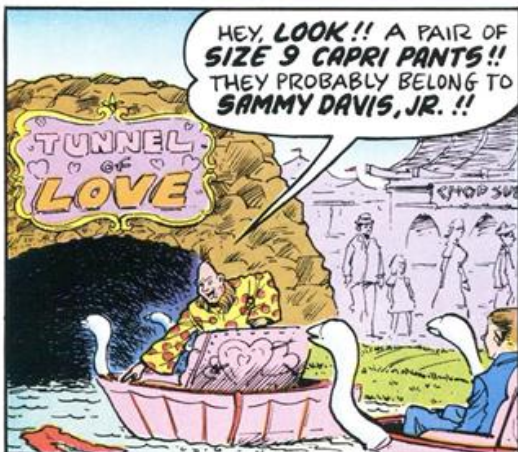
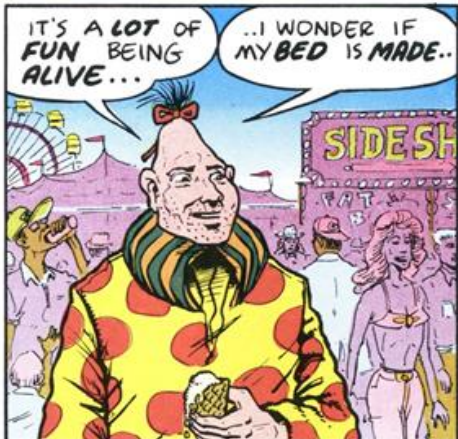
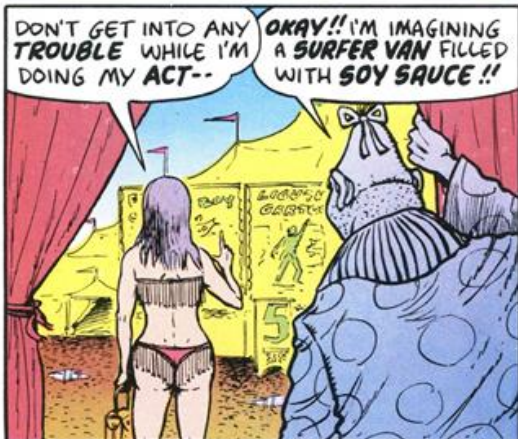
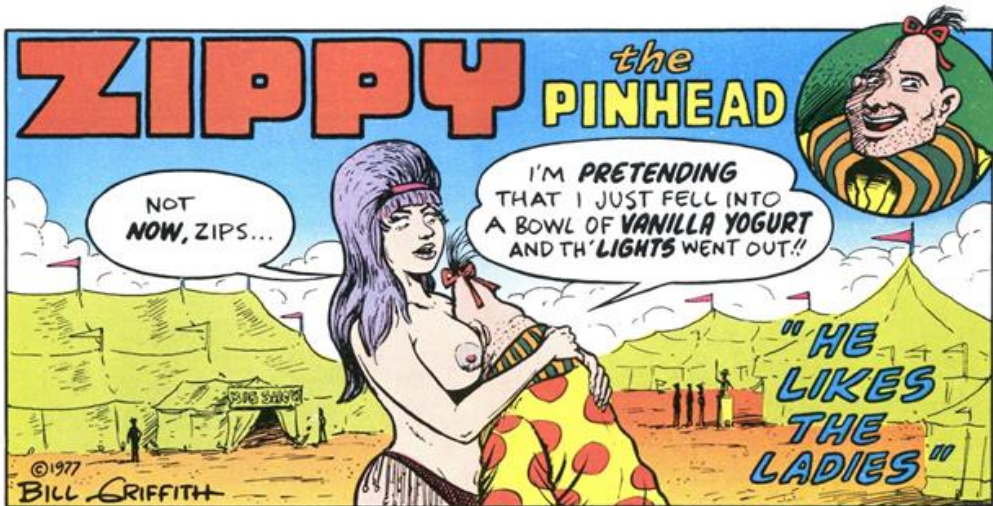


...AND AS SOON AS YOU MOP UP ALL THIS MESS, YOU CAN PICK UP YOUR PAYCHECK AND GET OUT!

(SIGH!) I DIDN'T EVEN FIND ANY HIDDEN STASH! THE HEATER VENT WAS JUST CLOGGED WITH OLD MACDONALD'S HAMBURGER BAGS!



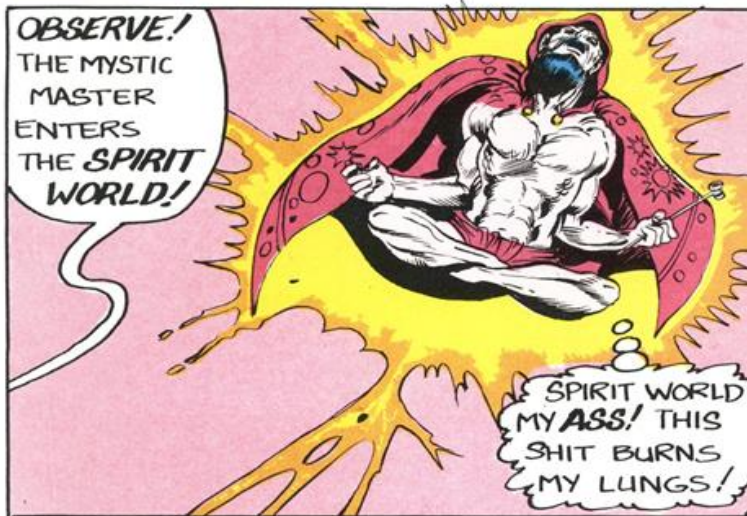






HIGH IN THE MISTY HIMALAYAS, A SOLEMN FIGURE PRESIDES OVER HIS DEVOTED DISCIPLES. TO THEM, HE IS MYSTIC POWER INCARNATE, SERENELY OMNIPOTENT. HE IS...

# the Ancient One!







# TINA TURNER

**The Acid Queen raps about sex, the occult and Ike**  
by Harry Wasserman





**D**uring its heyday, the Ike and Tina Turner Revue was the raunchiest show on the rock 'n' roll circuit. Veteran bluesman Ike Turner, goateed and glum, methodically pumped the neck of his electric axe while raspy-voiced wife Tina clawed at the air, snarled licentious come-ons, caressed her mike with two extended fingers and writhed in convulsions of raw, surging ecstasy. Meanwhile, the vivacious Ikettes would be singing backup, their three sets of hips pounding like jackhammers in unison. The show would inevitably climax with Ike and Tina exchanging hot spurts of lust on Otis Redding's "I've Been Loving You Too Long." They obviously had been loving each other too long, or too hard, because their marriage ended in threats of violence and the sound of gunshots from their home in Laurel Canyon, California.

Ike isn't dead—he's merely been divorced, taking a back seat to Tina's career while sitting in the front row at Caesars Palace in Las Vegas, watching his partner of 17 years finally make a go of her own. In the old act Tina seemed to be performing just for Ike, but now she makes her sexual challenge directly to the audience, with no middleman involved. Tina struts on stage in a cream-colored suit, cocks her fedora and does a slow, low-down "Goodtime Lady's Rag." Then four racially and sexually integrated dancers tear off her clothing to reveal a black corset with a huge slice missing in the midriff, but with a lavender valentine in a strategic place. A single black stocking is held up by a garter belt. To prove she bumps, her right shoulder's got a black and blue lump; to prove she grinds, she's wearing spiked heels the length of stilettos.

She glares at the audience and breaks into a fast and furious "Honky Tonk Woman." She still does other lightning-paced rockers like "Hold On, I'm Coming," "Jumping Jack Flash," "It's Only Rock 'n' Roll," "I Wanna Take You Higher" and "Proud Mary," with a new eight-piece rock band cooking behind her. But the scorchers are broken up by an occasional blues tune like Willie Nelson's "Ain't It Funny How Time Slips Away" or a ballad like Barbra Streisand's "Watch Closely Now." "I like to try songs like that, that take a lot of control," says Tina. "And besides, the ears get a chance to rest a bit." The whole act is classier, with a slew of costume changes for Tina provided by Bob Mackie (couturier for Marie Osmond and Cher), including a sheer body suit edged in strings of sequins and backed by a cape of silver and gold.

"I hate too much form in a show," says Tina. "That's why I like street dancing. I have to feel that free, good sensation. I know sex is important to my performance. But the sex is almost like being schizophrenic. When you think of Tina Turner, you think action, you think dancing, you think wild. But all of my stage presence is an act. I'm very domestic—I

have four sons, I'm a mother. I do a lot of reading. I'm especially interested in the occult, life after death and the spiritual side of life. I chant, and that keeps me in balance and I just keep going." She attributes her stamina to a low 56-count pulse and eating a lot of protein.

**I**'m a Southern girl," says Tina. "I wasn't brought up in dancing schools. I was just taught that when you have something to do, you go out and do it." There was nothing to do in her hometown of Nutbush, Tennessee (a small town just outside of Memphis), where the main attractions were "cathouse, ginhouse, schoolhouse, outhouse." Tina was born there in 1938 as Annie Mae Bullock. She sang in the choir of the Baptist church until she had "the hurt put on her" by her parents' marital troubles and was sent to toil as a fieldworker for various relatives. "I always wanted to leave the fields," says Tina. "I loved sitting under a tree at the end of the day, but I knew there was more. That's why I joined my mother in St. Louis. To me, that was the big city."

**"I have to feel  
that free, good sensation.  
I know sex is important  
to my performance.  
When you think  
of Tina Turner, you  
think action,  
you think wild."**

Then at 18 she got into astrology, and the planet waves led her to a nightclub where rhythm and blues piano-man Ike Turner and his Rhythm Kings were playing. Ike had started the band in the delta blues country of Mississippi, where they recorded the classic "Rocket 88," claimed by some to be the first rock 'n' roll record. He also tickled the ivories for such blues greats as Howlin' Wolf and John Lee Hooker and, using the moniker J. Taub, wrote blues songs like B. B. King's legendary "Sweet Little Angel."

When Annie Mae started hanging around Ike in St. Louis, he already had a revue-type show featuring various vocalists. He handed her the mike one night, and when he saw she knew what to do with it he decided she could lick and fondle it for keeps. In 1957 they recorded "Do You Mean It" and "You Made My Blood Run Cold" together, and the next year they were married. Annie Mae Bullock became Tina Turner and immediately had an accidental birth—not a bouncing baby, but a million-selling single called "A Fool in Love," which Ike had reluctantly let her sing when Art Lassiter didn't show up at the recording session.

The Ike and Tina Turner Revue was

formed when Ike switched from piano to electric guitar, and Tina hired a trio of female singers dubbed the Ikettes, who at different times have included P. P. Arnold, Bonnie Bramlett and Merry Clayton. Phil Spector saw the revue perform on the set for the film *The TNT Show*. He was so impressed with Tina that he later produced her rendition of "River Deep, Mountain High" in 1966, with Tina's voice ascending into a sensual crescendo while the complex background orchestration builds into Spector's famous "wall of sound."

Ike and Tina followed with a number of hits, including "The Hunter" and "I've Been Loving You Too Long," the latter becoming the centerpiece of the show when they toured with the Rolling Stones in 1969. Stones fans discovered that a ferocious black wildcat named Tina Turner could be every bit as sexually exciting as their primping white demigod Jagger, and their orgiastic approval assured the revue new-found fame.

**T**heir act changed little for the next five years, and Tina yearned to go on her own. Called "the hardest-working woman in show business," she quickly followed her divorce with a new solo act she broke in at dates in Vancouver, Denver and Washington, D.C., before a successful run in Las Vegas. "I've always felt I was kind of solo," says Tina. "On stage I've always been out front, and Ike was directing things in the back. Now I'll say 'give me this' or 'let's do that,' and before, Ike did that. I've evolved one step higher, and I plan to go even further. I plan to always keep what I'm known for, but I'd like to let the people know that I'm capable of doing other things."

One thing she's capable of doing well is movies. Millions can hear her deep throat on record, but if you can't catch a live performance you miss most of her animal magnetism. Like other rock stars, it took the movies to capture her essence and to fashion her myth. The Maysles brothers' *Gimme Shelter*, besides depicting the apocalypse of Altamont, transmitted the orgasmic delight of Tina at her beastly best. But her first real character role was in Ken Russell's Who-inspired *Tommy*, in which she brought the Acid Queen to quivering, pulsating, electrifying life. Her first scenes in the film were as a street-walker, and unfortunately she hasn't been able to shake the stereotype since. "I've had several scripts sent to me, but they have all been for hookers. And it's okay to do a good hooker part once to leave a lasting impression, but I don't want to be typecast. I don't want to always be portraying a woman who walks the streets, but I'd love to be an actress. I really can't go much further in what I'm doing now. I could make hit record after hit record, but then I'd probably just draw bigger houses—I'd be doing the same thing. It's time for another step." ■



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**Christmas**  
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# Dope in the Cinema

(continued from page 73)

Moondog, the Fugs and Burroughs himself as demonic dealer Opium Jones, Rooks succeeded in shaping several creditable hallucinatory sequences full of good, clean, schizophrenic fun. In an even lighter vein were Rudy Burkhardt's *Inside Dope* (1971), a parody of the "educational" shorts of the Fifties, and John (Pink Flamingos) Waters's *The Diane Linkletter Story* (1971), a loose re-creation of that widely publicized acid tragedy with 300-pound drag queen Divine in the title role.

Another cinematic enclave that introduced contrary evidence into the industry's ongoing case against drugs was the documentary film. The subject had engaged nonfiction filmmakers as early as 1931, when a determined Russo-German film unit waited some eight months to secure the Imam Yaha's permission to record the "happy, primitive people" of Yemen chewing khat and indulging in other happy, primitive pastimes. Dwain Esper, the independent road-show auteur

## California filmmakers feared exploitation of the Manson murders would encourage unshackled Mansons to murder them in their waterbeds.

who'd contributed *Narcotic* to the Anslinger era's stockpile of shrill antidrug disquisitions, lensed at least one less-than-objective drug documentary, *Opium*. The high point was a scene showing an emaciated elderly Arab snorting an enormous wad of cocaine while a horrified narrator exclaims, "How can he do that!?" The British *Dream Flower* (1932), an elegiac essay upon the stunning umbellulation of the poppy, ended on a like note.

It wasn't until the late Sixties that nonfiction films exposing previously ignored or deliberately closeted social skeletons found popular acceptance. Artfully disturbing documentaries like the Maysles brothers' *Salesman* and Frederick Wiseman's *Titicut Follies* represented a response to the period's passion for unmasking the hypocrisies that remain alive and well in our Augean state.

The youth culture so energetically exploited by the film industry was likewise the focus of several period documentaries. Those drug-related rockumentaries (*Fillmore*, *Monterey Pop*), tailored for a more informed segment of American youth, naturally took a less viperous view of drugs than the norm. Movies that couldn't decide whether to condemn or cater to that segment encountered uniformly chilly box-office re-

ceptions, a fate that also awaited such outright hypes as *Medicine Ball Caravan* (1971), a classic exercise in studied inanity that took the counterculture for a cross-country ride and plugged a few Warner Brothers recording acts en route. More successful were the Maysles's *Gimme Shelter* (1971), a hard look at the dark side of the youth culture, and Michael Wadleigh's *Woodstock* (1970), a celebratory look at the bright side. Though *Woodstock* recorded a number of bad trips and OD's, it also contained innumerable reaction shots of happily stoned audience members sharing a meaningful weekend of musical and psychedelic communion.

By 1972, prodrug filmgoers were plentiful enough to support at least one modestly budgeted feature-length documentary devoted entirely to marijuana lore. A rare excursion outside the sex film field by Frisco porn czar Alex De Renzy, *Weed* mixed smuggling and consumer tips with exotic, if only infrequently germane, travelogue footage. What was most surprising about *Weed* was that it even managed to cop a PG rating, a remarkable feat for a prodrug film, even in '72, and a lone aseptic spot on De Renzy's otherwise perfectly blemished film record.

To counteract the negative effects of the exploitation quickies and to hook into the psyches and purses of prodrug film freaks, a few studio films also began peddling a more positive bill of psychedelic goods. While never rising above the level of second-rate Sunset Strip surrealism, Roger Corman attempted to inject a modicum of accuracy into American-International's Jack Nicholson-scripted *The Trip* (1967), a journey undertaken by young commercial director Peter Fonda, afflicted with a mild case of California angst. If nothing else, it could be argued that the film credibly approximated the sort of acid trip that might be experienced by a man who'd seen too many Roger Corman movies. The filmmakers fumed, however, when pressure from nervous studio execs and industry censors forced them to alter the movie's final image.

As originally planned, *The Trip* was to end with a deliberately ambiguous post-trip aubade—a tight, close-up freeze on a fully descended Fonda sitting on a beach, vacuously eyeing the horizon. In the revised version, that static image suddenly shatters, none too subtly suggesting imminent cellular breakdown, probable brain damage and a future full of three-eyed offspring. Since *The Trip* straddled the line between earnestness and exploitation throughout, the impact of that compromised image was a good deal less earthshaking than Corman and company probably felt it should have been. Still, it was just this sort of cynical interference that would later prompt Fonda to remark: "My sister says power to the people. I say to hell with the people. We're all violent, insane and pathological. People are dum-

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mies. This whole mess we're in has been brought about by people."

Fonda and fellow Tripster Dennis Hopper returned two years later in the legendary *Easy Rider*, a film that convinced studio heads that a prodrug stance would not necessarily turn 'em off at the box office. On the contrary, the slick, psychedelic western, shot on a budget of \$400,000, grossed over \$25 million.

Despite its fairly consistent simple-mindedness and occasional fits of lyric pretention, *Easy Rider* was not without its moments. Especially effective were the campfire scene, where a newly stoned lawyer (Jack Nicholson) advances his inspired theory of benign interplanetary conspiracy (a monolog reportedly improvised while under the influence), and Fonda and Hopper's acid trip amid the bleak chaos of Mardi Gras. Their grim graveyard frolic with a pair of psychically disheveled prostitutes concentrated, however accurately, on the negative consequences of LSD use without granting equal time to its more sanguine effects, reflecting the industry's ongoing fear of appearing to "endorse" drugs. Further abetting these moments of offhand authenticity were an adrenalizing rock score and Lazlo Kovacs's evocative outdoor cinematography. The psychedelic knights astride their sleek, high-speed steeds; the vast, versicolored sky, and the purple mountains' majesty were never long out of camera range.

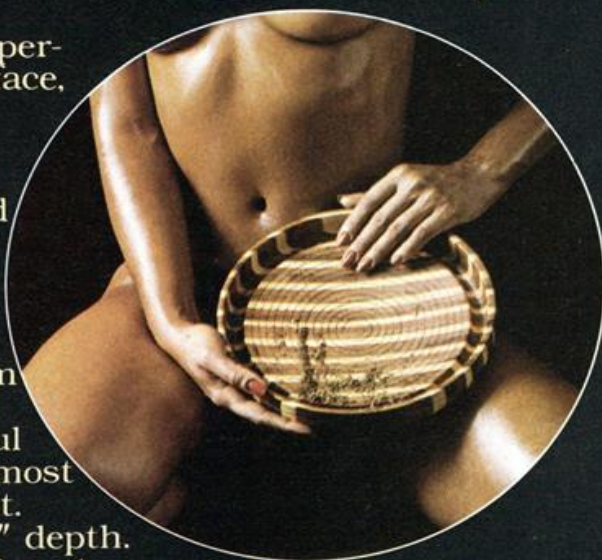
In addition to virtually inventing the "road movie" genre, *Easy Rider* prodded traditionally conservative movie moguls to put bigger, if not always better, drug vehicles on the Hollywood highway. Had it not been for *Rider*'s commercial success, it's doubtful that flicks transmitting more open attitudes toward psychoactive drugs would have reached the screen.

By the close of the Sixties, drug indulgence had become so widespread that few patrons were shocked to see Joe Buck toke up at a SoHo glitter party in *Midnight Cowboy*. The cinematic dope lens had expanded its narrow, deprecating focus. The teenage trio in Frank Perry's *Last Summer* lost their marijuana maidenheads while sitar music plinked on the soundtrack. Director Paul Mazursky pointed out that even the best acid can't fully compensate for a mediocre imagination by casting Donald Sutherland as a would-be Tinseltown Fellini in *Alex in Wonderland*. Britain contributed Nicholas Roeg's *Performance*, a film that may have captured the acid perspective better than any other major commercial movie before or since. Soon almost every film even remotely concerned with the youth culture—from such trendy trivia as MGM's *The Magic Garden of Stanley Sweetheart* to Antonioni's searingly naive *Zabriskie Point*—seemed to contain at least one obligatory drug scene as proof of its being contemporary. ☐

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Jan. 1978

No. 29

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## COCAINE CONFIDENTIAL

# Colombia Puts Heat on Coke Kitchen

Colombian DAS narcotics agents, acting under increased U.S. pressure to stem the cocaine flow to the states, boarded up a modern coke kitchen near Vistahermosa, seizing 120 pounds of refined flake, two Aerocommander planes and an undisclosed number of suspects, including an American pilot.

The raid in the Meta province initiated a week of busts. In Neiva, a provincial capital in the Andes, another lab was dismantled only days later, resulting in four arrests and the seizure of several pounds. Following the Neiva raid, three men were arrested in Bogota, allegedly holding two kilos.

● Customs agents at New York's Kennedy Airport apprehended a Floridian arriving from Cali, Colombia, and charged him with smuggling six pounds of cocaine in a custom-made suitcase. A second suspect was also detained.

● Don Murdoch, the high-scoring right wing for the New York Rangers, was arrested at Toronto International Airport and charged with possession of cocaine. Mounties said they took a fifth of an ounce from the 1976 NHL rookie of the year. Murdoch, 20, is believed to be the first professional hockey player ever busted for coke.

● New Jersey police confiscated four pounds of flake from a motorist on Interstate 80, enhancing the state's reputation as the dope corridor of the East Coast. State troopers and local police say they aren't equipped to handle the mass trafficking of drugs on the New Jersey Turnpike and other major state roads.

● The most-escaped coke figure in Ecuador, Carlos Ramirez Vargas, has been jailed for the fifth time in Guayaquil, where he staged his first breakout four years ago. In addition to Guayaquil, Vargas has left empty cells behind him in a marines' barracks and a local jail. In 1974 he fled to the U.S., where he served 40 months in Atlanta before returning. Guayaquil narcs say he manages to direct his huge export and processing operation no matter which jail he occupies.

● Don Shula gets no kick from cocaine. The Miami Dolphins coach was standing in the locker room when NFL security guards arrived to question players on the coke

case involving teammates Randy Crowder and Don Reese. A veteran patted some talc under his nose and yelled, "They look familiar—what do they want?" The Dolphins roared, but Shula demurred, "That would be funnier any time but now."

● An entire Ecuadorean family of six is on trial in Guayaquil on-cocaine charges. Cops say the family held 25 pounds of paste when arrested. Respected Ecuadorean attorney Dr. Enrique Echeverria, meanwhile, has also become an unlikely coke suspect. He lost his freedom on the Peruvian border, allegedly holding a kilo of pure coke on the export run from Huaquillas.

● A valuable oil painting of Frank Sinatra wearing a clown's suit has upstaged the evidence as the main attraction in a cocaine conspiracy case in San Diego. The DEA confiscated the canvas in a raid on the suspects' house. But after the defendants pleaded guilty, both claimed ownership of the oil, as did a local singer who claims it was stolen. The painting is reportedly worth thousands.

● Wisconsin undercover narcs bought two kilos of coke from three Madison men, arranged for a second purchase of five kilos and then busted the suspects in a pre-dawn hotel raid.

● Plainclothes agents were also busy in Sarasota, Florida, seizing two pounds and arresting three in an airport bust.

● A coke suspect in Miami is sure to make his bail, no matter the amount. The 40-year-old runs a bail-bonding firm outside the U.S. courthouse. He allegedly held and sold more than a pound of snow.



## DEA Probes Eastern Grass Connection

Raids netting seven tons of pot in Rhode Island have catalyzed a major DEA investigation of an organization credited with using 200 international dealers, a massive transport fleet and connections in 18 states to import most of the East's marijuana supply.

Rhode Island police arrested 21 persons, seized 14,000 pounds of grass and took quantities of hash and cocaine in busts in Jamestown, Warwick and North Kingstown. Cops tied some of the pot to the Jamaican ship *Dorchester*, released after a mysterious mooring in waters off Newport late last summer. (See December "High Crimes.")

Narcs could pin nothing on the ship's owner, but they found papers revealing successful import operations in Maine totaling 60 tons of Colombian. Ledgers and other documents also implicated Florida pot dealers and made reference to 20 trucks, six planes and at least four cargo boats at the importers' disposal.

One paper had the names "Vesco" and "Lansky" penned next to accounting numbers in the millions of dollars, presumed references to fugitive Watergate figure Robert Vesco and alleged rackets king Meyer Lansky.

● The largest cache of magic mushrooms and spores ever

reported has been confiscated in Fremont, California. Police seized 2,500 pounds of mushrooms in a raid on the home of a plant store owner and arrested the 32-year-old cultivator. Authorities placed the value of the sacred fungi at \$2.5 million.

● An Ontario, Canada, motorcycle gang was accused of controlling 70 percent of the province's trade in speed after police arrested 26 gang members. Taken was \$750,000 of methamphetamines.

● Two Coast Guardsmen assigned to protect 3,000 pounds of Colombian in South Portland, Maine, have been charged with stealing some of it.

## High Times

### HIT PARADE



Late-season importers are being caught in unusual numbers on Florida's East Coast. Miami narcs busted seven boats in a single weekend, running five of them down in high-speed chases in coastal basins. Casualties included:

● 10,000 lbs: Murrell's Inlet, S.C., sailboat *DeSiderata-D*, no arrests.

● 8,000 lbs: Miami, Fla., truck and boat *Premo Donna*, 2 arrests.

● 5,000 lbs: Ft. Lauderdale, Fla., 38-foot powerboat, 1 arrest.

● 4,500 lbs: Baker's Haulover, Fla., boat *Dirty Dave* and other vessel, 5 arrests.

● 4,000 lbs: Miami, Fla., fishing boat, 1 arrest.

● 4,000 lbs: Ft. Lauderdale,

Fla., 26-foot formula boat, 3 arrests.

● 4,000 lbs: Lake Worth Inlet, Fla., prowler *Conch-A-Chero* and smaller craft, 2 arrests.

● 2,000 lbs: Pompano Beach, Fla., boat *Lady's Choice*, 2 arrests.

● 2,000 lbs: Pike County, Pa., farm bust, 5 arrests.

● 2,000 lbs: Sarita, Tex., grain truck, 1 arrest.

● 2,000 lbs: Hermiston, Wash., farm bust, no arrests.

● 1,200 lbs: Mankato, Kan., farm bust, 8 arrests.

● 1,000 lbs: Ft. Lauderdale, Fla., van, 2 arrests.

● 90 lbs hashish: Moroccan-Algerian border, car, 1 arrest.

● 21 lbs hash oil: Boca Raton, Fla., no arrests.

## White House Rejects Humor Bid

by Irving Shushnik

If there's one account the Carter administration hasn't overdrawn yet, it's the one at the Federal Reserve Bank of Laughs. In fact, says George Q. Lewis, the Carter people haven't a goober's worth of a sense of humor.

Lewis ought to know, for as the chief gagster of the 200-member Humor Societies of America, he's an expert on laughs. Recently, the White House said "peanuts" to Lewis's proposal that the president appoint a Secretary of Humor "to promote laughter and mirth in a happier society."

In spite of the rejection, Lewis is persistent. "We have a ten-point program," he explains. "Besides the Secretary of Humor, we want the president to form a National

Humor Commission, a post for American Humor Laureate, a National Summit of Humorists to be held in Washington as well as the appointment of an Ambassador of Humor, maybe Bob Hope.

And on the local level, we want to see Municipal Mirth Exchanges, State Humorists and resident humorists in every city. I think that's ten points. Oh, yes, and we eventually want to see a World

Humor Congress."

Meanwhile, the Humor Societies of America are preparing for their annual "National Hostility Week," which starts on April 15. "We have a heckling contest," boasts Lewis.





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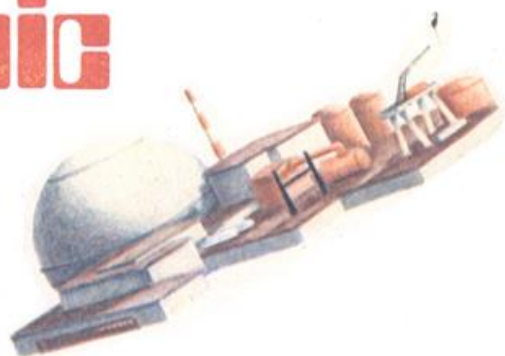
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# The Anti-Atomic Power War

by Bob Tkacz



Rich Williams

The movement to prevent construction of nuclear power plants in America has become more popular than at any time in the last 20 years, turning into one of the most successful grassroots movements in American history.

On April 30, 1977, the Clamshell Alliance began its occupation of the construction site of a nuclear power plant at Seabrook, New Hampshire. In the course of the arrest of 1,414 Clams, national attention was drawn to the issue of nuclear power and, perhaps more importantly, focused on the diversity of persons and groups joining in the protest. And their message was simple: No nukes.

"This is what we all dreamed about," says Harvey Wasserman, a journalist and one of Clamshell's organizers. "This is a protester's dream, a spontaneous grassroots uprising. And the beauty of it is we are sprouting up everywhere."

The Gensuikin, a Japanese socialist party, and the Gensuikyō, its communist counterpart, had split 14 years ago over the issue of whether to include nuclear power plants with nuclear weapons as the focus of protests to the government. The latter party, until last August, had approved of nuclear power as an energy source. At the annual conference the two parties publicly stated their united opposition to nuclear energy in all its applications.

In Spain last July, 150,000 anti-nuke demonstrators marched through the streets of the Basque capital of Bilbao protesting plans to build a nuclear power plant in Navarre Province. In Denmark, the Organization Opposing Atomic Energy has succeeded in motivating public opinion against nuclear power to the point where, according to *The Progressive* magazine, "atomic power in Denmark is not even being discussed with any seriousness this year."

All nuclear power plant construction in West Germany has been halted by court litigation, and in France 30,000 demonstrators from Belgium, Switzerland, West Germany and the Scandinavian countries joined to protest the construction of "Super Phoenix," a plutonium-producing breeder-reactor. One demonstrator was trampled to death by crowds fleeing tear gas. However, the violence was sparked, according to the New York

Times, by "about 100 helmeted youths carrying clubs and black anarchist flags."

In the U.S., Seabrook organizations closely patterned after the Clamshell Alliance (named for the clam beds of the New England coast, which will be destroyed by the heated water that the plant will return to the sea) have sprouted in dozens of localities where nuclear plants are proposed.

The Abalone Alliance in California occupied the site of a power plant in the Diablo Canyon, near San Luis Obispo, last August. As a symbolic protest, 50 persons ranging in age from 20 to 77 were arrested. In Oregon, 82 members of the Trojan Decommissioning Alliance were arrested after a two-day occupation of the Trojan Nuclear Power Plant, the country's largest operative nuclear power complex.

But to report anti-nuke protests in such places as California, Oregon and New England does not a national movement make. So consider: the Catfish Alliance, newly formed in Dothan, Alabama; the Great Plains Alliance of Columbia, Missouri; the Sea Alliance of Montclair, New Jersey; the Oystershell Alliance in New Orleans. And there are others, planning occupations and distributing information.

"I really believe that if people know the truth about nukes, there's no way they'd be for them," John Maxwell of the Oystershell Alliance says. "The truth is so bad that they condemn themselves. They're a much greater terror than Vietnam."

In 1976, according to the U.S. Energy Research and Development Administration (ERDA), 59 nuclear power reactors were in operation in America and 156 were either under construction or planned. In August of 1977, the ERDA reported that 65 plants were in operation and 77 under construction or applying for permits to begin building.

In a statement following the reversal of an Environmental Protection Agency rejection of the Seabrook cooling system, the Clamshell Alliance termed the decision "a declaration of war" and said "Jimmy Carter may be signaling with this decision that he's the Lyndon Johnson of the environment."

Johnson lost his war, too.



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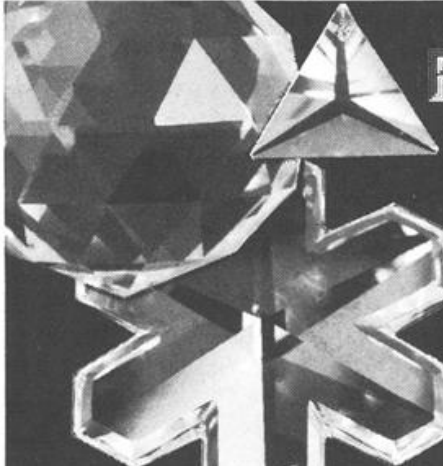
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# Trans-High

# Market Quotations

## AFGHANISTAN

Local Kabul hash	fair quality, good quantity	oz	1-2
Water-pressed hash	just OK	kilo	50-100
Shirac hash	supply declining	oz	1-2
Mazar-i-sharif	very tasty	kilo	40-80
Chitral hash	one of the best	oz	3-7
		kilo	100
		oz	3-7
		kilo	100-200
		oz	5-10
		ih	125-250

## AUSTRALIA

Domestic grass	poor to fair	oz	20-40
Nepalese hash	supply declining	lb	200-350
Indian hash	decent	oz	80-120
Afghani hash	excellent when found	lb	900-1200
LSD	usually fair blotter	oz	70-100
Cocaine	cut rock	lb	800-1100
		hit	100-160
		100	1100-1600
		gm	2-5
		oz	100-200
		oz	75-115
		oz	1600-2200

## BELGIUM

Nigerian grass	scarce	oz	30-50
Chitral hash	wonderful smoke	lb	400-550
Lebanese hash	mostly red	gm	2-3
Nepalese hash	good to excellent	oz	45-80
LSD	brown blotter	oz	40-60
Cocaine	OK	lb	400-550
		hit	45-75
		100	450-600
		gm	2-5
		oz	225-350
		oz	60-100
		oz	1050-1500

## CANADA

Domestic	fair to excellent	oz	25-100
Regular Mexican	fair supply and quality	lb	250-1000
Top-grade Mexican	Guerrera and Oaxacan	oz	10-25
Commercial	decent	oz	100-300
Connoisseur	some gold	lb	35-65
Hawaiian	delicious smoke	oz	350-600
Afghani hash	thin fresh slabs, primo	oz	30-40
Indian hash	just OK	lb	325-475
Kashmiri hash	excellent	oz	40-65
Afghani hash oil	potent	lb	400-600
Honey oil	light color, tremendous	oz	175-225
LSD	various types	oz	2000-3000
Cocaine	decent rock and flake	oz	100-150
		oz	1200-1600
		oz	90-130
		oz	900-1300
		oz	110-175
		oz	1300-1900
		gm	25-35
		oz	350-500
		gm	25-40
		oz	250-550
		hit	1-3
		100	100-200
		gm	75-125
		oz	1300-1900

## COLOMBIA

Santa Marta gold, red	spicy weed	oz	5-12
Machu Picchu	excellent head	lb	40-75
Punta roja	tasty red	oz	5-10
Colombian hash	fair	oz	45-80
Colombian hash oil	improving	lb	25-55
Magic mushrooms	pickable	100 lb	2000-3000
Cocaine	good to excellent	oz	150-230
		oz	1800-2500
		oz	3-5
		oz	30-45
		oz	250-400
		oz	4000-6000

## ECUADOR

Colombian grass	some gold	oz	7.50-10
Ecuadorian red	excellent quality and quantity	lb	75-150
		oz	3-5
		lb	60-125

Cocaine	supply down	gm	25-40
San Pedro cactus	available	oz	450-650
		oz	free

## ENGLAND

Moroccan hash	stale green, fair	oz	50-75
Lebanese hash	some decent blonde	lb	600-800
Afghani hash	supply on decline	oz	70-85
Colombian hash	fair	lb	800-900
Hash oil	black Afghani, good	oz	75-130
LSD	scarce of late	lb	800-1300
Cocaine	nothing special	oz	50-75
Mandrax	available	gm	600-800
		hit	25-35
		100	300-450
		oz	3-5
		gm	150-250
		oz	50-100
		oz	1200-2000
		one	1-3
		100	75-200

## FRANCE

Colombian	commercial of late	oz	35-60
Moroccan	OK	lb	450-650
Afghani hash	thick black slabs, good	oz	25-50
Chitral hash	decent supply	lb	350-500
LSD	OK	gm	5-10
Opium	good quality available	oz	900-1200
		oz	6-12
		lb	1000-1400
		hit	2.50-5
		100	200-350
		gm	10-15

## GERMANY

Lebanese hash	cloth-sacked red, fair	gm	30-50
Afghani hash	black with white, excellent	kilo	400-550
Moroccan hash	just OK	oz	40-65
Thai sticks	large and small, both good	lb	500-725
LSD	good blotter, scarce	oz	35-50
Cocaine	decent quality and quantity	one	450-600
		100	10-25
		hit	750-1100
		gm	2.50-5
		100	200-350
		oz	65-110
		oz	600-800

## HONG KONG

Mainland weed	good	oz	8-12
Thai grass	increasing supply	lb	100-200
Thai sticks	excellent	oz	80-100
Afghani hash	stash only	one	900-1100
		oz	5-20
		oz	50-100
		gm	10-12
		oz	100

## INDIA

Afghani hash	good to excellent, OK supply	oz	10-15
Thai sticks	rare of late	lb	100-150
Local grass	fair to good	one	2-5
Cocaine	available	oz	15-25
		oz	5-10
		lb	75-125
		gm	50-90
		oz	1000-1700

## ITALY

Colombian grass	only commercial	oz	35-50
Afghani hash	very little	lb	400-550
Lebanese hash	good	oz	100-150
Moroccan hash	plenty around	100 gm	400-600
LSD	extremely rare	oz	100-125
Cocaine	rocky	100 gm	350-600
Speed	still available	oz	80-100
		100 gm	350-500
		hit	-5
		100	100
		gm	0-100
		oz	200-1500
		gm	50-100
		oz	900-1200

## JAMAICA

Commercial Jamaican	abundant, fair smoke	oz	5-10
Connoisseur Jamaican	scarce	lb	50-75
Local hash	dark green, just OK	oz	25-50
Cocaine	decent flake	lb	250-500
		oz	40-75
		lb	500-750
		gm	25-50
		oz	500-800

## MEXICO

Torreón violet	debilitating	oz	5-10
Guadalajara green	good supply	lb	80-125
Oaxacan tops	good to excellent	oz	5-10
		lb	75-125
		oz	4-6
		lb	65-100

Guerrero gold	smooth smoke	oz	5-10
Pueblo	better than expected	lb	85-115
		oz	4-6
		lb	85-115

## THE NETHERLANDS

Domestic grass	fair to good	oz	30-50
Moroccan hash	just OK green	lb	300-400
Lebanese hash	small amounts of blonde primo	oz	50-75
Pakistani hash	too dry	lb	400-600
Cocaine	decent flake	oz	50-85
Burmese opium	dreamy stuff	lb	500-650
		gm	40-75
		oz	450-600
		gm	50-75
		oz	1200-1800
		gm	5-10
		oz	150-250

## THAILAND

Lowland grass	fair to good	oz	2-3
Thai sticks	various types, most excellent	lb	30-50
		oz	5-8
		lb	35-75

## TURKEY

Turkish hash	not bad	oz	25-50
Antonia hash	supply dwindling	lb	250-450
LSD	avoid	oz	35-70
Opium	dreamy	lb	350-650
		hit	1-2
		100	75-125
		oz	5-10
		lb	60-100

## USA

Contiguous	fair to good, plentiful	oz	20-35
Regular Mexican	good when found	lb	100-250
Top-grade Mexican	steady supply	oz	30-50
Jamaican	available	lb	300-500
Commercial Colombian	getting better, some gold	oz	25-40
Connoisseur Colombian	great, decent supply	lb	225-350
Hawaiian	increasing supply	oz	40-50
Thai sticks	rare	lb	275-400
Nigerian grass	very dry, brownish	oz	35-50
Moroccan hash	very little	lb	400-600
Lebanese hash	slow supply	oz	175-225
Afghani hash	temple balls, OK	lb	1500-2800
Nepalese hash	fair	oz	15-25
Paki hash	potent black	one	175-250
Afghani hash oil	scarce of late	oz	75-100
Lebanese hash oil	supply dwindling	lb	1200-1500
Honey oil	green tabs	oz	30-50
THC	brown and clear, blotter	oz	450-600
LSD	OK flake	oz	35-50
Cocaine	supply on upswing	one	50-125
Quaaludes	supply on upswing	hit	1-3
Alaska	fair to excellent	100	65-150
Domestic	steady supply	oz	75-125
Regular Mexican	heavy rock	gm	1500-2000
Cocaine		one	3-5
		100	200-300

## HAWAII

Kona gold	sweet and strong	oz	125-175
Maui	tremendous high	lb	1600-2200
		oz	125-175
		lb	1500-2200

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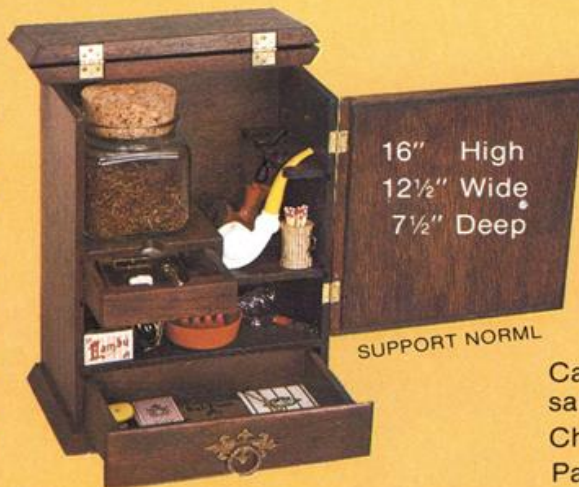
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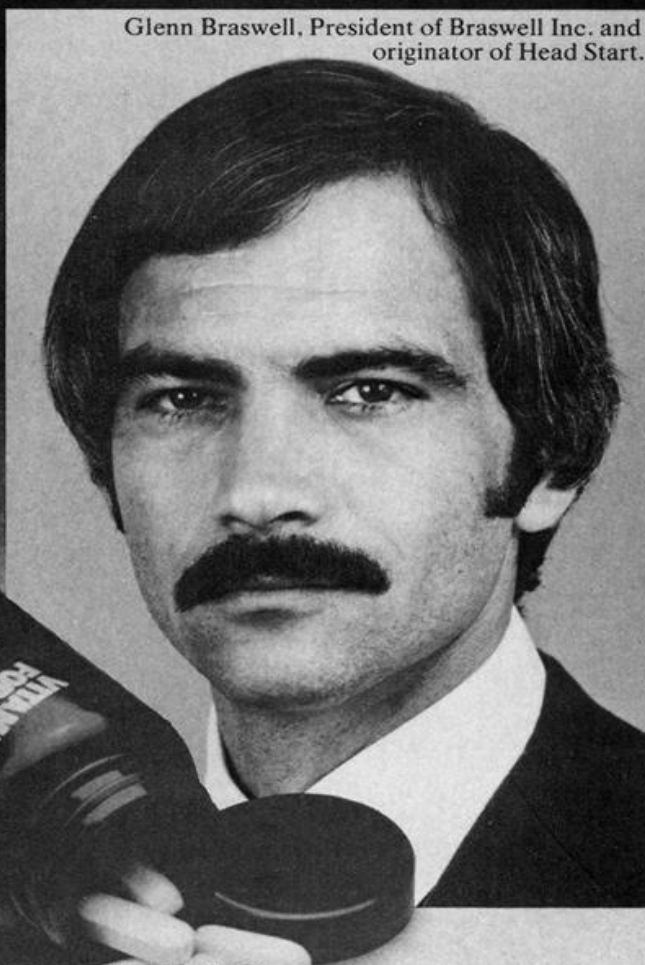
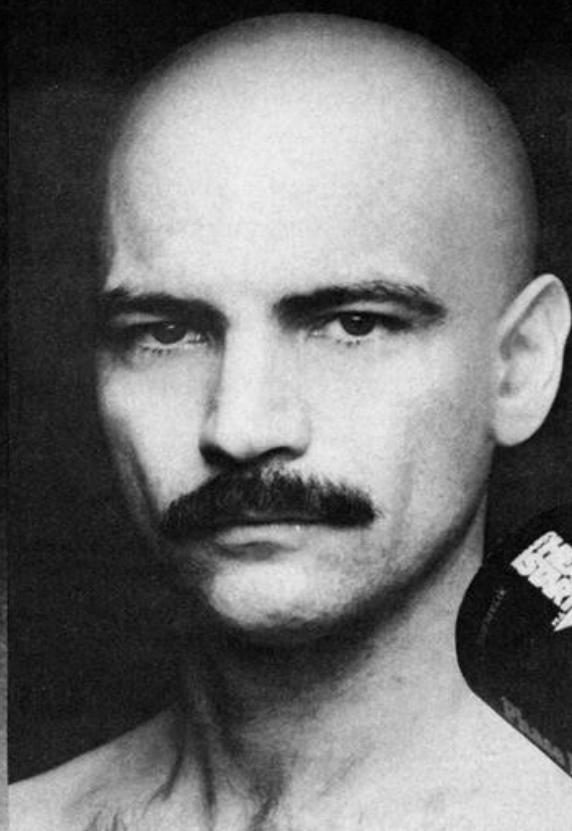
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# Informer Chic

(continued from page 57)

body finally had the guts to do it."

But informer hysteria is a tidal wave, overwhelming the heroics of a few like Lillian Hellman and plunging us into a racing maelstrom of distrust that unravels all our political and personal relationships. Today the domestic spies are out of control. Even the government is helpless to stop a Sara Jane Moore, recruited to infiltrate leftwing groups like the SLA and the Prairie Fire Organizing Committee and who buys a gun from a John Birch Society leader and tries to kill a president.

The government intrigues with Mafia-style hoods like Sam Giancana and John Roselli, giving them poison pills to kill foreign leaders with and then claiming to be using so many informants as the only way to get hoods like that. But the classic case of an informer running amok is Adolf Hitler, who joined the Nazi Party in 1919 as—you guessed it—a paid informer. But that's another story.

Political and dissident threats like Tim Leary and Lenny Bruce are hounded by government informers as a way of keeping them under control. It is a big victory when they win a Leary or a Bruce over to their side—as an informer, throwing fear and paranoia into the "enemy" camp. Lawyers can no longer trust clients. A chill falls on defense strategy when a defender cannot feel free to speak with a client and friends. Everyone must look over their shoulders and no one is safe from observation and eavesdropping. Our private letters are opened by the millions, our phone calls monitored by foreign governments and our own National Security Agency. Yet the government not only loses its control of informants, but begins to get the information scrambled beyond any meaning it might have had.

How many of you have written letters, had phone calls or spoken words you may now regret? If you have, you may discover that you too are on file at some federal agency, thanks to some eager listener who claimed to be your friend. Odds are, they'll claim the same thing later. Just read Tim Leary's letters to his friends saying that now was "the time to tell the truth. The truth is best." Or John Dean, emphasizing the "cancer in the presidency" and not his own fear of jail. Or Jane Alpert's feminist dialectics of Mother Right. Middle-class Informer Chic will always find a good reason for what it does, though seldom one as straight as Joe Valachi's "I'm doing it for revenge."

At this point I believe the way to solve the informer problem in America is to maintain total isolation and silence. Admit no one to your circle of friends and avoid all discussion, gestures, glances, eyebrow raises and phones. Just be yourself, act naturally and hide from the world. They are out to get us all. ■

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## Lord Buckley

(continued from page 76)

man of his day. Digging the whole black scene, the jazz, the jive talk and the joy-living, this hearty, handsome son of the pioneers became that dreadful thing: a "nigger lover." Imitation being the highest form of flattery, Buckley eventually took to impersonating Negroes onstage, though never in blackface.

What made his act even more bizarre was the use to which he put his low-down gutter language. Typically, Buckley's monologs dealt with *religious themes!* The life of Jesus, Jonah and the whale, Mahatma Gandhi, the sacred scene, East or West. Far from burlesquing these sacrosanct subjects, he exulted them anew by pouring into them all the enthusiasm and ebullience of his own extravagant temperament.

Like the old-time stump preachers, like the Quakers and Shakers of the Great Revival who are the remote ancestors of Rock 'n' Roll, Lord Buckley was possessed by the Spirit the moment he spoke the Word. His eyes flashed, his powerful body rocked, his mighty voice, an organ of operatic range and power, soared and swooped like a drunken American eagle. When he got into the miracles of Jesus, he reached Shakespearean heights of eloquence and passion. On the other side of his schiz, he could dig so far down into his black bag that not only did he convince you of his essential Negritude, he did something far more wondrous. He got down to that black bedrock where jive and jazz, salt and soul and sass come welling out of the ground in a single mighty torrent. Patterning his words and sounds into powerfully propulsive licks and riffs, Lord Buckley took off and flew! If you really see it in spiritual terms, Buckley was the Baptist and Lenny Bruce was the Christ.

There are the faults in Buckley that one would expect in any rough-and-ready pioneer. His command of black speech in general and hipster slang in particular leaves a lot to be desired. Sometimes he sounds like a hip square: like Amos 'n' Andy in Jiveland. Compared with the real white Negro, The Mezz, the show-biz magpie sounds both strained and constrained. He pushes hard with his pounding alliterations and telescopically extended rhymes—"When he should show to blow but can-not go!"—but he does not have the fluency to keep the music and the meaning in tandem.

On the other hand, you never doubt for a moment his *sincerity*. The black brothers who put him down as a slur on their race or, at best, a case of unwitting prejudice and condescension, are not using their ears. Lord Buckley was the purest of all votaries of the cult of Black Is Beautiful. He even had his own phrase for the idea: "The American Beauty Negro."

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**SQUIRKENWORKS**

The most impressive feature of Lord Buckley's work is the way he patterns language into music. This is the most primitive and exciting level of his jazz identification. He had an instinctive feel for the way words blur into chant and song when the speaker is impassioned. Lord Buckley is always impassioned: always hot, steamin', smokin', cookin', burnin' with that fierce old gospel-jazz beat. Like all the great jazzmen of his day, he was impatient with this slow-footed world: he wanted to streak off, to fly outta this world, to swoop the scene. Transcendence is the goal of all his jazz. Invariably, his routines end with pure rhythm, sound or flat-out jazz. He's like an actor who ends every monolog by bursting into song.

This ecstatic streak is very deep in the American soul. It is especially strong in the two cultures that fashioned Lord Buckley: the Southern black and the Western white. It's no accident that most of Buckley's routines are based on religious themes. It was his mission as the first jazz preacher and prophet to associate all religions, East and West, the Naz and the Gan, with ecstatic forms of speech and song: the guitar and the sitar, jive talk and Shakespearean rant.

His Lordship was, like his friend and disciple, Lenny, a focal figure, a hot burning glass that focused all the scattered rays of the disunited and un-self-conscious underground of his day into powerful paeans to the hip life. He saw this squalid, shady shadow-world, this bunch of drunken deranged niggers blowin' their tops as Homer saw the siege of Troy: as heroic matter for epic song. No matter that the song is only intermittently tuneful and the notes are often obvious and even corny. Lord Buckley carries everything before him by the power of his inspiration and the depth of his soul. He was a great strong magnet of a man, sucking you into his field of force with the authority of the old permanently-pickled bards. He blew up a storm every time he stepped out on the stage. Without him, the whole tradition of the modern comic, rapper and rock rhapsode would have had a much harder time coming to birth.

The first of Lord Buckley's hip disciples was Harry "The Hipster" Gibson, composer of that great hit: "Who Put the Benzdrine in Mrs. Murphy's Ovaltine?" Harry was famous for his entrance. He would run all over the club passing out Benzdrine inhalers to the patrons and then leap onstage, raise his own inhaler to his nose and shout: "Skoal!" (Actually, no hipster ever snorted the inhaler: he cracked it open, removed the Benzdrine-soaked paper strip, rolled it up in a tight little ball and popped it—generally with a hot cup of tea.) Other exploiters of the jive-talking black hipster image were Babs Gonzales and Slim Gaillard, both black jazzmen, but with opposed styles. Gonzales was great at writing deadpan



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talking blues peppered with Harlem slang; Gaillard, a jazz clown, composed highly popular nonsense songs, like "Flat-Foot Floogie with the Floy Floy" and "Ceement-Mixer, Puttee-Puttee." He also delighted in turning jazz slang into double-talk: the ultimate act of converting speech into music.

What effect Buckley had on Mort Sahl is hard to say; Mort was a hip-square in the mid-Fifties, whose greatest influence was probably Bob Hope. Lord Buckley's closest follower was Lenny Bruce, who worked side by side with his Lordship in the L.A. strip bars. Lenny would watch Buckley work and then exclaim: "I love him! He's so sick!" Lenny updated not only Buckley's jive talk, but also his image of the jazz musician, shifting from the hearty, generous, earthy, belly-laugh type of Louis Armstrong to the junked-out, face-scratching, slyly-malicious type of the Bopper. Lenny also violated Buckley's performance code by exploiting the rich vein of obscenity that is one of the basic resources of all black speech.

## "AHHHHHHH—JONAH?"

**Jonah: (toking loudly and stoned) "Sssssss! Sssssss! What you want, fish?"**  
**Whale: "What are you smokin'?"**

The idea of constructing a hip new art right on the crack that divides speech from music was fundamental to Lenny's imagination, and it produced bits like his symphony on the verb "To Come," which he would perform by chanting and beating time on a set of jazz drums. Likewise the mythologizing of the scene in cartoon epics was to the very end of Lenny's career his truest art: witness the success of "Mask Man," his bit on the Lone Ranger, which was converted into a highly successful animated cartoon—as could be done easily with Lord Buckley's routines.

When the hippies came on the scene in the late Sixties, Lord Buckley's influence, language and voice were echoed by many performers, ranging from Frank Zappa to the Firesign Theater to Cheech & Chong. "The Naz" became the name of a rock band (The Nazz), and his original lps were reissued a couple of times. There is still some never-released Buckley material in RCA's archives, including a bit on the Boston Tea Party that should have been one of the comic notes of last year's bicentennial.

The end of Lord Buckley's story is sad, as are most hipster out-choruses. As Lenny Bruce used to say, "There's nothing sadder than an old hipster." Buckley's downfall began with an unexpected break. After years of scuffling in strip bars, lounges in North Vegas and other upholstered sewers, he got booked in 1960 into a clean new jazz club in New York. A local D.J. named Mort Fega had been sandwiching his Lordship's records in between Miles Davis and Ray Charles sides, creating a new audience for the hopelessly unsuccessful entertainer. Like any old trouper, Buckley saw the new fans at the Jazz Gallery as a sign that he was finally destined for stardom. Soon, he'd be able to junk the trick hats and ventriloquist's shticks on the Ed Sullivan show and do "The Naz" on TV.

Then along came the New York Police Department with their notorious "cabaret card." This was a permit required of everyone who worked in a place that sold liquor. Designed to keep the hoods out of the clubs, it had been perverted by crooked cops into a device for extorting money from entertainers, particularly jazz musicians with narcotics records. When the cops sent Lord Buckley's application to the FBI file center, they got the word that Buckley had been busted for marijuana (but not convicted) 17 years before. That did it. A week after he opened, he was closed down and locked out of the New York clubs. At the same time he was "requested" to perform, without pay, naturally, at a police benefit. That night he was told that if he gave \$100 to a certain inspector, he would get his card back. He arranged the transaction through a certain actor's agent, allegedly; then, suddenly, he sickened and died.

Rumors and accusations filled the press. It was said that the night before his death he had been involved in a violent quarrel with some black nationalists. His closest friends suspected these dudes of having poisoned Lord Buckley. While a full-scale investigation of the police department went forward at the urging of an ad-hoc committee of public figures, the medical examiner cut up the corpse. A pathologist reported that there were no signs of foul play. His Lordship had died of a stroke. Like many middle-aged boozers, he suffered from chronic heart and kidney disease. His big powerful-looking body was organically rotten, eaten out by a lifetime of hard living and drinking. Still, the feeling remained that Lord Buckley's abrupt and untimely death had been hastened, if not caused, by his heavy hassling with both the cops and the blacks.

It was a bitter, ironic ending for a man who dedicated himself for 20 years to celebrating with joy and gusto "The American Beauty Negro." What's more, it turned out there was one thing sadder than an old hipster: a dead hipster. Dead at the age of 54. ☐

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**Ganesh Baba**

(continued from page 79)

cination. Actually, the straights are in the hallucination. But you are psychedelic after all. Once a psychedelic, always a psychedelic.

**High Times:** Were you happy to meet these Western psychedelics who started to float into India?

**Ganesh Baba:** Not particularly happy. I had met much better westerners. But I have a poor opinion, of course, of westerners. Their only advantage is their color. Apart from that, westerners are intellectually dullards so far as I am concerned.

**High Times:** Did they give you acid?

**Ganesh Baba:** Acid, of course. I could also buy. I knew Osmond, I knew Timothy Leary, we have personally met each other. You people think that I was born yesterday, and that this long beard has just come out with the new year. So I have seen those people and exchanged notes with them. Yes, Timothy Leary. I like that man. That lad has some spiritual audacity and a sort of adamant quality. But not these, these are all, you know, sloppy spines, you know.

**High Times:** You recommend that people who take psychedelic drugs should have straight spines?

**Ganesh Baba:** Of course. Straight spines is a must. If you are not doing this, you have damned well called a guest to your house, and quite a ferocious guest, and you are keeping the door bolted. So what will happen? He will break your door and he will crush you.

**High Times:** Why is that?

**Ganesh Baba:** Arrested kundalini. Because by taking all these psychedelia you are inviting the kundalini to take to its course and rise. Whereas by slouching you are constricting the passage of its progression. So naturally, you know, you are inviting your own nemesis.

**High Times:** What about alcohol?

**Ganesh Baba:** Alcohol has some good things and some bad things. Similarly this psychedelic, this is a positive thing. It takes you to ultralevels of consciousness if you know the general rules, and alcohol and narcotics takes you to the infralevels, you know, to the levels of dragons and all those abstruse and abstract things.

**High Times:** Dragons?

**Ganesh Baba:** Dragon world. Subconsciousness. Ultra-interconsciousness levels. Conscious level is the ordinary conscious consciousness level, this common awakened state. The infrastates are called the demon world, but the neutral scientific word is the infraworld, a world of subconsciousness. But apart from subconsciousness there is also ultraconsciousness. That consciousness is the field starting from high-intensity hallucinogens like cannabis, mescaline or LSD. Even to some extent I can also recommend these speedy drugs, amphetamines. Barbitu-

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rates and narcotics are completely taking you to the nether worlds. Ha ha. But this alcohol, when taken to a very heavy extent, say above two bottles, then it takes you to hell. Before that it is not completely nether world, no. You are sometimes going on the upper astral, sometimes cruising on the, you know, medium astral, not very much the lower astral. When you take these narcotics you go to the lower astral. Drugs are stimulants to psychic evolution.

**High Times:** Most Indian gurus do not take drugs to get high.

**Ganesh Baba:** Cut out Indian gurus.

**High Times:** Well, any gurus.

**Ganesh Baba:** They are not gurus in my eyes.

**High Times:** What was the effect on you of the Western psychedelics?

**Ganesh Baba:** Their effect was excellent. They gave me youth, they gave me care. They gave me good massages, they gave me good food, they gave me good cheese. They gave me good diabetic injections, they did everything, and I have already told you what I did to them. The relationship was great. Of course a lot of people are afraid of me. A lot of people get confused with my intellectual aggressiveness and mathematical smartness, but they all love me. And I love them.

**High Times:** Why did you stop getting high?

**Ganesh Baba:** Well, smoking I stopped due to mechanical difficulties. I got asthma. I must tell them also: Dear friends, after six years it doesn't really work, so it's better to drop it. And now better to take one monthly acid trip, say 150 micrograms, on every full moon, the second full moon night of the month, in a very austere nice place exposed to nature, eyes open, not escaping like Dr. Lilly into contemplation tanks. You know those things appear so crude to me, being a modern scientist.

**High Times:** You smoked for more than six years, didn't you?

**Ganesh Baba:** Six years! Much more than that. But I have damaged my lungs. I have nowadays discovered a new psychedelic.

**High Times:** What is that?

**Ganesh Baba:** It is called "cocktail." LSD, amphetamine, ganja, bhang, opium, everything. Mixed. Hashish is also there. The 32 Ganeshian spices, they are there. Then, you know, the ever-present white cheese, that is there. I can take even now 10 or 15 glasses, big tumblers. Easy.

**High Times:** What advice do you have for Western dopers?

**Ganesh Baba:** Firstly these psychedelic experiments must not be done, or any serious yoga practice must not be done without some access to an expert or an elder. Without that it is better not to get also into the alcoholic track, to remain purely straight, to have good physical exercise, good rapport with nature. You are automatically high if you are carrying your backs straight, my very dear boys and girls. ☐

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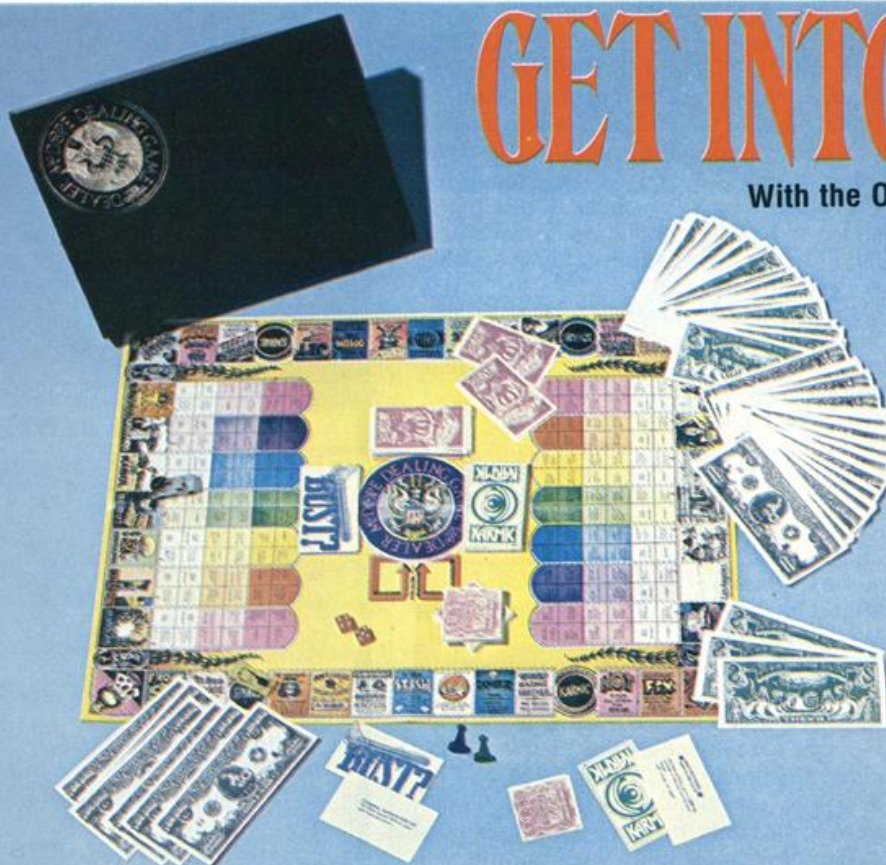


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# Eat Cannabis

(continued from page 84)

with boiled milk, sugar, butter, honey and eight herbs. Bury the result in a grain pile for a month and recite mantra over it every night.

Then, if you still wish to live for 300 years, take a portion of the mixture you have prepared every day for 3 years while living completely celibate in an airtight room on a diet of milk and rice. I hope you are fortunate enough not to suffocate and that your stupidity does not prove fatal in and of itself. Hah.

To be completely honest fellows, I must report that second Indian medical opinion held bhang worthless. Some ancient doctors believed that it makes craziness, wipes out all benefits of spiritual exercises and leaves you blind and impotent to be peed on by street dogs and mocked by beggars. Dissent. Dissent. Wise gals and fellows decide for themselves. Tally ho!

रुननेङ्ग नालेद्वे  
ने दिवेद्वे र्क बोइइ-  
रुके पुइइ रुइइ

The best hashish in India, according to westerners to-ing and fro-ing the subcontinent, is grown and processed in Manali, a verdant hill-station in northwest India. Westerners tend to congregate here during the summer months after wintering on the glorious beaches of Goa. During these summer months fellows may see naked hipsters running gleefully through the fields of ganja where the plants are fully ripe and oozing pollen, falsely believing that such is the native manner. This much-valued pollen sticks to the skin of the runner and later is carefully rubbed from the body to form little black balls of excellent Manali hashish.

This rubbing is a hard day's work; often a full day's labor is required to produce but one *tola* (several grams) of hashish. This may seem like much in the West, but in India it is little...barely worth saving. It is only the truly dedicated who gallop naked for their hash ration, most preferring to buy the cheap, readily available product and smoke it in quantity.

Local police occasionally make raids on the fun, besieging local hangouts or emptying the pockets and baggages of people leaving town on the bus. These harassments and botherations have slight impact on the consumption in Manali or the rate of export to Goa, where profits of exceeding fatness await the astute smuggler-dealer-wallah. Local people are happy with things as they are, money is made and time passes easily in the hills around Manali. ■

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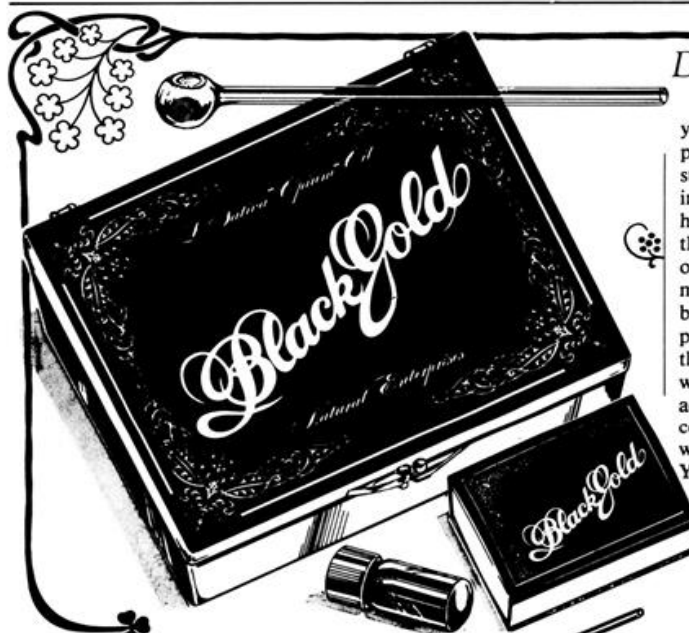


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## New Ohm Cone Sounds Real

A great leap forward in loudspeaker science has been patented and built for consumers in the Ohm F, by Ohm Acoustics Corporation of Brooklyn. An impressive number of hi-fi mags have called it the best available, but nary a woofer nor a tweeter does it contain. Instead, a 12-inch-tall cone, shaped like a dunce cap and made of titanium, aluminum and paper, radiates the sound outward in all directions. Frequency response (37 to 19,000 Hz) is about average for the \$500 price, and it requires a big amp, 60 watts or more per channel, to drive it.

But it does away completely with time-delay distortion, which occurs in virtually all piston-type speaker cones. The various components of a single recorded sound, say a trumpet note, are out of sync with one another. In other words, the fundamental tone and the higher harmonics that give the note its particular color all reach the ear separately. Called a Walsh Radiator after its inventor Lincoln Walsh, the simple, ingenious design of the Ohm F produces a coherent sound, analogous to the coherent light of lasers, and it is very hard to tell from the real thing.

## Damper Circuits Extend CB Range

Two innovations extend the range and intelligibility of standard 40-channel CB radios in E. F. Johnson Company's Messenger 4145. Speech compression circuitry in this model produces high modulation of the voice signal, letting it be heard more easily through static and interference. In effect, this extends the operating range. The \$180 unit also includes a noise filter called TANL (Tapered Automatic Noise Limiter), which continuously adjusts itself to varying signal and background conditions. The noise reducer is also available on other Johnson models.

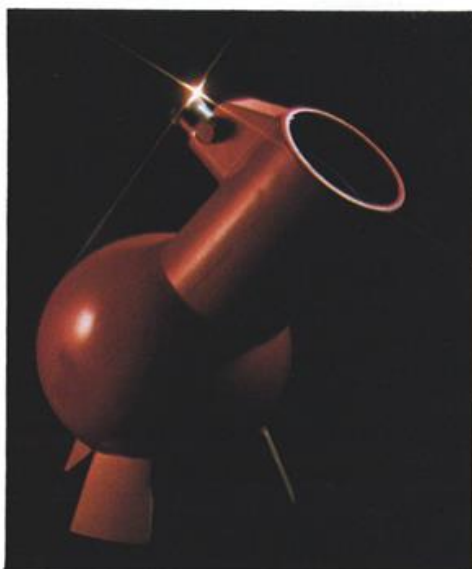
## Radar Circuitry Eliminates Static

Privateers, weed merchants, vacationers and other seadogs will welcome the automatic clutter-eliminating feature being

added to all the larger radarscopes made by ITT Decca Marine. The electronics breakthrough filters out the major sources of radar inaccuracies—storms, receiver noise, sea clutter and interference from other radar systems. No longer will importers be in danger of missing sight of that Coast Guard cutter riding off their bow in a heavy squall. The device is not made for small boat sets, but comes standard on all new ITT Decca Marine radar units with screens nine inches or larger. It can also be retrofitted on earlier models for an estimated ten percent of the purchase price.

## Short Scopes Dazzle Stargazers

The growth of astronomy as a backyard hobby in recent years has produced a new breed of short-focal-length telescopes for a wide-angle, layman's eye view of space. Focal length, the distance between the mirror or objective lens and the eyepiece, determines the field of vision—the longer the scope, the narrower the field. Several companies are now making lines of these "rich-field" instruments for heavenly panoramas of such celestial highlights as the Pleiades, the rings of Saturn and the Orion nebula. If one's interest in the stars

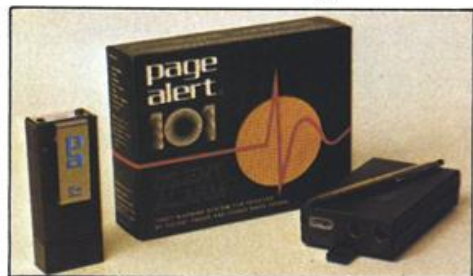


becomes more serious, most of the new models can be fitted with an equatorial mount and clock drive to follow objects across the sky. A Barlow eyepiece can also be added to double or triple the effective magnification.

The RF telescopes are available in mirror sizes of 4 to 12 inches, at costs of \$75 to \$1,600. Edmund Scientific, Superior Optics, Cave Optical and Star-Liner are the current leaders in the field. Edmund, for example, offers a plastic-mounted, completely portable design with the largest available field of view (three degrees) for only \$150. Some of Superior's versions come with a double eyepiece for more comfortable viewing.

## Pocket Beeper Signals Break-Ins

A California firm has come up with an addition to standard car alarm systems—a pocket receiver like a doctor's paging unit that will notify you as soon as someone starts tampering with your door, trunk, hood or windows. The Page Alert 101's



one-watt output gives it a range of over half a mile, plenty to keep you covered at home, shopping or in most other situations. No FCC license is required, and the batteries provide three months of 24-hour protection. Put \$184.50 on the bottom line from Page Alert Systems Inc., 23840 Madison Street, Torrance, Ca. 90505.

## Cook on the Move with Engine Heat

Vanners, campers and traveling salesmen can cook their meals with under-the-hood heat, using the Radiex food warmer. The device is a stainless steel oven that diverts the hot liquid from the engine's cooling system and uses it in a heat jacket that maintains a constant cooking temperature of 175 degrees. It will cook hamburgers and heat rolls, coffee or soup. It will even bake a steak if you've got enough time till your next pit stop. It eliminates the need for dangerous open flames inside the vehicle and helps keep the engine from overheating by cooling the coolant. It can be had for \$129 from BHC United, 515 South Lake Street, Los Angeles, Ca. 90057.

## Electric Bayou Boat Hoists Sail

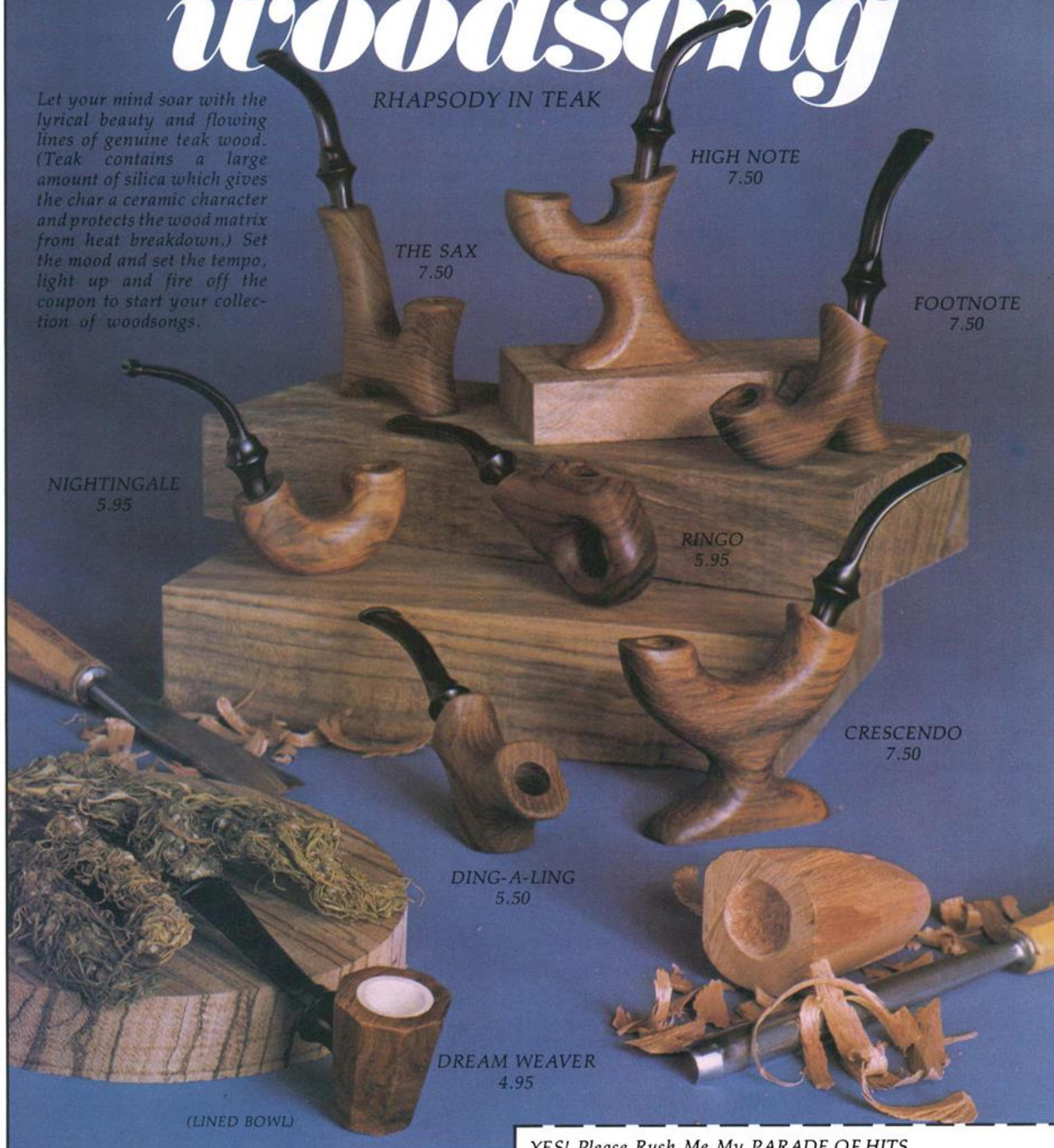
Many attempts have been made at a workable, affordable electric auto, but the Electric Feather is the first commercially made, battery-powered boat we've encountered. It's a pirogue—a one-person, shallow-draft vessel with remarkable stability. Long a bayou favorite, the pirogue is perfect for ponds, lakes or placid rivers. The electric version's lack of noise or pollution makes it ideal for fishing, wildlife photography or hunting. The fiberglass shell is 12 feet long, weighs 67 pounds and reaches a top speed of ten mph powered by an ordinary 12-volt car battery. It carries a \$400 price tag from Fin & Feather Manufacturing Company of Marshall, Tex. ☐



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## Toot Twins Open Possible Loophole

Cocaine exists in two forms, one of which is legal, explained a DEA chemist testifying as an expert witness at a recent trial. The two compounds, levo-cocaine and dextro-cocaine, are mirror images of each other, just like right and left hands. Dextro-cocaine "doesn't meet the exact reading of the Federal Controlled Substances Act," admitted the chemist. Thus it could possibly be argued that a defendant did not "knowingly and intentionally" possess or intend to distribute the controlled form of snow.

Information on the relative potency of the two forms is sketchy, because they are unstable and tend to change back and forth into each other. Thus it is very difficult to isolate a pure form of either type for testing.

## IRS Ropes Mustang Ranch

Sally and Joe Conforte, owners of one of Nevada's legal brothels, were recently convicted on four counts of tax evasion, each carrying a possible penalty of five years and \$5,000. Sentencing is expected to be delayed pending appeal.

The operators of the Mustang Ranch were found guilty of failing to withhold taxes from salaries of nonprostitute room attendants, despite their plea that the help were paid in the traditional way with a percentage of the hookers' earnings. Judge Bruce Thompson found the argument unconvincing in light of the company's practice of burning financial records at the end of each month.

## New York Ruling Undermines Rocky Law

Judge Constance Baker Motley recently declared the five-to-life coke possession sentences of three New York women to be cruel, unusual punishment and thus unconstitutional. The ruling may herald the end of another section of the Rockefeller drug laws. Defense lawyer Mark C. Morrill said it "cast serious doubt on the continued validity of every sentence" under the law. Because New York has the harshest laws in the country, the decision

may have little effect outside the state, however. Martha Carmona, Donna Foggie and Roberta Fowler were returned for possible resentencing, but Motley ordered that if the state court doesn't come up with a constitutional term in 90 days, the women must be released after the minimum allowable sentence.

## Indians Seek U.N. Help Against Sterilization

Three Montana Cheyenne women have sued HEW's Indian Health Service, seeking damages for their own involuntary sterilization and an end to the forced population control on all reservations. The action follows reports by South Dakota Senator James Abourezk and Choc-taw-Cherokee doctor Connie Uri, alleging that a third of the 130,000 Indian women of childbearing age have been sterilized (see "Law," *High Times*, March '77).

Tucson lawyer Michael Zavala filed the suit after documenting numerous other cases in which IHS doctors had women sign consent forms while sedated during labor, often after being warned they



would lose welfare benefits if they refused. Many were told the operation is reversible, although it is not 95 percent of the time.

The United Nations International Indian Treaty Council is seeking an investigation by the Human Rights Commission and a resolution from the General Assembly demanding an end to the abuses. The council recently released its report on sterilization crimes, drug addiction and pushing among IHS physicians. Council spokesperson Jimmy Durham called on the United States to ratify the U.N. convention against genocide and dissolve the Indian Health Service, charging most of its doctors are "dropouts... who couldn't make it in the larger society."

## Bugged Bra Nabs Feeling Eye Doc

A London optician was convicted of indecent assault after a microphone hidden in a patient's bra picked up evidence that he put the moves on her while she was under hypnosis for insertion of contact lenses. John Clenton, caught in the act when police entered his consulting room



after listening in, vowed he would never use hypnosis again. He was fined \$510 but retained his license, as the opticians' disciplinary committee upheld his general character and reputation.

## Airport Search Ends in Freedom

The Oregon Court of Appeals recently reversed the conviction of a man whose roach clip triggered an airport metal detector and led to his arrest for pot and hash. After a security guard ordered Robert Chipley to empty his pockets and walk through the checkpoint again, a nearby cop spied the clip, asked permission to examine it and then searched and busted the would-be traveler.

Even though the officer claimed Chipley consented to the search (despite the defendant's denial), the court said airport searches must be limited to the prevention of hijackings unless contraband is in plain view. A roach holder is neither dope nor probable cause to believe its owner is carrying any, ruled Judge C. J. Schwab, citing testimony that the utensils are often used as jewelry or good luck charms.

## Poll Warns of Shyster Lawyers

A poll of nearly 4,000 lawyers found that many feel a large proportion of their fellow attorneys are incompetent and/or dishonest. *Juris Doctor* magazine reports that half put the incompetence ratio at 10 percent of all lawyers. About a quarter of all respondents felt that at least 20 percent are unethical and inept. A large majority rated "low public regard" as the worst problem facing the legal profession.

Much of the case information in "Law" courtesy of Peter Meyers, chief counsel of NORML. ■

Karen Katz

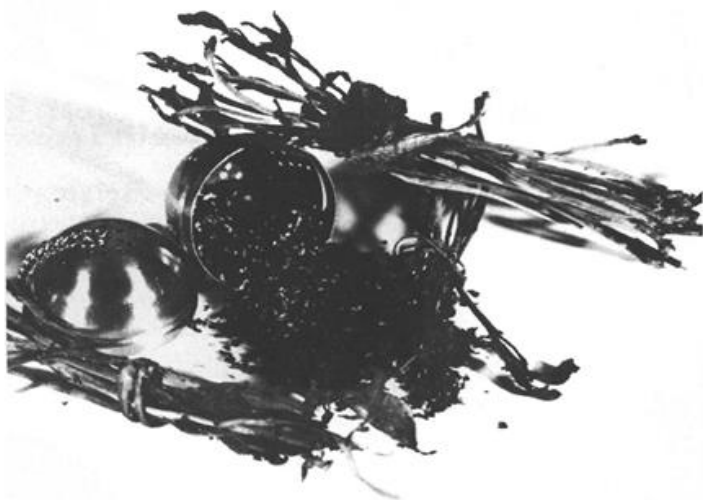
Karen Katz



# Kenya's "Miraa" called "better than marijuana."

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## Barnyard Boogie

A long-haired, bearded and bespectacled hippie guru named Stephen Gaskin has led his flock of freak visionaries to the hills of Tennessee, where they live at harmony with nature in a barnyard utopia called the Farm. Gaskin's visions have now been amplified electronically by the Tennessee Farm Band, a bunch of flock rockers who combine the West Coast acid sound of early Dead, Airplane, It's a Beautiful Day and the Youngbloods with



Guru Gaskin speaks to Farm freaks.

the southern boogie of the Allman Brothers.

On their new album *Communion* (available only from Farm Records, Summertown, Tennessee 38433), lead singer Linda Hershfield belts a torrid rock tune, "The First Time," a reminiscence of the time she got that first big flash of cosmic unity, complete with a yackety-yak, Coasters-style sax solo by Thomas Dotzler. "Hot Tofu Medley" is a rousing ten-minute jam including snatches of "Walk, Don't Run" and "Apache." The Tennessee Farm Band's sound is not just back to the hippie roots, but rather, proof that the roots are here to stay.

—Charlie Frick



Weymouth plucks at CBGB's. Inset (left to right): Frantz, Byrne, Harrison, Weymouth.

## Heads Will Roll

The music of the fresh-faced, collegiate-garbed Talking Heads quartet has been called "art school rock" because the three original members—lead singer/guitarist David Byrne, drummer Chris Frantz and bass guitarist Tina Weymouth—attended Rhode Island School of Design before breaking it big in the New York scene otherwise populated with savage young punk rockers. Talking Heads are the most gothic of all the CBGB's/Bowery bands; the usual punk brew of sex and violence becomes a consommé of love and death. On *Talking Heads 77* (Sire/Warner Brothers SR 6036), Byrne's sinister tenor voice cloaks a giddy song like "Uh-Oh, Love Comes to Town" in the fog-shrouded air of an unsolved murder, or makes a probing mental exploration like "Psycho Killer" float like a Gallic romance. The reggae lilt of Frantz's happy drums is subliminally altered into eeriness by matching minor-keyed basslines from his blonde doe-eyed wife, Weymouth. Jerry Harrison, formerly of Jonathan Richman and the Modern Lovers, gives his keyboards the sound of a harpsichord found in the ruins of the House of Usher.

—Harry Wasserman

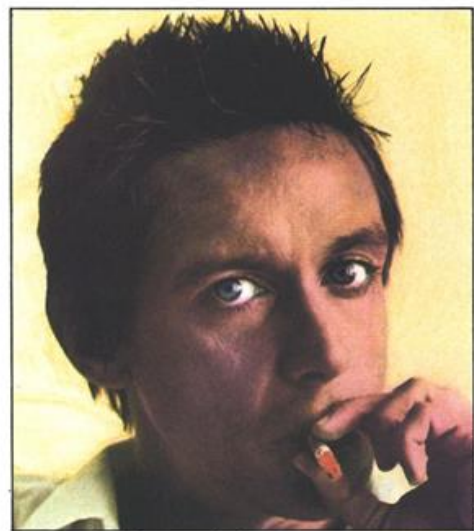
## Lust for Iggy

**LUST FOR LIFE**, by Iggy Pop (RCA AFL1-2488). Coincidentally, *Lust for Life*



was the title of an old Kirk Douglas movie about the life of Vincent Van Gogh, in which he cut off his ear. Iggy is an actor, and he could have been great in the role of the deranged painter. (I hope he is not planning anything too rash.) Iggy is still the original. While so many others seem to lose creativity and style as they make the transition from the early to the late Seventies, Iggy continues to grow. Iggy, like Lou Reed, has had more influence on musicians and music than on audiences and record buyers.

Iggy has really outdone himself this time. He finally has gotten his act together and produced a great album. With the inspired aid of David Bowie, Iggy has created his first album that can be listened to over and over, rather than admired

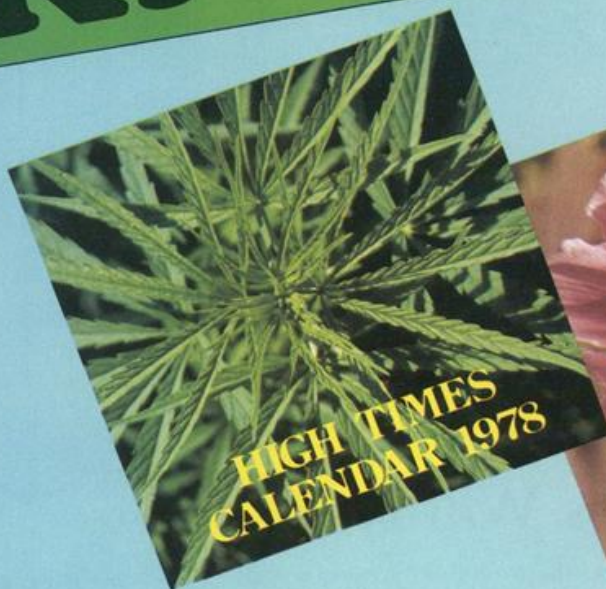


Iggy Pop: the wet look.

purely as art. Many of the songs sound positively happy for Iggy. On this album he has settled on the perfect musical



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vehicle, the slow ballad. Bowie has created a finely textured background of sound, over which Iggy has created some of his greatest songs ever, frightening, comic and refreshingly entertaining. Some of the more psychedelic numbers have the excitement and power of the old Doors. But the message is still pure Iggy.

—Douglas Kelley

**RECONSTRUCTION, by Max Romeo (Mango/Island MLPS 9503).**

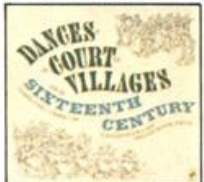


Romeo's earliest reggae songs were saucy ("Wet Dreams," "Pussy Watch Man" and "Wine Her Goosie"), then political ("The Coming of Jah" and "Public Enemy Number One"). His first album released in the U.S., *War Ina Babylon*, contained one of the most compelling sides of reggae, with the irresistible "One Step Forward," the pleading "Uptown Babies" and the hypnotic title track. These distinctive songs have insatiable hooks and emotive lyrics.

On *Reconstruction*, his second stateside release, we find a mellower Romeo, both musically and politically: "Let's start the reconstruction / Of our destruction." Romeo, who is penning the music for the Broadway musical *Reggae*, still has his roots. In "Destination Africa," he sums up his being: "It's been a long time / Finding where it all began / Knowing who I really am / And how I can help this human race / To find a resting place / A place where there is love / No more hatred—Africa." Like Bob Marley, Romeo has gone the softer route for a change of pace.

—Bob Grossweiner

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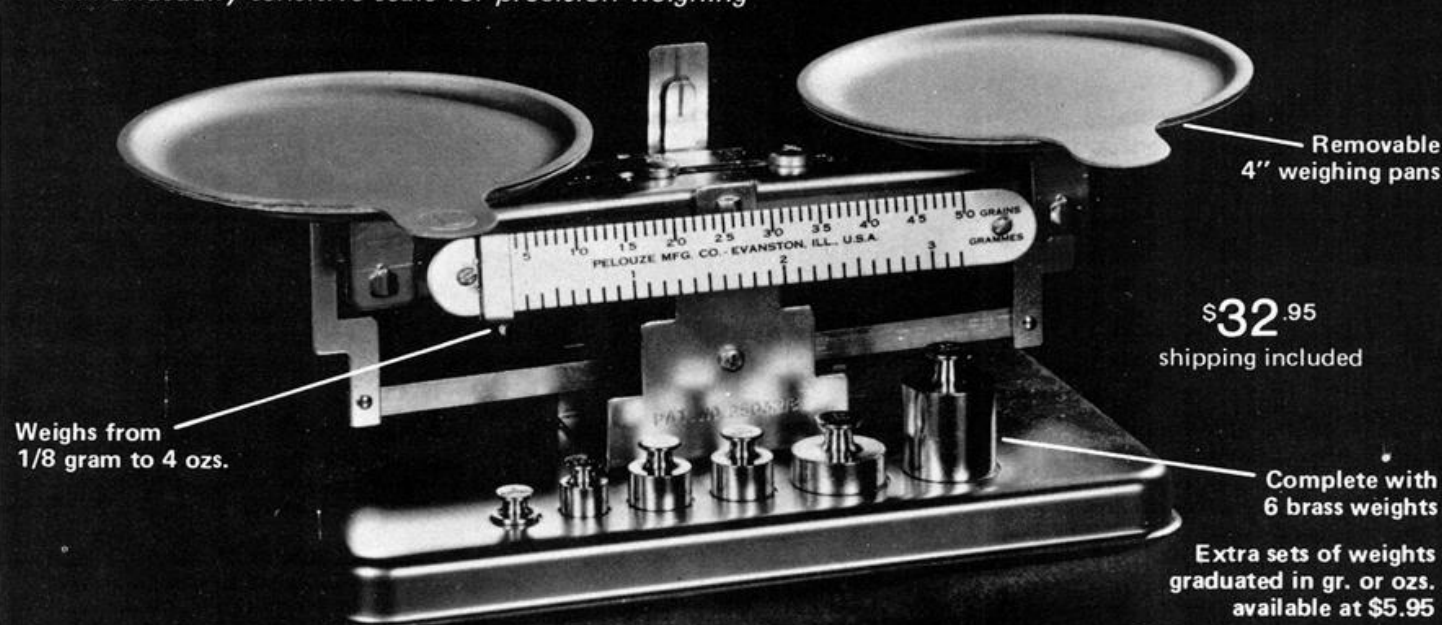
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neck tempos arouse the sneaking suspicion it was all done on a Moog. And we owe it all to Jean-Claude Malgoire, a Parisian oboist, researcher and organizer whose groups play both very early and very recent music. —Gary Stimeling

# PRIME TIME, by Don McLean (Arista AB 4149).



"Just 'cause you're paranoid doesn't mean they're not tryin' to get ya," quips Don McLean in "Color TV Blues," one of nine originals on *Prime Time*, an album of sardonic wit with the slash of a razor blade. The title tune is a relentless rocker from the composer/singer of "American Pie," who now challenges and ridicules the ever-encroaching vortex of the "glass teat" and its imprint on mere mortals caught in its glare. Like the tube itself, this song reflects a tendency for distortion in the fine tuning.

"Building My Body" is a hilarious dissertation on physical fitness. Underneath a fusillade of muscles, instruments and phasers, a tiny voice cries to be released from McLean's body. Peaceful, walking bass lines from Rob Stoner collide with shakers, wood blocks, chimes and a set of house keys panned back and forth by clever percussionist Rubin Basini. —Linda Solomon

# IN THE CITY, by the Jam (Polydor PD 1-6110).



In England they don't like the word "punk" too much. "Punk" sounds stupid and aimless. "New Wave" sounds like all those great Godard movies: sex, violence and intelligence.

And when groups like England's The Jam start penetrating the radio play lists and going gold, they won't be punks anymore. They'll be the new wave—the last British invasion.

The Jam plays high-energy riff rock incredibly reminiscent of the Who at their best ('64-'67). *In the City* is a lot like *My Generation*, but the Jam has already thought out things the Who didn't consider until it was too late, like goals. The Jam is a political group. They're not extreme anarchists like the Pistols, but they are youth hard-liners, combining kiddo dance power with analytic smarts to come up with real anthems like "In the City" and "Time for Truth" (which seems to tell our president to "Fuck off!"). And you can dance to it. The Jam is already hitting the airwaves, although two of the best songs on the lp "contain language that segments of your audience might find offensive." So to be on the safe side and have a great time, get yourself a new-wave education with The Jam's *In the City*.

—Neal Barlowe

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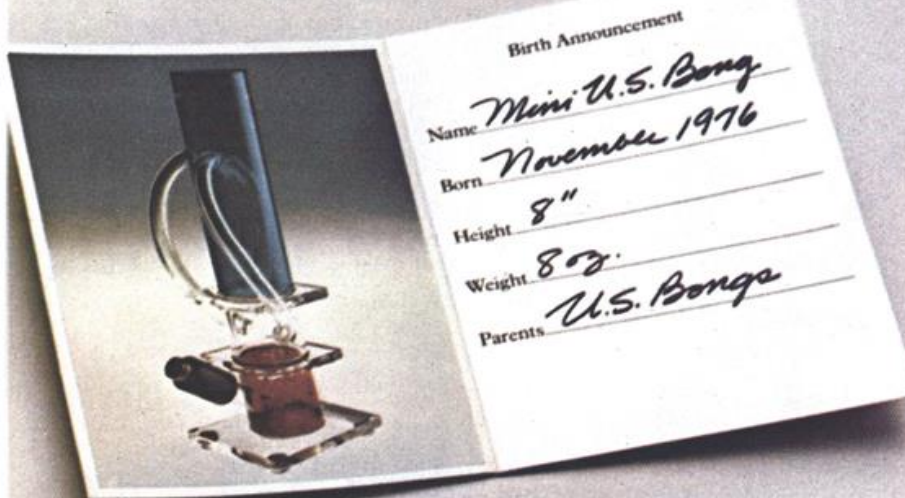
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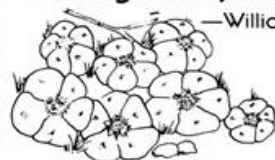
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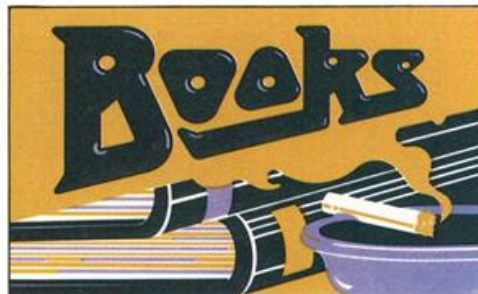
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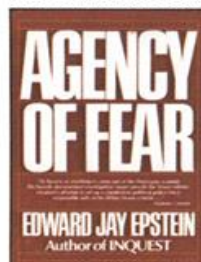
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## Nixon and the Narcs

**AGENCY OF FEAR: OPIATES AND POLITICAL POWER IN AMERICA**, by Edward Jay Epstein (New York: G. P. Putnam and Sons, \$9.95). Who is Edward



Jay Epstein? He holds a Harvard degree in political science and writes often for the New Yorker, Esquire, New York magazine and Irving Kristol's conservative chic The Public Interest. He is

the author of a series of articles demonstrating that all the Black Panthers who died in the Sixties either died accidentally or were killed by each other and a book approving the findings of the Warren Commission on the JFK assassination. He is currently at work on a book for Reader's Digest Press showing that Oswald was an agent of the KGB, not the CIA. In *Agency of Fear*, which was written on grants from the Drug Abuse Council and the Police Foundation, he neglects to discuss the CIA's extensive role in creating and controlling the Nationalist Chinese heroin trafficking documented by Alfred W. McCoy in *The Politics of Heroin in Southeast Asia*, and he fails to discuss this in relation to Nixon's arbitrary prolonging of the Vietnam War. Independent investigator A. J. Weberman has obtained documents under the Freedom of Information Act indicating that Epstein's book on the

Warren Commission was approved by former CIA Director and Warren Commission member Allen Dulles (1025-954B 10June66 To: DD/CIA).

The Drug Enforcement Administration, which is Epstein's "agency of fear," does not appear in his book about it until the 34th (next-to-last) chapter. By that time, "the grand design could not be realized, and DEA became simply a protean manifestation of the earlier narcotics agencies." According to Epstein, who is certainly no radical alarmist ready to yell "genocide" at the juggling of a cocaine peddler, the grand design was Richard Nixon's dark plot to seize complete political power by establishing a national secret police force (DEA), responsible directly to the White House and designed to sever the conduits through which his opposition might leak embarrassing information to the press. "It would have been tantamount to an American coup d'etat" if Nixon had succeeded, Epstein says. The problem his readers face is that *Agency of Fear* says Nixon didn't succeed, but it proves that he did.

It is Epstein's choice to view the coup d'etat in terms of Nixon's fall from power instead of the DEA's ongoing Gestapo tactics that makes his book politically suspect. In fact, since Nixon left office, the DEA has enjoyed a virtual renaissance of unlimited power. It has waged a multimillion-dollar war against insurgent peasants in Mexico. It has "scorched the earth" of Jamaica and Colombia to destroy marijuana crops. It has blockaded the U.S. coast from Florida to Pennsylvania and smuggled its own marijuana here to sell to small dealers it can then arrest. It has spent countless millions buying drugs—and thus creating "dealers" by offering prices no one could refuse—in order to make busts. It has been accused—and is still being investigated by the Senate and Justice Department—of murder, extortion, various constitutional violations and trafficking in confiscated narcotics.

Although the DEA has amazingly managed to remain one of the more anony-



During a secret meeting in 1970, Elvis Presley promised President Nixon he'd lead a celebrity war on drugs if he could get his own narc badge. Then Vice President Spiro Agnew ripped this official White House photo into four pieces and threw it in his wastebasket, where it was found in 1973 by garbage researcher A. J. Weberman.



mous of federal agencies, for someone who has studied U.S. narcotics policy as closely as Epstein to be unaware of its career since 1973 is simply not a credible state of innocence. And Epstein has studied U.S. drug history well enough to have produced, ironically, the best history of our traditionally corrupt drug enforcement agencies up till 1973—the point at which drug enforcement expanded from a domestic political football to an international substitute for the Cold War as a strategy for containing communism.

This, however, is getting ahead of Epstein's story, which begins (in fact, his jumbled chronology is the book's second weakest point) with Nixon's discovery in 1969 that the federal government had no actual power to deliver by 1972 the great campaign promise of 1968: "law and order," meaning, of course, the curtailing of black street crime. At this point the White House staff began to explore the possibilities of a war on heroin. Domestic

**Nixon's grand design was a dark plot to seize complete political power by establishing a national secret police force—the DEA.**

advisors Ehrlichman and Krogh, the chief architects of Nixon's heroin crusade, founded their strategy on four assumptions: that addicts were responsible for most crime, to pay for their habits; that heroin addiction was increasing; that heroin traffic could be stopped and if stopped, crime statistics would fall; and that the American people and Congress would accept anything—wiretapping, breaking and entering, harassment by the IRS—to stop the heroin "epidemic."

Epstein shows that, in the face of mounting evidence from Nixon's own sources that all these assumptions were incorrect and each in fact the direct opposite of the truth, the White House staff nonetheless pursued the heroin war for its presumed propaganda value.

The conspiracy for a "coup d'etat" began in 1971, when the New York Times published the Pentagon Papers. At this time G. Gordon Liddy, a former New York State prosecutor whose persecution of Timothy Leary led to a job on Krogh's drug advisory staff, set forth a plan showing how a national narcotics police could in effect take over "domestic spying" functions for the White House and end the scandalous "leaks" that were plaguing the Nixon administration. While the White House embraced the program and created a series of malignant agencies culminating, after the Watergate break-in, in the DEA, Liddy organized the White House Plumbers as an interim measure. Meanwhile, according to Epstein, the awesome power of Nixon's new drug agencies, which could requisition aid and



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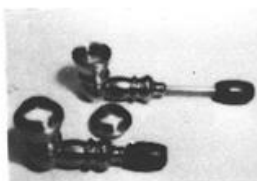
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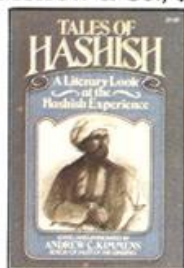


agents from the CIA, FBI, IRS, Customs and other federal agencies, forced bureaucratic loyalists to realize that Nixon was planning a total takeover of government and an end to their protected hunting grounds. Consequently, as soon as the Watergate burglars were discovered at their work, "the battle of the leaks" began, and the rest is history.

In short, Epstein has demonstrated once again how profoundly vile the Nixon administration was. Yet subsequent evidence that he ignores and indeed denigrates ("DEA... simply a protean manifestation") shows that not only did Nixon leave his secret police intact for Ford and Carter, but that they *used* it.

—Eric Kibble

**TALES OF HASHISH: A Literary Look at the Hashish Experience**, edited by Andrew C. Kimmens (New York: William Morrow & Co., \$4.95). For Europeans and

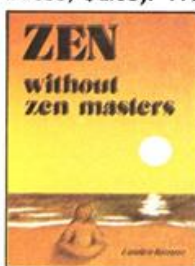


Americans before the mass turn-ons of the Sixties, the experience had been esoteric, freely available only by travel or luck because hemp was only rope in the north. Many of their encounters were

laced with familiar guilt, fear and agonizing self-inspection, but Kimmens (who edited *Tales of the Ginseng*) has lovingly culled the library for the best of these cataclysmic encounters and spiced it with (too few) hot Arabian nights and travelers' tastings as appetizers. The stars—Baudelaire, Dumas, Ludlow and Marco Polo—are well represented, but did you know about Louisa May Alcott?

—Henry Dellabomba

**ZEN WITHOUT ZEN MASTERS**, by Camden Benares (San Francisco: And/Or Press, \$4.95). When asked what the purpose of zen was, master Ho Chi Zen answered, "By the study of zen, one can learn to help people—or failing that, at least to get them off your back." The Americanization of zen comes full circle with the



publication of this hard-as-nails, tongue-in-cheek collection of parables and teaching stories designed to free the mind from its limited-access road of thinking. This book is to be used like a mirror: if a monkey looks in, no philosopher looks out. Divided into five sections—"Guides and Lovable Fools," "Personal Work," "The Zen of Sex," "The Reality of Illusion" and "Meditation and Exercises"—this is a collection of one-page stories with that classic zen slap in the face hidden in every punch line.

—Charlie Frick

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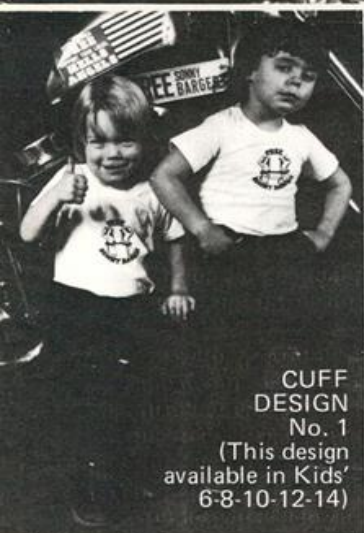
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# "FREE SONNY BARGER"

## THE HELL'S ANGELS

are raising legal fees for appealing Sonny Barger's unjust prison conviction, as well as building a legal fund to defend other Hell's Angels also in need of legal assistance. To do this we are selling various shirts with "Free Sonny" designs on them.

We are also selling bumper stickers. One in red, white and blue states "Free Sonny Barger." Another is printed red and white and says "Support Your Local Hell's Angels." Our newest bumper sticker is our own U.S. flag declaring "Keep America Free - Support Your Local Hell's Angels."

We also offer the 2x3 black and white poster you see pictured at the top of the page.

There may be some of you who will want to aid us in our effort but already have the above items. Contributions are gladly accepted. Your support has been helping a great deal, and we'd like to thank you very much.

## T-SHIRTS SWEATSHIRTS TANKTOPS

YOU CAN HAVE ANY OF THESE DESIGNS ON YOUR CHOICE OF SHIRT. SPECIFY DESIGN AND SHIRT TYPE.

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MILL'S TAVERN

PLAKA

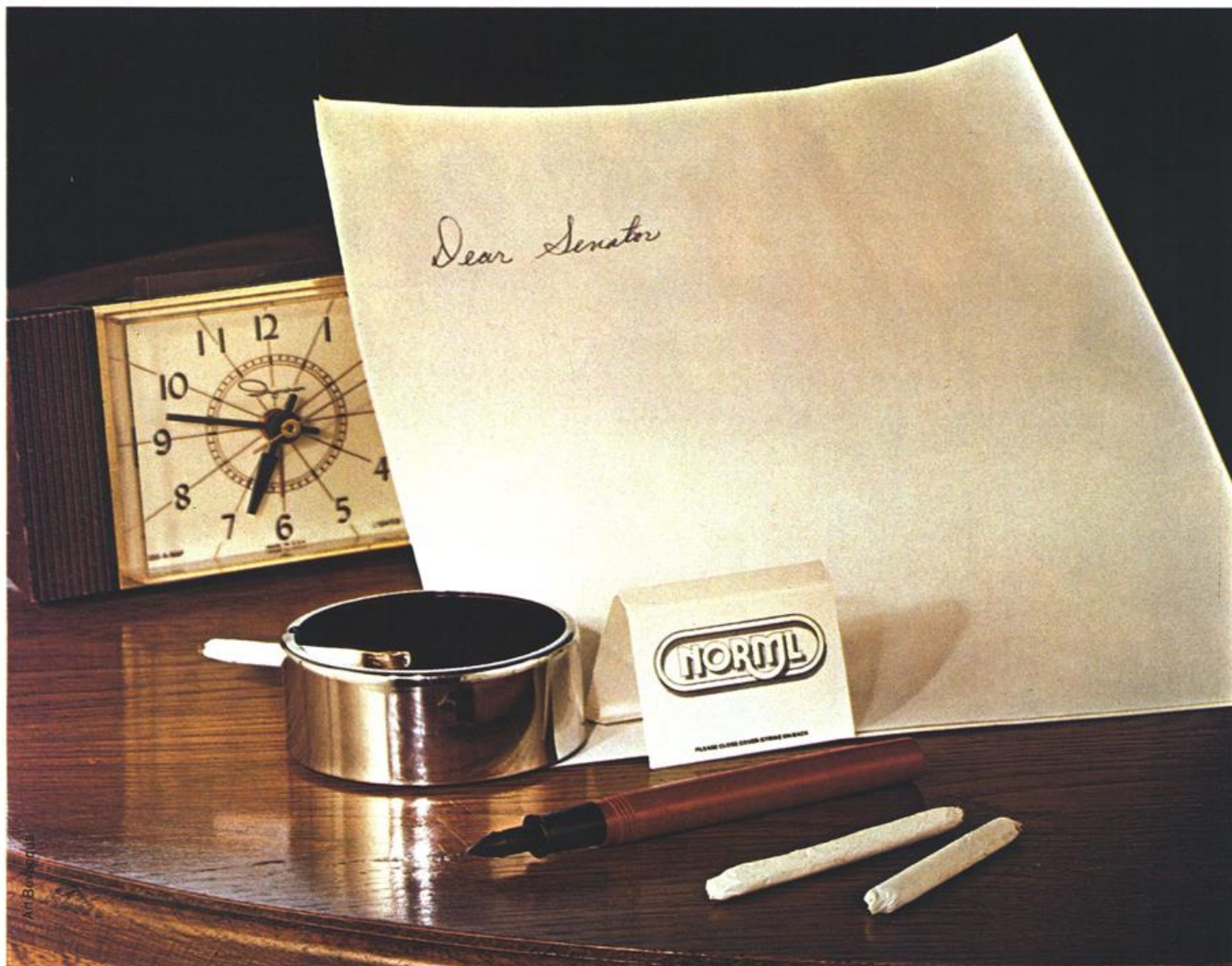
# NO ROAD HOG



This is the dread Harley Davidson model SX250. It's the world's finest track bike, the kind cowboys and cowgirls ride on the range, the one we'd all ride if there weren't any roads. It climbs rocks, rivers, even trees (not standing-up trees, lying-down trees). If the tree doesn't want to lie down, the kind of people who ride Harleys can be pretty persuasive. The lightweight 1978 model is an on-off road bike with a two-stroke, aluminum, single-cylinder 250 cc engine with chrome bore. It also features a quick-change rear hub, competitive-type front fork, within-the-frame oil reservoir, tachometer, resettable odometer that registers both cumulative and single-trip mileage, solid-state ignition for maximum reliability and a host of other features too numerous to mention and too hard to spell. Steal one today. ☐



# In the time it takes you to smoke your next joint, you could write your Senator about it.



Get off your butt and do something about getting the use of marijuana decriminalized. The next time you light up a joint, let someone know how you feel about the issue.

Oregon, Alaska, Maine, Colorado, California, Ohio, Mississippi, and Minnesota have stopped arresting people for smoking marijuana.\* Now it can be done in the other 42 states and under federal law.

Most state legislatures and the U.S. Congress currently have marijuana decriminalization proposals before them. If those of us who smoke marijuana take the time to make our views known, these bills will pass . . . and the senseless arrests will stop.

Write the letter. The pen has power.

You don't have to smoke marijuana to know that it's today's marijuana laws that are criminal. Let your elected representatives know how you feel.

## WON'T YOU JOIN US?

**NORML**

NATIONAL ORGANIZATION FOR THE  
REFORM OF MARIJUANA LAWS  
2317 M ST, NW, WASHINGTON, DC 20037

☐ **Yes.** Here's my \$15 annual membership fee (students \$10). Send me *THE LEAFLET*, Special Reports, Action Alerts, unique product offerings, a NORML pin and . . . more!

☐ I'm not a joiner, but here's a contribution \$\_\_\_\_\_.

☐ Rush the following NORML items. Sales proceeds help, too.

**NORML**

STICKERS @ 2 for \$1.00 T-SHIRTS @ \$5.00  
S M L XL  
MATCHES (50 book) @ \$3.50 GOLD LEAF PINS @ \$1.25



STICKERS @ 2 for \$1.00 T-SHIRTS @ \$5.00  
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Please enclose 50¢ for postage and handling.

☐ Send along additional information.

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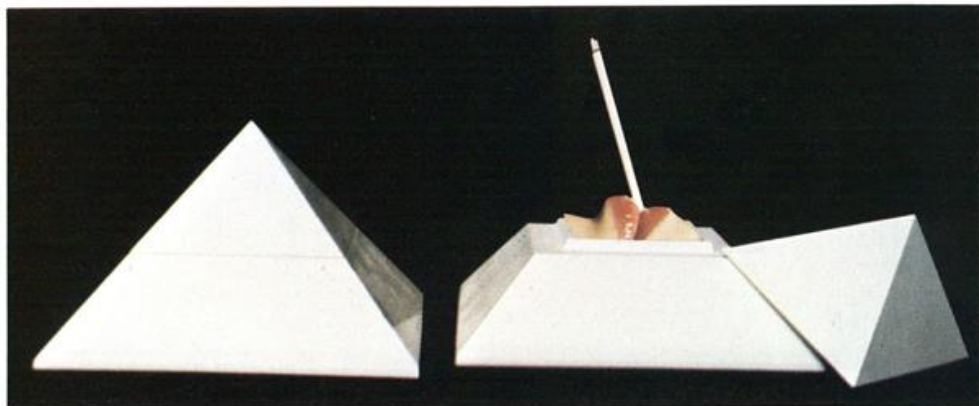
## JOIN NORML. Money is needed to finish the job once and for all.





## The Fabulous Furry Pharaohs

kept their razor blades in pyramids, which kept the blades sharp for chopping up their Nilotic narcotics. Today, you too can keep your mirrors clean and razors keen in a nifty, ever-true, clay pyramid from Ancients, Inc., Department 950, 1000



David Oliver

Connecticut Avenue N.W., Washington, D.C. 20036. Ancients say that the pyramid keeps cigarettes, tobacco, stereo needles, ginseng or water for your house plants as good as new when stored in its inner chamber. Marijuana, hashish, mushrooms

and other naturally derived substances stored in this manner have been reported to yield increased potency and elevated levels of psychogenic perception. They get you high, too. Well worth \$14.95 plus \$1.50 shipping charge.

## Peruvian Grammer

When you're discussing Peruvian affairs, it's pretty frustrating to have to weight your turn. So the Correct Count Company has come up with a solid brass coke scale that folds right into a leatherette case that looks just like a doctor's black bag and contains a forceps. The case comes complete with weights of 20, 10, 5, 2 and 1

gram, plus assorted milligram variations, none of them bigger than your small toenail and each one a poignant reminder of how little you get for your money no matter how much you spend. Anyway, spend \$29.95 for this handsome, made-in-India coke scale from Correct Count Company, 246 Mineola Boulevard, Mineola, N.Y. 11501.



David Oliver

## You've Got That Glazed Look in Your Mouth

In 1972 Rolling Stone magazine acclaimed a pipe made by Kivel Yankey as more original in design and stiffer in toking draw than any other pipe around. Today Kivel Yankey is still turning out his ceramic masterpipes as fast as he can bake them. They range in price from \$14 apiece to \$50 for the set of four pictured and are available in white, blue, yellow, green, brown and passionate purple. Allow a

four- to six-week delay for your check to clear at Star Traveler, Box 33751, Phoenix, Ariz. 85067.



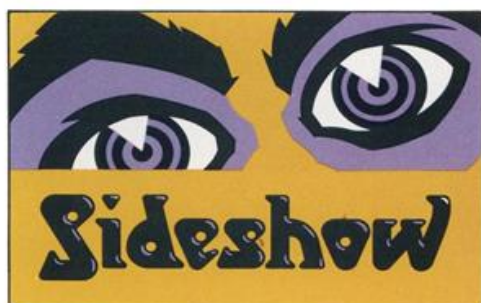
David Oliver

## Winner Takes Gall

If you're too old for Pin the Tail on the Donkey and too young for canasta, too stoned for mah-jongg but not stoned enough for a group grope, then the Get Loose party game might be just the thing to take the chill off a cold winter night. Players move around the natural redwood game board according to the throw of a die and are instructed to perform such ridiculous activities as "Use Your Tongue Three Ways," "Do Push-Ups Over Someone," "Make Up a Mating Call," "Orally Seduce Someone" and more, ad absurdum. If your inhibition gets the better of your sense of play, throw in a "Can't Handle It!" card. The winner is the player who has thrown in the fewest cards, grinning grotesquely, brain in hand. \$9.95 plus \$1.50 postage and handling from Get Loose Inc., 13113 Table Rock Road, P.O. Box 3603, Central Point, Ore. 97502.

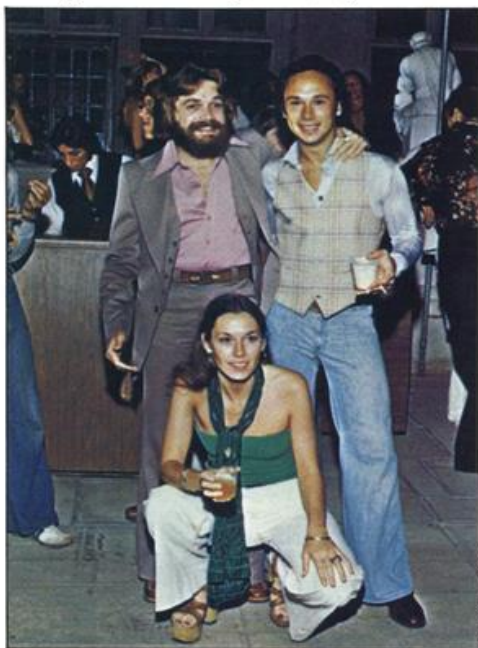
"High Style" spotlights the latest accouterments of the high life, including playthings, paraphernalia, instruments of pleasure, gadgets for your work and for your home—anything that adds zest and style to your day. If you know of an item that should be reviewed in this department, please send it to the High Style editor. 📧



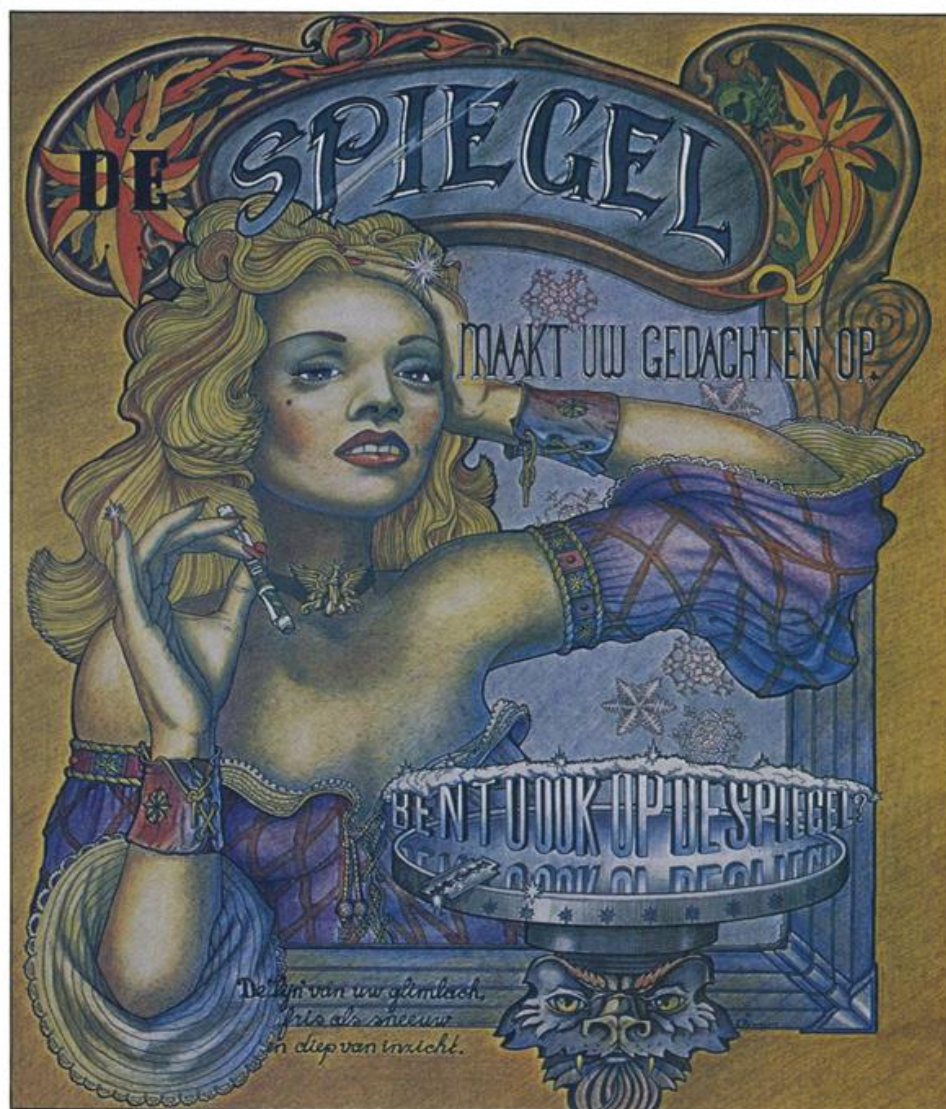


## Westward High

See these people? They're the *High Times* crew in Tinseltown. Clockwise from the upper left, Steve Becker, Steve Ostrow and Susan Coffey hobnob at Hugh Hefner's opulent L.A. mansion, spreading good will and God knows what else at a recent NORML bash. They tell us that the rest of the time they brave the freeways and cocaine dealers in and around Los Angeles, maintaining contact with the music moguls and paraphernalia princes on "The Coast" who buy lots of ad space in *High Times*. Okay, kids, say "toot!"



David La Vine



## Dutch Treat

The Dutch Masters of the past include Rembrandt, Van Gogh, Vermeer, Van Meegeren and a lot of good cheap cigars, but who's carrying on the tradition today? Johan Hermesen, Amsterdam's leading fashioner of customized coke mirrors and objets d'art. A Hermesen mirror also includes a coke ode composed in the elegant Dutch tongue, such as the one above, which reads: "The mirror makes up your mind. Are you also on the mirror? The line of your smile, fresh as snow and deep as insides." Haiku? Gesundheit. Put that in your nose and smoke it.

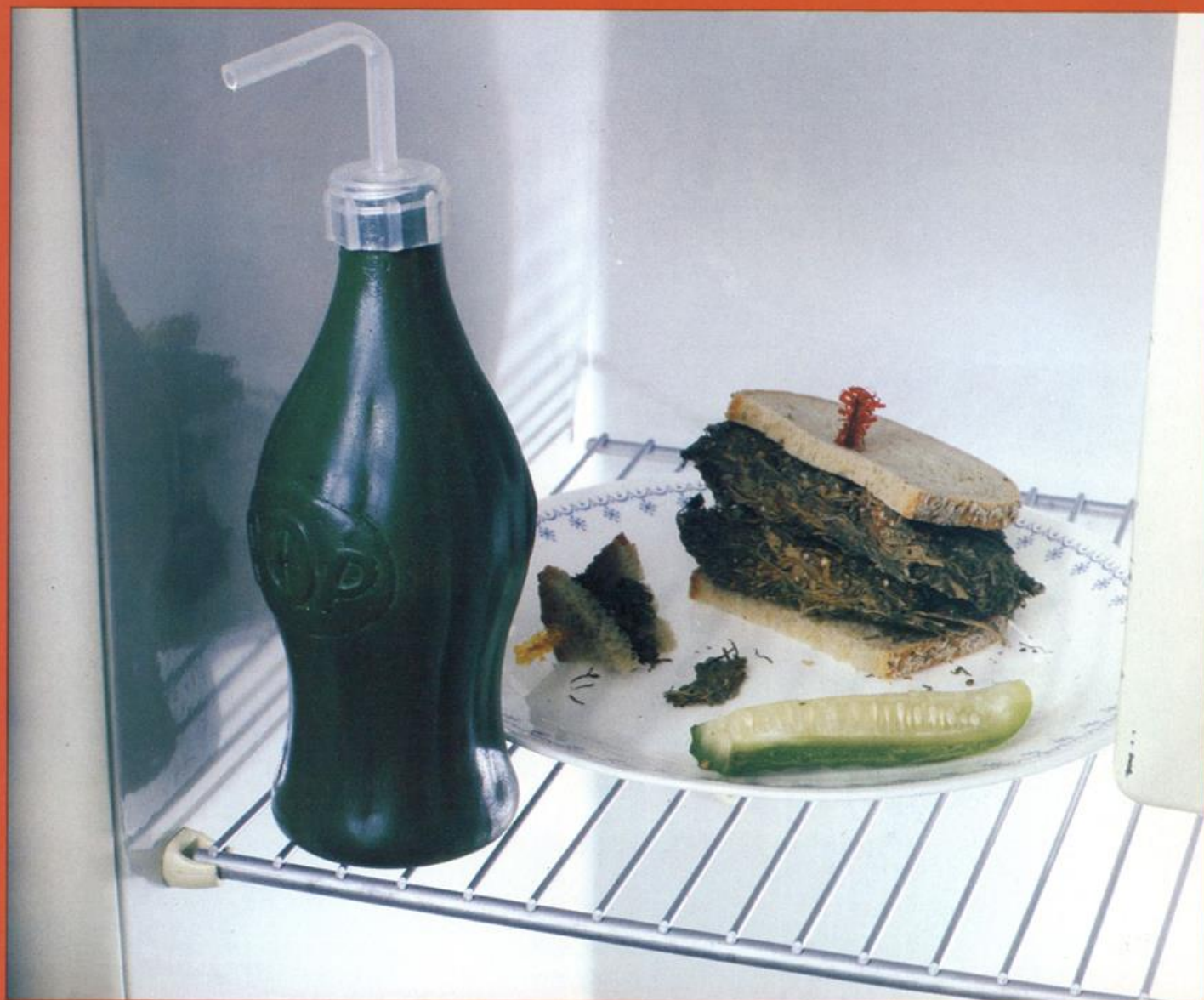
## Hey Man, There's a Spider on Your Head

That's what Mel Larmel's friends have been telling him ever since he had his bald dome decorated by the great tattooist, Spider Webb. For the Michigan man's blank skull, Webb chose a religious Third Eye motif, which he dramatized by adding an eagle's talon to grip the eye, causing pus to squirt forth on the bald man's brow. Meanwhile, Webb has been found guilty of tattooing without a license in front of the Museum of Modern Art in New York City, where tattooing is illegal. "I view this prohibition as the most barbaric, insensitive and unreasonable denial of my right to make my mark," Spider said. ■





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JANUARY 1978



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